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ART. I.—THE ORKNEY ISLES.

'By stack and by skerry, by noup and by voe, . . .
And by every wild shore which the northern winds know,
And the northern tides lave.'

—Song of the Troll, *The Pirate*.

TO many, perhaps to most, of the readers of these pages, the two groups of islands lying off the north-easterly extremity of Scotland, may be little more than a name or a geographical idea. The average 'tripper' may know how the twin-groups look on the map, how they cluster and straggle out towards the frozen ocean, a number of larger or smaller isolated white dots and patches encircled with black-line shading. But the long and rather costly journey by rail northward of Inverness, with a fickle-tempered strait to be traversed at the end of it—or else the alternative sea voyage from Aberdeen—deter him from storm-bound Orkney and the yet more distant Shetlands. True, in these modern days the 'knuckle-end of England'—as in one of his humorous flashes Sydney Smith was pleased to characterise Northern Britain—is fast becoming hackneyed and tourist-haunted. Nevertheless, the sea and dread of *mal de mer* never fail to operate as a check upon the outflow of pleasure-seekers to the remoter Scottish islands.

Yet the northern Lands-end of the Scottish mainland, and its seagirt outliers, are a region fraught with a vague subtle charm. A sombre Boreal region, rich in historical association and stirring memories of yore, in archæological relics, stories in stone, treasure-houses of past peoples; romantic with the atmosphere of myth and legend, saga-tale and archaic song. A tract of country geographically *in* Scotland, yet in its most potent racial antecedents and earlier environment not *of* Scotland. A territory of the primeval Celt and of the Pictlander, builders of the rude neolithic monuments:—the underground *eird* (earth)-house, the chambered cairn, the *kist-vaen* or slabbed tomb-coffer enclosing its crouched skeleton or cremated dust, along with human tools, weapons and ornaments; the giant monolith, the weird mystic rings of stone pillars; the tumuli great and small, grass-grown mounds covering mysterious crypts of the dead; the galleried 'burghs' (brochs) or so-called 'Pictish Towers,' cunningly raised without mortar. All these ancient footprints and landmarks of Pagan habitants abound, side by side with early vestiges of Christian missionaries from Hibernia, devotees who brought with them their missal books, croziers, and sanct-bells, erected little wattled churches to be afterwards resuscitated in stone, and who have left in many an ecclesiastical site still venerated far and wide their saintly and imperishable names.

Then came from Scandinavian lands the ruthless viking, plundering, devastating, burning and slaying, tearing down the cruciform symbol, and uprearing in its stead the Raven-banner consecrate to Thor and Odin. Yet again, after these marauding buccaneers, over from Norway sailed a stronger than they, Harald the fair-haired king; and for nigh four centuries the Orkneys and Zetland were in the grip of a line of Norse Jarls, first heathen like their viking precursors, anon tardily and grudgingly coerced into exchanging their blood-stained religious rites for the cult of the true Cross,—Asgard and the Valkyriar for the Christian paradise and the Kalendar of Saints. Especially is it this Scandinavian occupation of the northernmost parts of Scotland which has given the deepest stamp to these localities, in place-names, customs, traditions,

and folk-lore;—in everything, in short, which makes the annals of a country. And, without a knowledge of these successive colonisations and racial changes, it is impossible to read aright the open page of Nordreyan history, or to grasp its full and unique significance.

I shall now take the reader with me to the Orcaades, and endeavour to sketch for him the most striking features of interest which impressed the writer during the ramblings (on official duty) of two or three summers in this singularly characteristic collection of islands.

Even while on the Scottish mainland, the visitor in travelling north from Inverness should bear in mind that he very soon passes into a region once dominated by Dano-Norwegian satraps and filibusters. The picturesque Firth of Dornoch, and its feeder, the river Oykel, formed the southern bound of the old Norse Jarldom which comprised most part of Sutherland as well as all Caithness (Kataness). Down to the thirteenth century the rulers of this large stretch of territory maintained a sort of dual allegiance to the crowns of Norway and of Scotland. The rulers themselves were of Norse blood; they and their kith and kin bore Norse names, a succession of Haralds, Ivars, Sigurds, Thorfinns, Rognvalds, Erlends, Ingibiorgs. The topographical names, as one goes north, savour more and more of the old Icelandic tongue. The sagas of the Northmen tell of many a bloody fight on sea and shore in Kataness; and when from the wild black peat moorlands between Wick (Vik) and Thurso (Thórsá) we look across the Pentlands Fiord to the sombrous cliffs of Orkneyan Hoy, if we have read our history at all, we shall realise the immense impress left upon this corner of Scotland by the roving Ostmen of old.

Now, then, having taken our leave of the gracious and bustling landlady who presides at a well-known Thurso hostelry, and been driven down to Scrabster, we find ourselves on board the little mail steamer bound for Kirkwall. The chances are, the breeze is surging up aloft. It is late in the evening when the boat starts: the sun is westering down, and the bluff headland of Holburn for the moment shuts us in

from the breath of Libs or Aquilo, which is heaving up the darksome waters of the great Sound outside. The glooming sheer precipice of Dunnet Head looms up close on our star-board, roar of white breakers below, screams of white seabirds above. Just round the corner of Dunnet, off the red cliffs of Raudaborg (Rattar Brough), a fierce combat was fought between two great rival Jarls, Thorfinn and Rognvald, in the eleventh century. Near a hundred war-galleys were engaged, ship grappling ship, with great slashing, hewing, and slaughter of men.

The waters of the whirling tide-race we are crossing, Firth of Pentland (Petlandsfiord), are a great ocean highway teeming with memories of yore. Here, as we learn from Tacitus, appeared the triremes of imperial Rome, discovering and after a fashion subjugating the Orkney Isles.* Long-ships from Norway and Daneland were continually passing and repassing the strait, voyaging to distant Man, or the Sudreyar (Hebrides) on predatory adventure. From out the *voes* and roadsteads of Orkney and Hjaltland (Shetland) squadrons of these waspish war-galleys crammed full of the Jarl's islesmen would swarm down upon the Caledonian coasts, to fight out some blood feud, annex territory, or gather in spoil. Hereaway sailed Swein Asleifson and Jarl Erlend with ten ships for South Ronaldsay to attack the rival Jarls Harald and Rognvald. Here, too, with prows turned northward, came the remnant of King Hakon's fleet after his discomfiture at Largs; one of the vessels foundering off yonder island, Stroma, in the dread tide-whirl of Swelkie. And in later days, so says tradition, driven beyond these waters, ran headlong upon Fair Isle one of the huge unwieldly warships of the mighty Armada of Spain, after the great tempest which finished the shattering work English cannon-shot had begun.

When, after threading the maze of Sounds, headlands, and low island outlines, we reach the stone pier of Scapa and disembark from our steamer—often in the small hours of a night

* 'Ac simul incognitas ad id tempus insulas quas Orcades vocant invenit domuitque.'—*Agrie. Vit. X.*

which is no night,—we set foot on veritable old Norseland, territory which I have said is not to be regarded as genuine Scottish. For, the Orkney people, and still more the Zetlanders, talk of going over to *Scotland* when they cross the Pentland Strait: and Sir Walter's 'Minna Troil,' it may be noted, speaking as an Isleswoman, makes allusion to 'our proud neighbours of *Scotland*.'

In many ways Orkney looks very different from the British mainland. Perhaps the first thing that strikes one is the gray bareness of the rounded sandstone hills, and the almost total absence of trees. The next point likely to impress in driving from Scapa to Kirkwall is the peculiarity of the main street of the latter place. When once fairly within the precincts of the royal burgh, you find yourself being borne over a flagged surface chiefly made up of large paving-slabs. Centrewise through this pavement runs a very narrow stonelaid horse-track, but there is no raised trottoir: consequently vehicles drive along where they will over the flagging, and, as there are some strait gorges and sharp turns in the street, the pedestrian has to beware. This arrangement of vehicular street paving is absolutely unknown to me on the Scottish mainland, but it is seen in Kirkwall, Stromness, and Lerwick.

As the name Kirkwall (Kirkiuvágr) implies, this primitive town on the church bay, capital of the Orkneys for at least eight centuries, is essentially one whose pride and chiefest ornament is its noble cathedral.* This picturesque fane has been the theme of many writers. For minute details of its architecture one need go no farther than to that most indefatigable of archæologists, Sir Henry Dryden, who devoted several months to an exhaustive study of its structural features, and even (so he told the present writer) had himself hoisted up to the church roof in a sort of cradle, whence lying on the flat of his back he could make drawings of the overhead groining bosses. What adds a special interest to this massive pile is the circumstance of its inception and partial erection

* Dr. Anderson inclines to derive 'Kirkiuvagr' from the original and older church of St. Olaf rather than from that of St. Magnus.

by Jarl Rögnvald II. during the first half of the twelfth century, under the superintendence of his Norse father, Kol Kalison. The Orkneyinga Saga tells us how the foundations of the church were marked out: how after some years' work upon it the great Jarl began to find its cost too burdensome and cast about to raise more funds: how he came down on the Orkney Odallers, claiming suzerainty over their freehold rights with a view to taxing them: how by a shrewd compromise to the satisfaction of all concerned, each Odaller was allowed to redeem his Odal rights by a ready-money payment of one merk (eight ounces of silver) for every ploughland: and how by this means a goodly store of coin poured into the Jarl's coffers, whereby the cathedral church grew into a building of shapely and commanding proportions.

The fabric itself of this noble 'Magnus Kirk' is fair to look upon both inside and without. Moreover, it shares with but one other minster in Scotland the goodhap of having escaped intact the iconoclasm and neglect which have converted most of the early religious edifices on the Scottish mainland into skeletons in stone. As we take our stand before the fine western portal and note the rich ornate effect of its beautiful shafting and moulded freestones, alternating in tint between grays, deep-reds, and yellows,—if we have read our Saga of the Isles, a little incident told in the sententious but vivid language of the chronicler, will be pictured before us. Early in the twelfth century, a prince of freebooters, a viking of vikings, Swein Asleifson, of whom we shall hear plenty more presently, had been at feud with Harald Maddadson, joint Jarl of the Orkneyar along with the great Earl Rognvald (Kali), but a pact of peace had been made between them.

'Earl Harald,' says the Saga, 'came from Hjaltland (Shetland) in the spring during the Whitsuntide, and when he came to the Orkneys Earl Rognvald sent men to him to say that he wished the compact of peace between him and Swein to be renewed, and a peace meeting was appointed in St. Magnus' Church on Friday during the holy week. Earl Rognvald carried a broad axe to the meeting, and Swein went with him. Then the peace compact which had been made in the winter was confirmed: Then Earl Rognvald gave Earl Harald the ship which had belonged to Swein, but all other things which had been awarded him from Swein he returned

to him. Earl Rognvald and Swein were standing at the church door while the sail (of the long-ship), which had been lying in St. Magnus' church, was carried out, and Swein looked rather gloomy.'*

On the day following after noontide service, Swein and Jarl Harald meet, with some followers, in a room in Kirkwall, and, after drinking together, Harald proffers friendship to Swein and restores to him his warship with one half of his lands and property.

We may call to mind, also, that it was in fulfilment of Rognvald's pious vow made in his earlier days that this church of Kirkiuvagr was built, and that to it were brought the bones of his kinsman, the sainted Jarl Magnus the Martyr, which had first been taken to Birsay from the island (Egilsay) where he had been slain. And here, too, A.D. 1158, the mighty Jarl-chieftain himself, founder of the cathedral, was laid to his rest.

'Earl Rognvald Kali,' says the Saga, 'died five nights after the summer Marymas (Feast of the Assumption). Earl Harald brought the body with a splendid following to the Orkneys, and it was buried at the Magnus Kirk; and there it rested until God manifested Rognvald's merits by many and great miracles. Then Bishop Bjarni had his holy remains exhumed with the permission of the Pope. Where the blood of the Earl fell on the stones when he died, it may be seen to this day as fresh as if it had just come from the wounds.'

As it had befallen to the saintly Magnus, so it fell out to Rognvald. He was slain violently but (unlike the other) not unresisting, and after the lapse of a generation was canonised.

Something over a century passes, and then is enacted one of the most dramatic scenes ever witnessed within the walls of the Magnus church. King Hakon (Gamr) Hakonson, having borne the Norwegian sceptre seven and forty winters, had sailed west from Bergen A.D. 1263 with a great fleet of a hundred war-galleys, to fight for his Sudreyan possessions, which the King of Scots would fain have bought of him in prizing of fine silver. But King Hakon would have none of it. We read of the splendid array of vessels 'beautiful to behold,' the arrival

* *Orkneyinga Saga*, English translation, edited by Joseph Anderson, LL.D., Edinburgh, 1873.

in Orkney, the preliminary stay there to make final preparations. The dispatch to Caithness of tribute collectors—'steel-clad exactors of rings,' the Saga scald calls them—the sail round to the Hebridean Isles, and thence into the Firth of Clyde. The great storm there, the battle with Alexander, the sinking and shattering of many of the Norse galleys. And then the return to Kirkwall with the remnant of his fleet, where the king trusted to refit and pass the winter. But another and mightier King was to frustrate these plans. After personally seeing his ships laid up in the Bay of Scapa, Hakon the Aged rode across to the Orcadian capital, and, with his death sickness upon him, got lodgment in the Bishop's Palace hard by the Cathedral. A slight rally ensued, and the king was able to rise from his sickbed and go afoot to St. Magnus's shrine in the Minster. But the end was very near. To him, prone on his couch, they first read from Holy Catholic books. Then his heart went out to the lore of his ancestors, and they beguiled him through the hours of the day and night with Norwegian Sagas and Runic rhymes. At the last he caused weigh out his silver plate for payment of his retinue and warrior-host, and the *viaticum* was administered. On the 15th December, 1263, at midnight, 'Almighty God called King Hakon out of this mortal life' ('Almáttigr Gud Hákon Konung af pessa heims lífi.')

* All this the Saga relates in singularly concise picturesque words, and it portrays for us the striking pageant, first in the upper hall of the Episcopal palace, and next within the Cathedral itself. The ecclesiastics singing mass, the lying-in-state of the corpse vested in rich raiment with a garland round the head. The chamberlain taper-bearers round the bier, the concourse of Orkneymen to view the fair countenance of their sovereign lord, nobles keeping the night watches. On the third day after death the burial-scene in the church near the altar of St. Magnus. The king's tomb was canopied and a guard set over it to be maintained all winter till springtime. On Ash Wednesday following, the royal warship, gilded and dragon-headed, was

* *Hakon Saga.*

launched at Scapa. The king's corse disintombed was conveyed on board, and, finally, with every manifestation of reverence and honour, all that remained of the princely and much loved Hakon passed away oversea to the resting-place of his Scandinavian forefathers.

Of the episcopal palace some remains are still visible, including a corbelled sixteenth century tower erected by Bishop Robert Reid, and bearing his initials. Near by is another ruin, known as the 'Earl's Palace,' built by the notorious Patrick Stewart, Earl of Orkney, out of moneys hard-wrung from the overridden islanders. It is in fair preservation, and has some handsome features of late sixteenth century work: spacious banqueting hall, lanceted angle-turrets, etc., executed in a style of superior solidity and finish. The genius of Scott has shot from his charmed magic-lantern a momentary ray on this castellated fabric, in that here is laid the scene in *The Pirate* of Cleveland's meeting with his brother-corsair, Jack Bunce. And it was the adjoining hill of Wideford ('Whitford' Scott names it), with its brow of dark heath and subterranean *Pict's House*, that the two buccaneers climbed, and gazed down upon the bustling concourse of islesfolk consorting to St. Olaf's Fair;—over the vast expanse of ocean, sounds, bays, nesses, and upon the great cathedral pile rising from out the ancient burgh 'grand, solemn, and stately!'

Kirkwall is a capital centre for a few days' rambling along the southern shores of Hrossey (Mainland or Isle of Horses). You can walk, drive, or if a cyclist treadle, round to Deerness peninsula by the narrow isthmus of Dingy's Howe to Sandvik (Sandside), a place of many Saga memories. Here dwelt the great chieftain Amundi; and here his son Thorkel, 'most accomplished of men in all the Orkneys,' with two axe-strokes smote Jarl Einar dead unawares as he sat at meat, and then made off to Norway to vaunt his deed to King Olaf. Here, too, came the redoubtable Jarl Thorfinn Sigurdson late one night with five galleys and dropped anchor, close pressed by Scots under King Kali Hundason with eleven warships. Fierce and bloody was the hand-to-hand sea-fight when day broke, as sung by Arnor, the Jarl's scald: Thorfinn prevailing inso-

much that the Scots rowed away discomfited, nor stayed till they reached Breidafjord (Moray Firth). And yet another great sea duel at the mouth of Deersound, where Jarl Paul fought Olvir Rosta, and huge stones were cast by the combatants as missiles to help out spear and falchion. But, in truth, these Orkney isles are impregnated with like stories of furious fighting and carnage. Everywhere creek, bay, and holm summon up phantoms of griffin-beaked, long-banked galleys; filled full with warriors mailed and helmeted, arms in hand or plying hard the oar with mainsail set and shields ranged in rows along the gunwales!

But, if we crave respite for awhile from the *sturm und drang* of these ferocious conflicts, let us wander along the low sandstone cliffs of Scapa Flow, and note some of the wildflowers which cluster in the rock-clefts and thrive in the fresh salt breezes. You will find lilac-bulbed scabious, bright yellow patches of ragwort, the wild pansy in profusion, large ox-eyed marguerites, coltsfoot, vetches, stonecrop, and innumerable tufts of the pretty sea-pink, that sweet beautifier of the sea marge. These and other floral variants, just give that dash of softness and colour to the waysides which serves to relieve the monotones of the bare Orkneyan landscape;—a landscape chiefly of rounded eminences in dark sad-hued peaty vesture, with hedgeless farmlands and a sprinkling of white-walled turf-roofed dwelling houses. True, here in Hrossey Isle, the bold mountain outlines of Hoy dominate the view from every vantage-point; and then, again, the white sea-fringe ceaselessly surging up around precipice, holm, and skerry, is never alike in aspect two days together.

I was once shown over a splendid new steam yacht just launched, and destined for the use of a certain Oriental potentate. In it was a uniform row of ten or a dozen sleeping apartments tastefully fitted up, which I was told were for the lady-household of his Highness, the proprietor. My somewhat surprised reflections on that occasion were repeated when I came across the following singular entry in the Visitors' Book of the principal hotel in Kirkwall, under date 2nd September, 1888. 'A—, E—, V—, and the Mesdames V—, Utah City,

U.S.A.!' The names were in full, but in deference to the feelings of this apparently patriarchal group, I suppress all but the initials. The entry bore every appearance of being a genuine record, and not a tripper's joke. The number of 'Mesdames' was not stated.

If one desires to compass in a few hours a rapid general glimpse, or summarised panorama, of the more northerly of the Orkney Isles, this can be accomplished in the little coasting steamer, which weekly or bi-weekly during the summer season makes a circular day trip from Kirkwall. Steaming along in this excursion, well nigh every island we pass has its archaic story. Yonder in Shapinsay Sound is the little bluff Cave Isle, Helliær Holm, (once the abode of saintly monks), the 'Hellisey' of the Saga writer, where Swein Asleifson chased by Jarl Harald took refuge for dear life, hiding himself, boat, and boat's crew in a cavern and so eluding his pursuers. Hard by, in the Bay of Ellwick rode King Hakon's 'mighty and splendid armament' of vessels faring southward, exultant of coming strife and victory. The south-east point of Shapinsay, some 3 miles distant, where was anciently a *Pict's House*, still bears the name of Haco's Ness. To westward are seen Gairsay, Rousay, and Egilsay, of which more anon. East of us Stronsay (Striönsey),—with pre-Norse Christian shrines, and hallowed memories of St. Brigid—where dwelt Thorfinn Bessason with his spouse Ingigerd. Still onward, past Linga Island, Huip Holm, and Huip Nes (Hofsness) where Swein and his friend Anakol with a squadron of longships met Jarl Erlend just before their joint attack on Earl Harald. Papa Stronsay where the renowned Jarl Rognvald (Brusison) near to Christmastide went with a great following to fetch malt for the Yule brewing, and lit huge fires, for it was cold weather. Here he was set upon by his rival, Jarl Thorfinn, and burnt out of his house, but got clear away in the darkness to the seashore, where, being betrayed by the barking of his dog, he was taken and slain. Sanday Island, where was the homestead of Völuness, and where Bárd the house-bond hid Swein Asleifson after his escape from Helliær Holm. Far away North Ronaldsay (Rinanseý), where in a ruined *Pict's Tower* were found a

carved Christian cross with Ogham writing, and an ox-bone with pre-historic symbols graven upon it. Here, in the ninth century, as told in the *Flateyjarbók*, Torf-Einar, heathen Jarl of the Orkneyar, barbarously hewed in pieces and offered up to Odin Halfden Halegg the fierce son of King Harold Harfagri, in satisfaction of a blood-feud. Then over his victim's mangled corse the Jarl built a cairn, and sang a mock Sealdic threnody. Westray Island, where half a century back were unearthed in the sandhills of the 'Hofn' or haven of Pierowall a cemetery of Scandinavian tombs containing swords, shield-bosses, carved antique brooches, ornamented combs, and other relics. Here you can land from the steamer and have time for a stroll over the ruined fifteenth century castle of Noltland; beyond which, again, is the Queen's Howe, and to westward the wild precipices and Stack of Noup resounding with the clangour of countless seafowl.

Such are the vivid associations of these wind-haunted isles and outlying headlands, whence of old-time says the Saga (of Olaf Tryggvissón) 'vikings went prowling round, slaying men and seizing booty.'

As we steam back from Westray, it is practically a dead straight run the whole way from Weatherness and the Farays into Kirkwall Roads along a sort of avenue or vista of waters, islands to right-hand, islands to left, a spacious and impressive seascape. The cathedral of the royal burgh is again the dominating object in the picture. As we approach, its stately mass is seen broadside on towering above the cluster of houses which straggle down to and along the water's edge. The Orkneyan capital is indeed essentially a city of and on the sea, with a broad ocean highway leading up to its very doors.

We will now betake ourselves to the group of islands I have reserved for separate mention, the largest of which is Rousay (Hrolfsey or Rolf's Isle). Hoy excepted, Rousay has higher hill outlines than any other isle of the Orkneys. Above the 'High Brae of Camps' the Blotchnie Field rises to an altitude of over 800 feet, whence one has a magnificent outlook over land oases and ocean. Below, nestling in a little bay of Eynhallow Sound and sheltered from the Boreal blasts, is the

homestead of Westness, a spot much storied in the Saga of the Nordreys. It is one of the few old Orkney mansion-houses that can boast an environment of plantation, albeit dwarfed and stunted by the briny breezes. Here abode a powerful Odaller, Sigurd,* whose wife Ingibjorg Ragna the Noble was of Jarl's lineage. Here Sigurd feasted Earl Paul, and from here the Earl sailed out with a bevy of longships to fight Olvir Rosta of the following of Jarl Rognvald. At this time, early in the twelfth century, Jarl Paul had beacons erected in certain of the islands, on which signal fires could be lit to warn his *Boendr* (landholders) and adherents on the approach of foes. These beacons were set up on Fair Isle (Fridarey), North Ronaldsay, Sanday, Westray, and Rousay. The Rousay beacon was placed in charge of Sigurd of Westness.

Then the story of the capture of Jarl Paul by our old friend Swein Asleifson is full of interest. The Earl was again a guest at Sigurd's house of Westness. At one end of the island, says the Saga, there was a great headland, and beneath it a vast heap of stones, a haunt of otters. Jarl Paul was hunting otters there with twenty men in early morning, when creeping alongshore comes a strange vessel through the Sound of Evie. In this ship are Swein Asleifson and thirty rovers. When they espy Jarl Paul's men on the shore, a score of Swein's crew disrobe, lie down, and cover themselves with hammocks, insomuch that the Rousay men take the galley for a trader. Then some in the ship hail the Earl's men, and, asking news, discover where Jarl Paul is hunting. Straightway they land by stealth, fall upon the Rousay men, slay of them nineteen, seize the Earl and bear him away to Breidafjord, and thence to the lord of Athole. When Jarl Paul came not home to Westness, Sigurd sent out to search for him, and, the slain men being found, gave him up for lost. So there was great perplexity among the islanders who followed Earl Paul's standard, and many thereupon gave in to Earl Rognvald. But the noble Sigurd and his two sons Brynjolf and Hakon refused

* It has been thought that the traces of an ancient building near by known as the 'Knowe of Swandro' adjoining the site of a *Pict's House* represent Sigurd's actual dwelling-house.

their allegiance to any till they should know for sure how their own Jarl had fared, and whether he were like to return or no; but, as it fell out, to the Orkneys Jarl Paul came never more.

This exploit of the daring Swein, son of Asleif, gives an interest to yonder little isle of Gairsay (Gáreksey), Swein's Orkneyan home. Here dwelt his father Olaf, who, with his wife Asleif, a wise gifted and nobly born woman, and their two other goodly sons, Gunni and Valthiof, are sketched for us in the Orkneyinga Saga. Swein crosses the stage many times, starting from or returning to his island retreat. Here is a graphic picture of him, his ways, and doings:—

'Swein used to reside at home in Gareksey, in winter, keeping there eighty men at his own expense. He had such a large drinking-hall that there was none equal to it anywhere else in the Orkneys. In the spring he was very busy sowing a large breadth of seed, and he usually did a great part of the work himself. When this work was finished, he went every spring on marauding expeditions. He plundered in the Sudreyar and Ireland, and returned home after midsummer. This he called spring-viking. Then he stayed at home till the fields were reaped and the corn brought in. Then he went out again and did not return until one month of winter had passed. This he called autumn-viking.'*

In sooth, a masterful freebooter this, strong to labour, swift to shed blood. The little outlying islet to seaward of Gairsay still bears his name, 'Swein Holm,' a favourite resort of seals. An old so-called 'castle' in ruins survives at Langskaill in Gairsay, and on the hillside a *Pict's dwelling* where some family of far ruder times than Swein's once made their subterranean home.

Rousay has one or two excellent trout lochs. When out one afternoon (on the 'Peerie Water' I think it was) the proprietor of the island and myself casting with fly got in an hour or two close on ten lbs. of fish.

Mention has been made in these pages of archaic underground dwellings commonly designated *Pict's Houses*. At Farraclett in Rousay I examined a stone structure described to me as being one of those primal abodes, but which might

* *Orkneyinga Saga* (Anderson), chap. cix.

pass for the galleried interior of a chambered cairn. Here, a low passage or covered way some four feet high, along which one can just manage to creep, suddenly takes a sharp turn, and conducts to a chamber roughly oblong in shape and about ten feet high in the middle. This chamber is domed over in the curiously primitive manner of such structures, that is, by stones laid over-lapping and made to converge inward and upward till a single slab suffices to crown or close in the roof. Thus, the principle of the true arch erected on centering was not made use of by the constructors. The passage is slabbed over, and the sides of the apartment are also stone-faced. This dark chamber-cell had apparently no window lights, but possibly where there is now a trap-door at the apex a concealed aperture may have given air and light to the inmates as well as serving the purposes of a flue. Doubtless the building was subterranean and meant to be hidden out of sight of stray prowlers or unwelcome visitants.

Viera or Weir (Vigr), an offshoot of Rousay, is another little island with a notable history. A green mound is all that now marks the site of Kolbein Hruga's 'fine stone castle' and 'strong defence' memorialised in two of the Sagas. Hither for refuge came Snaekoll, son's son of Jarl Rognvald (Kali), red-handed from the slaying at Thurso of Earl Jón Haraldson. Of Kolbein himself we learn that he was 'a very overbearing man,' that his spouse was of Jarl's lineage, and that his children 'were all well-mannered.' One of these children was Bjarni Skald, Orkneyan bishop and landholder both in Norway and Orcady, who bequeathed to a Norwegian Monastery church certain of his lands near Bergen to provide masses for the souls of his father Kolbein, his mother, and his kinsfolk. The name of the Viera castle-builder still clings to the spot in a corrupted form, and some adjacent buildings are styled 'Castle Hall.' There is, besides, a primitive little ruined chapel on the island, probably built by Bishop Bjarni, notwithstanding that it is locally known as 'Cobbie Row's Chapel,' just as the other ruin is 'Cobbie Row's Castle,' as though Kolbein Hruga had erected both the church and the stronghold.

A mile or more eastward of Rousay and about equi-distant from Viera, is Egilsay (Church Isle), remarkable for its ruined church of a style almost unique in Great Britain, and for the sweet savour of its saintly martyr, Jarl Magnus Erlendsson of blessed memory, who here yielded up his life to the sword of a near kinsman. Panegyrics on this paragon of rare Christian virtues and princely excellence bulk large in more than one of the Icelandic Sagas; and in the northern hagiologies both ancient and modern S. Magnus of the Isles fills a conspicuous place.* The recounted details of his life and adventures are of remarkable interest; but here it must suffice to notice a single incident connecting this noble Orcadian with Egilsay. Having been entrapped by his treacherous relative and rival, Earl Hakon, to a meeting there, Magnus, forecasting the end, refused to permit his outnumbered followers to fight, and entered the island church to pray. Here a mass was sung for him, and soon thereafter he was captured and brought before Hakon. Hakon bid his banner-bearer Ofeig slay the Earl Magnus, but Ofeig refused 'with the utmost wrath.' So, one Lifólf, a servitor, was forced sorrowing sore to act as executioner. Like his Exalted Master, Earl Magnus the Good then prayed for his enemies and murderers, and forgave them their scathe against himself. He confessed his sins, and commended his spirit to God's keeping. Then quoth he to Lifólf:—'Stand before me and hew me a mighty stroke on the head for it is not meet that highborn lords should be put to death like thieves. Be firm, for I have besought God that he may have mercy upon you.' After that, the Earl 'signed the sign of the Cross and stooped under the blow, and his spirit passed into heaven.'†

The picturesque church at Egilsay, now a ruin in fair preservation, acquires an aroma of romance from these tragic associations. The probabilities distinctly are that it is the identical building wherein (A.D. 1115) Earl Magnus the Martyr put up his orisons on the fateful day of his martyrdom. The

* For a biography of St. Magnus the Martyr see *Ancient Lives of Scottish Saints*, by W. M. Metcalfe, D.D., (Gardner, 1895).

† *Orkneyinga Saga*, chap. xxxix.

church had a vaulted chancel, nave, and—what is the exceptional feature—a single tapering round tower of the Irish type still standing some 50 feet high, though the upper portion is gone. The only other like examples of ecclesiological round towers still existing in Scotland are those at Brechin and Abernethy: though we learn from early accounts that there were formerly three or four such towered churches in the Shetland Isles.

My party and I were shown over the venerable ruins by a fine old man, who owned to being 83 years of age. Sighting a man and woman with a baby a little way off struggling up the brow of a low hill, this octogenarian suddenly outspoke on this wise:—‘That’s the schoolmaster and his lady *persevering* northwards,’ a curious turn of phrase.

Leaving this most interesting sub-group of Orcadian isles, we must now hasten on our way southward. From Rousay I was piloted over to the Orkney Mainland (Hrossey) in a sail-boat, and landed at the Point of Aikerness. Another route in calm weather would be to walk round by Westness to Skaill, and boat across to the Evie shore, passing on the way the little islet of Eynhallow (‘Eyin Helga’ or Holy Isle), which is worth a visit. Here are still visible the remains of an old chapel of very primitive type, with a group of small dilapidated buildings attached, one of which is entered by a most curious crooked passage. These accessories are supposed to have been dwellings for the ecclesiastics serving the chapel. On the island I found a ternery with many nests, and eggs in them. Also along the shingly beach by the water’s edge a pair of mallards with their brood could be seen making off as I landed. And, flitting about on the walls inland I noted the pretty little wheat-ear with white-patched tail. Hither it was that Jón Voeng in the Saga-story, steward to the puissant Jarl Harald, came to seize and carry off as a hostage, Olaf, son of Swein the formidable viking.

From the shores of Evie, one can work round to Stromness, either by way of Rendall, Firth, and Stenness, or by taking the more interesting coast road in the opposite direction by Lochs Swona and Birsay. By staying a few hours at Birsay,

one can see the remnant of the curious old chapel (St. Peter's),—with nave, apse, and chancel,—situated on the Holm or insulated promontory known as 'The Brough.' Here, too, was located the 'Christ's Kirk' of the Saga, the splendid church built by Jarl Thorfinn, and the first Episcopal seat in the Orkneys. And here one sees the mouldering walls of the 'Earl's Palace,' of no great antiquity in themselves, though probably covering or contiguous to the site of a much more ancient domicile. Or, if one tires for the moment of ruined churches, palaces, *howes*, *knowes*, and Pict's houses, and is piscatorially minded, there are the two large and excellent trout lakes (above-named) in the near neighbourhood to be fished.

Faring onward toward Stromness, it is well worth while to turn aside off the high road and wander down to the line of wild and precipitous cliffs that here face the unbroken swell of the open Atlantic. Wild cliffs indeed. Lofty cragged headlands notched into a succession of *viks*, *gios*, and *nesses*, with here a scooped out cavern, there a rock-arch: or, again, some tall columnar stack, such as North Gaulton or Yeskenabie, rising up aloof and solitary from its circlet of white foam, outside which are blue black deeps profound!

Turn we now to that quaintest of Orcadian townlets, Stromness. A clustered riband of grey stone houses with stone-flagged roofs, built along a steep hillside, and fringing a mile or so of sea-shore. For, if Kirkwall is primitive and unwonted of aspect, much more so is Stromness. Its chief street has the same paving peculiarity as we have already noted in Kirkwall, but in an exaggerated form. Such a crooked zigzag as this main street of Stromness I have not met with elsewhere in Scotland. It has not inaptly been likened to a corkscrew; and the nearest approach to this urban curiosity for tortuousness that I can call to mind is Douglas in the Isle of Man. The street crooks and bends well nigh every score of yards, and in each short reach of the zigzag the house-fronts are irregularity itself, a medley of protruding wings and angles. Indeed, the buildings seem to be planted down anywhere without reference to one another. Here, where a modern bank has sprung up, the street widens: there, it narrows again. In some of the

older houses the walls bulge or incline inwards. A frequent feature, too, is the under-cutting of the angle of an upper storey; a sort of stop-chamfer (to use a technical term) giving the effect of a corner projection. Behind the houses on one side of this main thoroughfare little back yards and gardens abut on the sea with outjutting boat-hards or jetties. On the other side of the street narrow alleys branch off up the steep hill-slope, and one climbs them over flights of rough archaic stone steps till the moorland is reached. Seen from the harbour the *tout ensemble* of the town is very picturesque. The long continuous sea wall and jetties standing at high tide in ten feet of water; the crowd of smacks and fishing-boats; the swarms of half tame seagulls perched upon bowsprits and gables, or scavengering and screaming under the house windows; and to seaward the lofty scarred peaks of the 'Uppland' of Hoy.

The commercial hey-day of Stromness, as at the other Nordrey seaports, is during the annual season—usually from about the end of May to the middle of June—when the spoils of the herring fishery are brought in, manipulated, and packed for the southern markets. Then Stromness is indeed a characteristic sight. When I visited the place in June, 1894, the fishing had been extraordinarily good. The town was crowded with an importation of strange fishermen and their womenfolk, their number I was told having reached some three to four thousand. On my arrival, the business of catching and curing was all but over; but, even so, a perfect forest of masts of sailing craft was to be seen in the harbour. Vast serried rows of boats, many of them hoisting huge brown sails and making off homeward; boats from all parts, Aberdeen, Banff, Wick, Lossiemouth, and elsewhere. Not only had the takes of fish been great, but the prices had ruled unusually high. One Wick boat with six or seven of a crew was stated to have caught 100 *crans* of herring in a single night, which sold at forty shillings a cran, to a Wick buyer, I was told. When the boats come in, current prices are wired to the Orkney port from fish merchants all over the country. The salting and curing of the fish is done at one end of the har-

bour, where at this season there are enormous wooden vats, brine receptacles, and stacks of herring barrels. The spot positively stinks with the mal-odours of fish refuse, though for evil smells of an 'ancient fishlike' kind I could name a place in Shetland that bears off the palm.

At this time, the streets and lanes of Stromness are thronged with fisher men, wives, and girls. It is quite a harvest for the shopkeepers. Each stranger boat commonly brings with it the womankind of two or three of its crew to help with the curing, etc. These come and depart by steamer. One stationer's shop I saw literally crammed with fishermen busy buying Orkney mementoes on departure; albums, housewives, knick-knackereries of all kinds. For the piscator's money, when it comes quickly, generally quickly goes; there is little laying by. One night some 200 of these women left Stromness by steamer for their homes in the South, the men returning in their boats. Such is the yearly influx and exodus of these toilers of the sea. Later on, for the keepers of marts, inns, and lodgings, comes the aftermath in the shape of the British tourist, the collector of wild birds, and the lurer of Stenness trout.

Stromness is a convenient headquarter for a few days' sojourn; the more so by reason of its excellent inn, deservedly reputed for its cuisine. Not the sort of hotel whereof a clerical wag wrote in its Visitors' Book, that:—

' . . . Here I came for rest and change :

The waiter got the change, the landlord took the rest : '

but a thoroughly homely and old-fashioned one, where the comfort of the guest is made a study. From Stromness, Hoy (Háey) the gem of all the Orkney Islands for picturesque scenery, is very accessible. Select a fairly calm day and a good sail-boat, for with an ebb-tide and a stiff breeze from west or north-west, the passage of Hoy Sound, that is, the narrows between the Skerry of Ness and Graemsay island, is not inviting. I have stood at this Ness in boisterous weather when the tide was at full ebb, running a race of nine to ten miles an hour, and roaring like a river in flood or as the rapids above a cataract; a long white line of foam sharply demar-

cating the deeps of the swirling channel. Passing the nose of Graemsay one is soon alongside the towering precipices and darksome caverns of the Hoy shore, the home of innumerable sea-fowl. Here are tern (sea-swallow), ringed dotterel, guillemots, cormorants, auks, blue rock-pigeons, herring gulls white and grey, kittiwakes, sea-parrots (puffin) gaudy with bills and feet of scarlet-vermeil: their diverse outcries harmonising with the deep boom of the 'far-resounding' surf. A few miles farther on is reached the Titanic column of red sandstone, known as 'The Old Man of Hoy:' the Sphinx of Orcadia, modelled by no human hand, which has stood there solitary through time untold gazing out with fixed face of stone over the waste of troubled waters.

That is one good day's work. Another we may well devote to an inland glen in the same neighbourhood; where, in the company of the greatest of modern wizards we may muse upon the eld-lore of bygone Orkney men, which to him had a charm so captivating. A little coasting steamer plying between Stromness and Longhope touches on certain days at Linksness in the island of Hoy, within easy walking distance of the valley of Quoys, wherein is the 'Dwarfie Stone' of *The Pirate*. A rough foot track winds round the base of the Ward Hill over peaty moorland and, gradually ascending the glen, loses itself in the recesses of a wild desolate corrie. Lying in among the dark heath at the bottom of this corrie one sees the great grey block or boulder of goblin story.

Now let us turn to Sir Walter's picture of the spot and its strange relic; and trace the web of his fine fancy drawn across the warp of fact. We all remember the weird figure of the Sibyl, Norna of the Fitful Head, and her incantations. When the maidens Minna and Brenda Troil are listening breathlessly to the tragic story of her youth, this is what their soothsaying kinswoman tells them about the mystic monolith 'in the wild and mountainous island of Hoy':—

'I was chiefly fond to linger about the Dwarfie Stone, as it is called, a relic of antiquity, which strangers look on with curiosity, and the natives with awe. It is a huge fragment of a rock, which lies in a broken and rude valley full of stones and precipices, in the recesses of the Ward-hill of Hoy. The inside of the rock has two couches, hewn by no earthly hand,

and having a small passage between them. The doorway is now open to the weather ; but beside it lies a large stone, which, adapted to grooves still visible in the entrance, once had served to open and to close this extraordinary dwelling, which Trolld, a dwarf famous in the northern Sagas, is said to have framed for his own favourite residence. The lonely shepherd avoids the place, for at sunrise, high noon, or sunset, the misshapen form of the necromantic owner may sometimes still be seen sitting by the Dwarfie Stone.'

In point of fact, the boulder is some eight and twenty feet long, about half that width, and projects from two to six feet above ground. It is hollowed out artificially into a rude chamber, with two flat ledges left apparently to serve as couches, one with a raised pillow hewn upon it; an aperture at the top (presumably for flue and light); and a very small low doorway with a slab near by to shut it in. One of the couches has a raised edge some inches deep on the outer side, so that it rather suggests a ship's berth. It was on the larger of the two bed-ledges that Norna sat, when she saw the vision of the unshapely Troll seated on the smaller one, and heard him speak the old Runic conjuration, of which the great poet-romancer has given us a rhythmic version. On the stone pillow are scribbled the names of many a modern *tripper*; one among them I noted of rather older character, 'H. Rofs, 1735.'

Altogether, a most curious puzzle of a monument, yet undoubtedly invested by the country folk with all sorts of supernatural associations. To my mind, it is probable this stone was caverned out in some past epoch to serve as a cryptic abode or hiding-place out of sight of depredators. As we take our departure from this ghoul-haunted spot, and turn our eyes up to the steep of the lofty crest above us, we may try in fancy to distinguish, like Norna, 'among the dark rocks, that wonderful Carbuncle, which gleams ruddy as a furnace to them who view it from beneath.'

From Stromness another day can be well spent on a sail down by steamer to Longhope Sound, where there is a little unpretentious but quite comfortable inn on the Hoy shore. You steam your way through 'Bring Deeps,' alongside the sombre heights and craggy shores of Hoy, which last at Scad Head, moulded in the old sandstone rock, take on a strikingly

rich combination of red and yellow tints. Then you meander among a number of islets, Cava, Risa, Fara, and Flotta—a sea track very familiar to the vikings of yore—till the entrance of the Long ‘Hope’ or estuary is reached, with its modern ramparted battery on one side, and disused Martello Tower on the other. Voyaging this way, I have met with seals, their round black heads showing above water like fishermen’s bladder-floats; porpoises revolving with a great display of dorsal fin; and on one occasion a bottle-nosed whale *persevering*, like the Egilsay dominie, to the northward.

Almost all Orkney place-names, as we have noted, are Norse, though often disguised under a thin veil of Anglicism. Thus, for dwellings and homesteads, we are perpetually encountering the suffixes *bost*, *bister*, *buster*, as also the *quoys*, *garths*, and *skails*, or *skalis*. For centres of summer pasturing we have the *setters* or *seatters*. For coast line features, beside the *gio*, *ness*, *wick*, *noup* (knop), *holm*, etc., already met with, there are the *taing* (outjutting tongue of rock), the *wall* (*vagr*, bay) as in Walls, Kirkwall, Osmundswall, and the ‘Air’ or Ayre’ (sea-beach). And in the southern region of Orkney we are now considering, the *Hopes* (haven or sheltered inlet) muster strong, e.g., Kirkhope, St. Margaret’s Hope, Aith Hope, Pan Hope. Chief among these last comes Long Hope, a fine and spacious harbourage four to five miles long, and absolutely landlocked. About midway in its length the inlet narrows, but to seaward of this point its waters afford a splendid roadstead for a fleet of cruisers of any size. In former days, the Long Hope was a great resort for trading ships, notably so during the Anglo-French wars of the First Napoleon. There, on occasions, more than a hundred merchant vessels bound for Baltic ports, or for America and the West Indies, would assemble awaiting convoy by British frigates. It was at this period that the fort and tower opposite were built. And the time may come when the resources of this fine natural harbour may be again taxed and its defences have to be strengthened.

It is a charming sail or row up the Long Hope waters to the head of the estuary, where stands Melsetter, a delightfully secluded and picturesque residence, which for some years past a *littéraire* of no mean reputation has made his summer home.

I shall conclude my *menu* of Orcadian ramblings with a visit to what, archæologically speaking, are undoubtedly the chief attractions of the Orkney Isles:—Maeshowe, and the Stones of Stenness (or Stennis).

The two large freshwater lakes of Stenness and Harray are a remarkable topographical feature. The former is some three miles in length, $1\frac{1}{2}$ at its widest part; with an outlet to the sea, a brackish river about half a mile long. The lake of Harray from end to end measures nearly five miles, but is less in width than Stenness. The two lochs converge longitudinally till they meet at their southern extremities, being separated by a peninsula which narrows to a neck or isthmus so strait as to become at its termination a mere green spit a few feet in breadth. Indeed the extreme end of this spit has worn away to nothing, so that the two lakes now practically join, the junction point being crossed by a bridge. The isthmus is named the Ness of Brogar. The borders of these lakes, but especially the intermediate peninsula which is the true Sten-ness (Ness of Stones), are thick-studded with pre-historic monuments:—sepulchral barrows; *menhirs* solitary and in circlets; cyclopean tumuli covering in some cases stone cairns which in their turn are found to enclose a central walled chamber or mausoleum.

A medium sized specimen of such chambered mounds or *howes* may be seen at Onston Point on the Loch of Stenness near the Bridge of Waith, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Stromness. What I found (in 1893) was an oval-shaped chamber some 18 ft. long by $6\frac{1}{2}$ wide divided into five compartments by means of thin transverse slabs standing five feet above ground and projecting from the side walls, but so as to leave a mid-passage lengthwise through the compartments. Like the structure I have described at Farraclett in Rousay, this has a long low narrow passage lined with dry rubble and covered over with horizontal slabs, two of them remaining *in situ*. Here also one sees that the masonry of the chamber walls was built (without mortar) slightly overlapping and converging inwards to the roof. On one side of the chamber is a small square cist or recess, probably for sepulchral uses. The structure was evidently overlaid with a tumulus, and around it is a shallow trench.

The autographic *trippers* had been at work on one of the chamber slabs. Among the names of Tom, Dick, and Harry, I found that of 'Sam. W. Wells, Keighley, England,' under the date 1800.

As you walk towards the Ness of Brogar from the Kirkwall-Stromness main road, two colossal menhirs some 17 feet high uprear themselves, like twin sentinels at the portal of a domain of the dead. Close by is another megalith prostrate, and centrewise to these stones is a ruined dolmen or cromlech. We have record that there were formerly more stones here since destroyed, which completed a ring of probably twelve. It was near here that Scott's 'Stone of Odin' stood, perforated with a hole through which affianced lovers were wont to join hands when plighting their troth; but, unfortunately, this interesting relic was ruthlessly broken up by a farm tenant for building purposes early in the present century.

Here it was that Cleveland the Pirate slept after his interview with Norna in her hovel by the lake. And here the two sisters came to meet him, and Minna on the Cromlech or 'Druid Altar' abjured the last remnants of her faith in the Freya and Valhalla of her Norse ancestors. At the tail of the isthmus we pass a fourth huge column, and a little further on two more of less altitude. These, however, are but outposts. The great main ring of the Stenness 'Standing Stones' is seen about half a mile ahead along the Ness, surmounting a low eminence. As you approach towards sunset, and see the array of great pillar-slabs outlined dark against the sky, they might pass for a charmed circle of Titanic Northern gods, or for a conclave of gigantic shrouded Voluspæ come here 'to summon the ghosts of deceased heroes from their caverns,' but suddenly, as by the apparition of some dread Phorcynian visage, turned into stone. Indeed, this strange megalithic wold might almost realise the classic poet's description of the fields and ways traversed by Abantiades among the shapes of men that had been petrified by the horror of the snake-entwined head.*

* . . . passimque per agros
Perque vias vidisse hominum simulacra ferarumque
In silicem ex ipsis visa conversa Medusa.

—Ovid. *Metam.*, IV., 780.

The number of stones still visible in the great ring is 31, but of these some are prostrate, some are but stumps, and the circle shows large gaps. Pacing round the ring I made the circumference 344 yards or thereabouts. And, judging from a group of four of the menhirs which are equi-distant and 17 feet apart, a very simple sum brings out the probable total of the stones originally composing the circle to 60 or 61; and this is the number generally accepted by the authorities on the subject. All the stones, it may be added, face inwards to the centre of the ring. Round the greater Stenness circle runs a wide and deep trench; and just outside are several tumuli, and a small circlet with a central monolith. The twelve-pillar ring just described had also a moat and a mound round its edge, but the traces of both are almost obliterated. The 'Ring of Bookan' is another vast circular enclosure also entrenched.

Such, then, is the great pre-historic necropolis which may be called the Stonehenge or Breton-Carnac of the Northern Isles of Scotland. Neither hieroglyph, epigraphic lettering, nor any mark soever of graving tool, is to be found upon these monumental blocks of sandstone. There they stand—mute mystic witnesses of the handiwork of an undetermined race and epoch, as they stood when the Northmen of Sigurd and Einar first laid eyes upon them—as to their precise object and meaning, now as then, an archæological enigma.

The spot, too, where they are situated, solitary and shut in as it is between the two lakes, is quite in keeping with its pristine associations. A bare heath sparged over when I saw it with purple and yellow vetches; overhead many birds hovering, tern, lapwings, golden plover, oyster-catchers, and a stray gull or two, all piping vociferously; while all about starlings abound, roosting and nesting in the crevices of the old walls and embankments. Then, on either side of us, the wide expanse of loch waters, and in the distance the blue rugged outlines of the Hoy acclivities. A landscape environment unchanged since the days when the great 'Stanes of Stenness' were hauled up from their quarry and planted in their places.

Now, for a momentary digression for the benefit of the piscatorial reader, who may like to hear something about the famed trout fishing of Loch Stenness. To fish the loch properly, you must bespeak a boat in good time, so that the boatman may provide live minnow in case your flies and spinners should turn out a failure. If there is any breeze, light or stiff, your chances will probably be better trolling or *harling* under sail than casting in the little bays along shore. Then you work up and down the lake in a series of tacks with your line trailing astern; and should it come on to blow strong, the boat will want good steering to keep her dry, for a rough swell very soon gets up in these deep and open waters. The great annoyance to the fisherman in Loch Stenness is the prevalence of 'saithe,' a sea-fish which with the sea trout finds its way into the loch from Stromness Bay by the short reach of river already spoken of. These saithe will persist in grabbing your minnow and putting you to waste of time and energy in playing them into your net. I got in this way several heavy but disappointing fish; after a bit you can tell their pull, which is deader than the trout's, and the saithe rarely if ever leaps out of the water. The Stenness trout is a sort of special variety very near the sea-trout in shape and silvery whiteness, yet slightly speckled with the ordinary trout spots. They average a fine size, fish of $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 lbs. being comparatively plentiful, and far heavier ones than these being not infrequently landed. I saw one basket brought in of twelve Stenness trout nearly equal in size, the total weight being 18 lbs. One afternoon I tried the loch in half a gale of northerly wind (very unfavourable), using both natural and artificial minnow, and got two trout of $2\frac{3}{4}$ and $1\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. Among the salt water fish which get up into the loch are flounders of good size. Curiously, though the Loch of Stenness is persistently fished day after day during the summer season, often with half a dozen boats out together, besides being poached with night-lines, the stock of its splendid trout never seems to diminish either in numbers or quality. Zigzagging across this great sheet of water, as I have done hour after hour keen after fish, one is nevertheless ever conscious of the tall gaunt standing-

stones scattered over the surrounding hillocks, which are constantly shifting their relative positions against the sombre treeless background.

And now for Maeshowe, the 'Orkahang' (mighty mound) of the Norse Saga, the largest and chiefest monument of its class in the British Isles. Distant half a mile or so from the smaller Stenness circle, it stands up a vast conical earthen mound, girt round with a great foss, and overlooking the southern extremity of the Loch of Harray. Like its congeners, this great turf-clad structure consists of an outer shell of earth, covering a heart-shaped cairn of packed stone, which again encases a lofty central apartment 15 feet square, with a long contracted passage or shaft conducting from the chamber to an exit at the base of the mound. The walls and roof of this singular chamber are neatly and regularly built up in dry stone courses, but after the archaic manner already described; and recessed into three of the side walls are small square cells or niches placed a yard or so above the floor. The roof of the building has been partially uncovered and left open to the sky, so that when one has crept with some laborious crouching along the fifty odd feet lineal of the passage, and emerges into the chamber, there is enough daylight to enable one to take in the peculiarities of the place.

The great and unique feature, however, of this remarkable mausoleum is the copious collection of Runic inscriptions cut or scratched in upon the walls of the Chamber. From the character of the Runes we know with tolerable certainty that most of the inscriptions are of not earlier date than the beginning of the twelfth century. There have been many diverse interpretations of these Runes; but one thing is pretty clear, that they were carved at different times by the Northmen who got access to the Howe. That they are very brief genuine records concerning the men who graved them is also evident: little terse notes of what had befallen the writers and brought them to the spot; such notes as a chance sojourner in a strange place, say a prisoner in a gaol, or a seafarer detained by stress of weather, would be likely to chisel on the wall to beguile his time. Very much, indeed, as the modern 'globe-trotter' writes himself down

upon ancient monuments to-day, so have these Rune-cutters left themselves in evidence. Foreign professors, as Münch, Rafn, and George Stephens, the last a life-long expert and enthusiast in Rune-deciphering (whom death has so recently taken from us), have tried their hands at the mural writings of Maeshowe: so have Farrer, Barclay, Mitchell, and others, of our own countrymen, with very varying results. The last named has made a carefully detailed study and catalogue of the 'Orkahaug' Runes; from which I select some specimens out of a great number.

To begin with, a certain 'Hakn' (or Hakon) contents himself with giving us his name. Of three men, Totar Finla, Arnfithr (Arnfinn) the Strong, Tholfr Kolboeinssonr, each simply tells us that he 'cut these Runes.' Others add for, or in memory of, whom the writings were made. 'Dalk cut these Runes for the spirit and soul of Inge.' 'Orkasonr sawed these Runes: for Thaimar he cut them.' 'Knut cut these Runes over Alfred, a worthy son.' 'Hoermuntr gives thanks by these Runes;' and so on. Then we have the briefest of storied epitomes, a momentary glimpse the very charm and fascination of which are in what it leaves to the imagination. Seafaring experiences come in. 'Dark misty weather, ship labouring hard.' 'Wrecked and near this.' 'Futhorkh bound to the north-east.' A woman, 'Ingibiorg the fair in distress, after sailing on the dark raging waves, lurking here in great hope.' 'Here tired and troubled in repairing with difficulty the ship, Nilsonr Fyrer (leader) to southern lands.' Another inscription, over the name of one Sigberd or Sigred 'in Roinsö,' spells out that his ship was abandoned, and that the hull lies among the breakers: then 'to the North is hidden Treasure.' In 'Arthur looking out for the fairest of women' we seem to have a touch of that which makes the whole world kin. 'The explorer' says another writing, 'Skilts Irmsir has cut round this vaulted cave and put it in proper order;' perhaps, as Mitchell thinks, meaning that he (Irmsir) had repaired or cleared out the Maeshowe trench. Then, we have almost a reminder of *Monte*

* *Maeshowe*, by J. M. Mitchell, F.R.S.A., F.R.P.S. Edinburgh, 1863.

Cristo, or Poe's '*Gold Beetle*.' 'Here was hid treasure: many chains, cut silver, fine ornaments, and much fine store. The hidden place lies out from this west by north.' So far Mr. Mitchell's renderings.

Among these curious wall-writings mention is made of the doings of certain Jorsala-farers—that is, voyagers to Jerusalem or crusaders—which in one instance supplies a connecting link with known history. The Runes tell us that 'the Jorsala-farers broke open the Orkahaug in the lifetime of the blessed Earl' (Rognvald Kali) in search of buried hoards, but that they were unsuccessful in their quest, doubtless because earlier rovers had been there before them.* Now, we know that this Earl Rognvald in 1151 brought over to the Orkneys from Norway a great band of Jorsala-bound warriors, and that they passed the winter of that year in Orkney before setting sail for the Holy Land. We know, further, that the names of Arnfinn and Ingibiorg found among the Runes at Maeshowe, besides others, are identical with the names of individuals mentioned in the *Orkneyinga Saga* as living in Earl Rognvald's time, and nearly related to him. Thus, it seems likely that many of these inscriptions may have been the handiwork of these kinsfolk of the great Jarl, and of some of his followers in the crusading expedition, during these winter months of carousing and enforced idleness. But why they should select the walls of a vault for their engravings is not clear, unless it were that Maeshowe, even at that time a monument of antiquity and probably viewed with veneration or superstitious awe, commended itself to the Norsemen as a fitting depository for their mementoes.

Besides the Runic lettering, there are two carvings on the angle-buttress slabs of the Maeshowe chamber. One is a cross; the other a small dragon or griffinish creature of a style, says Anderson, similar to that on the tomb (tenth century) of King Gorm the Old at Jellinge in Denmark. The animal is drawn with much spirit in a prancing attitude, with head screwed round, and a curious object made up of flourishes is perched or seated on his back.

* *Orkneyinga Saga*, Anderson: Introd., p. 104.

Altogether, the imprinting of these Runic characters near eight centuries back on the walls of its crypt gives to this great tumulus of Maeshowe a vivid interest, and serves to bring out into truer focus and perspective the conception of its far earlier origin. For when, as we learn from the Olaf Saga, Havard Thorfinnson was slain by his kinsman Einar 'at Stæinsnes in Hrossey' (circa A.D. 970), the Northmen's name for the isthmus was already the *Ness of the Stones*. Nor, to judge from its style and character, is there reason to dissociate the Maeshowe structure from the great concourse of pre-Norse monuments located in its near vicinity.

Here I must stop. Space has been too scant to discourse upon the Jarl's residence at Orphir (Jorfiara), its great drinking-hall, and circular church : or upon Earl Sigurd's homestead in Hrossey, where in presence of King Sigtrygg the head of Gunnar Lambisson was smote off by a wrathful friend of 'burnt Njal,' and stained the board with its gore. Nor could I do more than indicate one or two among the many sites or remnants of ancient Christian fanes scattered throughout the islands : or enlarge upon the rare monumental slabs found near them, figured over with mystic devices of crescent and 'double sceptre,' as at Firth in Pomona and at St. Peter's, South Ronaldsay ;—these last assuring us that even to the Orkneys the strange symbol-carved stones, which still puzzle us so on the Pictish Mainland, were not unknown. But enough, I trust, has been said to imbue the reader with a sense of the diversity of Orcadian history and of its still visible landmarks ; and to inspire him with a conviction that in these remote isles, the *Outland* so to say of Caledonia, there are manifold fascinations, for which he might seek elsewhere in vain :

'The man finds sympathies in these wild wastes,
And roughly tumbling seas, which fairer views
And smoother waves deny him.'

T. PILKINGTON WHITE.

ART. II.—THE PRINCES OF THE HOUSE OF CONDÉ.

Histoire des Princes de Condé. Par M. le DUC D'AUMALE.
Tome VII. Paris. 1896.

EVERY student of the annals of France and of Europe, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, must rejoice that the Duc D'Aumale has been spared to complete this great and most valuable work. We have examined the history of the Princes of the House of Condé, from time to time, in another journal, and shall only say here that this, the concluding volume, is worthy of the best of a noble series, which forms an admirable contribution to French literature. The period of the history of his native country, which has elapsed since the Duc began the book, contrasts strikingly with the chequered but splendid period, of which he has traced the outline in these fine biographies. When the author addressed himself first to his task, France wore a look of superficial greatness, she seemed to excel in the arts of war and of peace; she basked in the sunshine of material welfare. But her government was that of Cæsarism, without a Cæsar; her revolutionary dynasty was not upheld by personal genius, or by an aristocracy around the throne; the structure of her society was dangerously undermined, by corruption, intrigue, and socialistic passions; and the Empire toppled down in appalling ruin. Since that catastrophe France has made noble efforts to regain her place among the Powers of the world; she has become formidable on land and at sea; her energetic industry has caused her prosperity to revive. But her old supremacy is a thing of the past; she stretches in vain her arms to the Rhine; she has been almost ostracised in the Councils of Europe; she has passed through the hands of a succession of rulers of little capacity, or real worth; above all, she has been weakened by continual intestine strife, and fickleness and instability have been but too apparent in her policy, and even in the national life. How different was the course of her fortunes between the reigns of the later Valois,

and the ascendancy of the Bourbon Monarchy, personified in the majesty of Louis XIV.! She was torn, during these years, by wars of religion; she was more than once agitated by civil discord; she was long overshadowed by the House of Austria; it seemed, for a time, that she would become a province of Spain; the changes wrought in her institutions were many, violent, and, in some respects, had unhappy results. But, throughout this long and momentous period, she was governed, for the most part, by born leaders of men; she had a real aristocracy which, on the whole, was a pillar of the State, in times of danger; the elements of which the nation was composed, were, as a rule, kept within their proper bounds; authority, in all its orders, commanded reverence; wild and anarchic ideas had scarcely any influence. And the result was that France became the Queen of the Continent; she expanded almost to her natural limits; she was dominant in the affairs of Europe; she shone, as she never shone, either before or since, with the combined glory of arms, and statecraft, of letters and art; and many and grave as were the evils of the splendid despotism which formed her government, she was, nevertheless, a great and united people, deprived of freedom, indeed, but yet ruled, with a regard, in the main, to the national interest.

Nor less remarkable and significant is the contrast presented in the career of the most conspicuous personage in this work, and in that of its accomplished author. The Grand Condé was one of the great soldiers of France, illustrious for heroic deeds in the field, and if never, in any real sense, a statesman, a man of rare acquirements, and commanding intellect. But in his arrogance and lawlessness, even in his greedy selfishness, he was a bad specimen of that proud noblesse, which it was the work of Richelieu and Mazarin to subdue; and during the best years of his life he was an arch-rebel, who nearly compassed the fall of the House of Bourbon, and placed France and the Monarchy in the extreme of peril. Yet this most dangerous and ambitious man was admitted again into the Councils of the State; was entrusted, at times, with the highest commands, when he had proved himself to be a loyal

subject; and having been absorbed, so to speak, in the grandeur of Louis XIV., distinguished himself by splendid exploits, and became a powerful bulwark of the throne. We shall not say that the Duc D'Aumale possesses the genius in war of his renowned kinsman, though his promise in the field, when a youth, was brilliant; he had never an opportunity to show if he had the qualities of the victor of Rocroy, of Nordlingen, of Lens. But he has given unquestionable proof of high mental qualities; he has always been a devoted son of France, a patriot, in a true sense, through life; he never would have dreamed, many as have been his wrongs, of lifting up his hand against his country's government. It has, nevertheless, been the hard fate of this eminent man, to have been twice driven into exile, from his native land, though no offence was ever laid to his charge, and to have been persecuted with ignoble tyranny; and when, in the maturity of his powers, he was given at last a real chance of doing France great and lasting service, he was once more sent into unjust banishment, such are the passions and fears of democratic envy. Whatever history may record of the two men, she will at least say that the attitude of the Bourbon Monarchy to the Grand Condé was very different, from that of the French Republic to the Duc D'Aumale; and the difference points to a real moral.

The period comprised in this volume extends from the close of the war between France and Spain, followed by the important Peace of the Pyrenees, to the first year after the Peace of Nimeguen. It thus embraces the time when the Bourbon Monarchy rose to the highest point of its glory and grandeur, and yet when signs were not wanting that despotic power and the excesses of ambition might cause its decline. France steadily advances in the Spanish Netherlands; annexes the great province of Franche Comté; seats herself permanently upon the Rhine; nearly acquires the position she held until 1870. Her supremacy in the Continent is also secured; her diplomacy baffles Austria, and almost controls Germany; she even drags the England of the later Stuarts in her wake; her commanding influence abroad is sustained by the armies prepared by Louvois, led by Turenne and Condé, and for many

years the wonder and terror of Europe. At home, too, her centralised government has prodigious strength; the despotism of Louis XIV. has borne all opposition down, has destroyed the power of the great provincial noblesse, and has gathered into its grasp the whole national forces; and yet it has the support of an aristocracy, not yet mere courtiers, illustrious by their great deeds in the field, and of a people not yet fashioned to enfeebling servitude. It was the most magnificent era France has ever known, not to speak of the efflorescence of the French intellect, which may have produced more durable fruits, but was never before so imposing and brilliant. And yet symptoms were making themselves felt that this age of French ascendancy might not be permanent, and coming events were casting their shadows before. The extravagance of the Great King, seen in the invasion of Holland, unites against him a most formidable league; and this almost places his realm in danger, if his generals and armies at last triumph. William III., too, appears on the scene, not a great captain, but a great statesman, indomitable in defeat, superior to fortune; the young Stadtholder is already a deadly foe of France; and in his systematic policy to combine all Europe against her, we see the future author of the Grand Alliance, which brought France to the verge of destruction. Despotism, besides, was, even at this period, sapping the tree, of which it had devoured the fruits; the martial noblesse, which followed Turenne and Condé, left no successors of equal worth; the French nation, which Colbert had made prosperous, was being gradually reduced to poverty, by the tyranny and the exactions of Louvois. Above all, arbitrary power was doing frightful evil, in the domain of spiritual and moral life; the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was enthroning cruel superstition in France, and depriving her of religious freedom; and hundreds of thousands of her best sons were being banished from the natal soil, and turned into vindictive enemies, by that most unwise and disastrous measure.

The Duc D'Aumale's treatment of this important period corresponds with that which he has adopted, hitherto, with signal success, in his preceding volumes. He does not forget that he

is not writing a history of France, but a biography of the Princes of the House of Condé; he makes everything subordinate to his special subject. But the Grand Condé is the hero of this part of his work, and he has managed to group around this central figure most of the chief personages and events of the time; and he has done this with great research and artistic skill. War, in this period, as always, was Condé's peculiar sphere; the Duc has admirably described most of the great passages of arms, in which Condé took part, in these years, from the Battle of the Dunes to the bloody day of Seneffe. We shall question some of the author's statements, and comment on some of the conclusions he has formed, and in this, as in other parts of his book, in his eagerness to place the Grand Condé in full relief, we think he is not always quite just to Turenne, a greater commander, and a much greater man. But he has thrown much fresh light on several of these campaigns; his account of the invasion of Holland in 1672 is the fullest and clearest we have ever read; his narrative of Seneffe, if open to some remarks, is singularly brilliant and carefully written; and his description of Condé's attitude in 1673-4-5, illustrates a side of the great soldier's genius in war, which has not been sufficiently noticed before. The tendency to idealise the Princes of the House of Condé, and especially to gloss over the grave defects in the Grand Condé's character, and his worst acts, which we see in many chapters of the book, is not equally apparent in this volume, no doubt because it was not needed; the later years of the life of Condé, at least, redeemed many of the errors of the youth, and gained for him the applause of the good and the wise. The Duc adds little or nothing to our previous knowledge respecting the tragic fate of the unhappy woman, whose marriage with Condé was a long tale of woes; he evidently avoids a most painful subject, and does not challenge the verdict of history. His account of Condé, in his old age, though graceful and attractive, might, we think, have been more ample and rich in details; he seems here as if he was eager to lay down his pen, and we wish he had given us a complete picture of the magnificent social life of Versailles, from 1675 to 1686, for no artist

could have performed the task better, though as Condé took hardly any part in it, it may be said that this was beside the subject. This volume does not contain the *pièces justificatives* which formed valuable appendices to the other volumes; their publication, we hope, will not be delayed.

This volume opens with an account of the Battle of the Dunes, the most brilliant of Turenne's victories. That great captain had saved the House of Bourbon by his indomitable constancy and genius in the field in the first years of the Spanish Fronde, and as the military power of France had expanded, he had fought his way from the Somme to the Scheldt, bearing down the decaying forces of Spain. The Grand Condé, a son of France, but a rebel, had been his ablest adversary at this period; his retreat from Arras, his attack at Valenciennes, his fine daring in saving Cambray, had been conspicuous proofs of his skill in war; but the French arms had made their superiority assured, and in 1657 Turenne had taken Mardyck, and reached the coast of Flanders. By this time France had become an ally of the England of Cromwell, and it was arranged that Turenne and a contingent of the renowned Ironsides should lay siege to the fortress of Dunkirk, to be handed over as a prize to the English government. Turenne, who had fallen back into winter quarters, advanced against Dunkirk in May, 1658, and having surmounted all kinds of obstacles, inundations, fortified dykes, and hostile bodies of men, drew his lines around the place at the close of the month, having been joined by his English auxiliaries. The siege was one of extreme difficulty; the Duc D'Aumale has admirably described Dunkirk when it was taken by Condé in 1646;* enough to say here that the fortress, resting on the sea, encompassed by a desert of sandy downs, capable of being surrounded for miles by floods, and in places scarcely accessible, through a network of canals, was not to be assailed or reduced without great risk; and the enterprise was now of peculiar danger as the neighbouring towns were held by the Spaniards.

* Vol. V., 95 *seqq.*

In this position of affairs it was not impossible that Turenne might have been compelled to raise the siege, but for the recklessness of Don Juan of Austria, the general in chief of the Spanish army. Turenne, no doubt, was admirably sustained by Mazarin; but he expected larger support from across the Channel,* and it is evident he thought the result uncertain. Don Juan, however, elated by trifling successes, insisted on marching to the relief of Dunkirk, though his army was inferior to that of Turenne, and actually had not a gun in the field; it is to the honour of Condé that he protested against a movement, which, he foresaw, would be fatal. Turenne, watching his opportunity, and keeping his counsel, allowed his imprudent enemy to advance, and then, issuing from his lines on the 14th of June, gained a decisive victory, after a well contested fight. We give the Duc D'Aumale's sketch of the renowned warrior:—

‘We have already tried to bring out distinctly some features of this powerful genius. On this occasion they appear even more clearly marked; precision in calculation, soundness of judgment, the faculty of estimating time and distance correctly, the still finer gift of revealing no signs of the conception the brain has formed. At the intended moment his plan appears complete, but unknown to everyone else; he avoids the unfortunate cross purposes of the last minute; the event does not surprise him; he does not anticipate the hour; he begins at the point he has chosen, at the time and the place he has selected, and then the vigour of execution shows the clearness of the thought and the strength of the character of the man.’

The Duc D'Aumale's account of the Battle of the Dunes has been well considered, and is very graphic, but, in some respects, it is perhaps not quite accurate. He omits to notice the immense assistance, on which Napoleon especially dwells,* given to the French left wing by the English squadron; he is in error in stating that the Spanish infantry—the remains of the far-famed tercios—were able to stand the charge of the Ironsides; Turenne has said the exact contrary.† This is the Duc's rather depreciatory notice of Oliver's soldiers:—‘Among these choice troops appeared 6000 Englishmen, remarkable for the brilliancy of their scarlet uniforms, fine men, strong,

* *Mémoires de Turenne*, p. 283.

† *Corr.* 32, 139.

‡ *Mémoires*, 295.

but not accustomed to do the work of the trenches—they have not, nor have their officers experience in sieges—they are intemperate, fond of eating unripe fruit, but they are inured to war, proud, confident in their vigour and their worth, and possessing the indomitable courage of their race.’

The Duc D’Aumale rightly places in striking relief the fine conduct of Condé on the Spanish left; he fought the battle against his will; he exclaimed to the young Duke of Gloucester, ‘we must lose the day;’ yet he did wonders to avert defeat. As at Arras, he made, at the last moment, a desperate effort to turn the scales of fortune, though probably there was little hope of ultimate success:—‘Every thing gives way before him. “There was a time when the balance was in suspense,” acknowledges Turenne in his *Memoirs*. Raising his hand Condé turns towards those who still follow him, “we shall sup this evening in Dunkirk,” he shouts out. “It would have been one of the most extraordinary of achievements—to relieve the place after having lost the battle!”’

Dunkirk had fallen in a few days; the Spanish Netherlands lay open to Turenne. The Marshal advanced, at Oudenarde, to the Scheldt; Napoleon blames him for not marching on Brussels; * the Duc D’Aumale thinks he was held in check by Condé. Turenne, however, certainly intended to push on to Brussels,† and was only prevented by the want of guns; his *Memoirs* are conclusive on this point; it is probable, too, that a grave illness of Louis XIV. retarded his operations to some extent.

In the negotiations that led to the Peace of the Pyrenees, the position of Condé was very critical for a time. Spain was unable to continue the war with France; Mazarin, still in power in the French counsels, had not forgotten the revolt of the Fronde; it seemed not improbable that the fate of Condé would be that of more than one of the ruined Princes, who had lost everything in the Thirty Years’ War. The Cardinal insisted, at first, that Condé should remain in exile, and that

* *Corr.*, 32, 141.

† *Memoirs*, 317. Napoleon at St. Helena seems not to have had Turenne’s *Memoirs*.

Chantilly should be forfeited to the Crown ; the fierce resentment of Condé broke out in phrases, which prove that he still could be a rebel at heart :—

‘ Je veux bien qu’on le sache ; je ne travaille à autre chose que tautost surprendre une ville, tautost en révolter une autre ; je m’applique à cela jour et nuit ; si je pouvois faire révolter toute la France, tant que je serays en l’estat où je suis, et attirer tout le monde dans mon party, je le ferois de tout mon cœur, et l’ou auroit grand tort d’en douter. Si la cour est d’humeur de s’irriter de tout ce je que ferais en ce genre, elle s’irritera souvent, et je ne m’en inquiète pas.’

The Grand Condé, however, had many friends among the noblesse round the throne of Louis XIV. Turenne and other soldiers remembered his prowess in the field ; surviving leaders of the Fronde interceded for him ; fine ladies, who had been his light loves, used their influence on behalf of their hero ; grave politicians wished to detach a man of his parts from the service of Spain. The Duc D’Aumale describes at length the game of intrigue and compromise, which ended in the restoration of the warrior ; but we have no space to dwell on the details. Spain stood loyally to a chief who had given her arms renown ; Mazarin made concessions in the Low Countries, the price of the return of Condé to France ; the Prince regained his lands and honours, and his Burgundian Government, that of Guyenne, which he had made a seat of civil war, being the only charge that was not given back. Condé maintained his arrogant attitude throughout :—

‘ Pour sortir de cette affaire icy, de trois partis il n’y a qu’un à prendre : ou mon rétablissement tout entier en France avec mes amis—ou le retour de mon fils et de mes amis en la manière que je vous l’ay expliqué, avec le Comté de Bourgogne pour moy—ou estre abandonné tout à fait, et demeurer en l’estat où l’on est.’

Condé had returned from exile in the first days of 1660. The France he saw again was a different world, from that which he had left only a few years before. The kingdom, which had been rent by passionate civil war, was at peace under the sceptre of Louis XIV. ; the capital, which had closed her gates on him, exulted when in the presence of her youthful monarch. The Royal Sun had blotted out the lesser lights, which had shone over the fortunes of France ; the great feudal

nobles were loyal servants of the Crown ; the feudal bans had become the army of Turenne. The Peace of Westphalia and the Peace of the Pyrenees had made France the leading Power of the Continent ; the House of Austria was falling into a secondary place ; many Princes of Germany were French vassals. A great revolution, too, had taken place at home ; local liberties, franchises, and institutions had given place to despotic power ; Louis could almost boast that he was himself the State ; the rule of the provincial noblesse, nay, of the time-honoured Parliaments, was being set aside by a bureaucracy of the Court. All was imposing in that edifice of majestic Kingship, if elements of evil were below the surface ; the throne was illustrated by the arts of war and of peace ; French diplomacy and letters were the admiration of Europe. Most of the personages, too, who had been prominent in 1651-2 had passed away, or had been, as it were, transformed. Mazarin was still first Minister, but he was approaching his end ; the 'Italian adventurer' had become the heir of Richelieu. Anne of Austria had retired from the scene ; the great noblesse of the Fronde had almost disappeared ; Madame de Longueville, the heroine of those troubled years, was living the life of an austere penitent. The *petit maitres* of Condé were also not to be found ; and the brilliant dames of the Hotel Rambouillet, who—many at least—had lavished their favours on him, were dead, or had settled in other lands, or had become stately and grave matrons.

The life of Condé, during the years that followed, was one of comparative obscurity, and disappointed hopes. He was received at Court as a Prince of the Blood, but was not admitted into the Royal Council ; Mazarin seems to have distrusted him to the last. He was pursued, too, by a host of vexatious creditors, for his extravagance had been reckless, from early youth ; Chantilly, the Hotel Condé, and his large domains had been neglected, in his long exile ; he was really separated from the wife he had disliked from the first ; and his health had begun to suffer from the effects of vicious excess. He lived, for the most part, at Chantilly, too poor to restore a half ruinous home ; but his fine intellectual tastes were a solace ;

he often gathered around him eminent men of letters, Lafontaine, Racine, Boileau, and especially Molière. He appreciated the genius of the Aristophanes of France; Molière illustrates this in a brief anecdote:—

‘I will end this, by a remark of a great Prince on the comedy of *Tartufe*. A week after the piece had been prohibited, a play, called “*Scaramouch a Hermit*,” was acted before the Court: the King, on rising, said to the great prince I allude to, “I would like to know why people who are so offended at Molière’s comedy, have not a word to say against *Scaramouch*?” The prince answered: “the reason is that the comedy of *Scaramouch* ridicules persons and religion, which these fine gentlemen do not care about; but Molière ridicules themselves; and that they will not stand.”’

Condé during these years remained intimate with Marie de Nevers, now Queen of Poland; his son, the Duc D’Enghieu, married Anne of Bavaria, a daughter of Marie’s sister, the Princess Palatine. These relations led to negotiations and intrigues, narrated at length by the Duc D’Aumale, but to which we can only refer—to gain the Crown of Poland for the young Duc; but Louis XIV. did not befriend his cousin, and John Sobieski was elected King. Condé was often in Burgundy at this period; his administration of the province which he had ruled in early youth, was judicious, able, and formed a marked contrast with that of the bureaucracy, which had been supreme. The Duc D’Aumale properly dwells on this; he has given us a vivid picture of the rapacity and exactions of these functionaries of the Court; all history shows that the half paternal government of a great feudal aristocracy was a much better system; and in fact, the unpopularity of the Monarchy, in the years of its decline, must be largely ascribed to the bad regime of the Intendants and Sub-delegates who ruled France from Versailles.

It was not until 1669 that Condé entered again the service of the Crown, and was entrusted with the command of a French army. The War of Devolution, waged to assert the rights of the Queen of France as a Spanish Princess, was the occasion of the choice of the King; Condé justified it by his prudence and masterly skill. His task was to seize and occupy Franche Comté; he had been acquainted with the province,

when in his teens, during the vicissitudes of the Thirty Years War, and he had shown marked ability on this very theatre. His plans were secretly and admirably laid; in a few days the forces of France were in possession of the principal towns which a generation before had stood long and doubtful sieges; the conquest was bloodless, but directed by a great captain. The Duc D'Aumale justly remarks:—

‘There was no passage of arms in this rapid campaign. What is worthy of consideration, is the secrecy, the perfection of preparation, the extreme precision of calculation, the boldness of the enterprise in the depth of winter, for the rigour of the season was a condition of success; had a single detail been omitted, everything would have failed. The issue was really made certain during the two months spent by Condé in Burgundy, where he was engaged in setting the distrust of the people of Franche Comté at rest, in accumulating his resources, in combining his plans with such mathematical accuracy, that the overwhelming conquest which ensued was the logical result; Franche Comté was subdued before it was invaded.’

The supremacy of France in arms and statecraft was conspicuously seen in the great invasion of Holland in 1672. The enterprise had been planned for some time; the French armies had attained a size which, Napoleon has said, marked a new era in war; the preponderance of foot over horse had been established—a military revolution in itself—and Louis XIV. had 140,000 men in the field, a force as superior to that of any other Power as that of Prussia was in 1866-70. The success of French diplomacy, too, had been complete; the Court of Vienna had been set asleep; Northern Germany was still an ally of France; two of the Prince Bishops had promised active support; the Treaty of Dover, negotiated by Madame Henriette, made the England of Charles II. an auxiliary of France. The fate of the Dutch Republic appeared as certain as that of Russia appeared in 1812; indeed, as the Duc D'Aumale has observed, the two expeditions had some points in common. It deserves notice, however, that Condé did not approve, at the outset, of the plan of the campaign, and was not confident of final success. The following does credit to his insight:—

‘In a short, precise, very able paper, Condé found means to develop his ideas fully without seeming to extend the area of discussion marked out by the King, and by dwelling on the state of our relations with Spain.

The neutrality of that power is fictitious and hypocritical ; it would be better to tear off her mask. Should the war be prolonged—and it will be prolonged—the Catholic King will openly declare against us ; he will draw with him the Emperor, and the Princes of the Empire. In that event, what will become of our system of frail alliances, of Munster, a robber, of Cologne, a miserable, weak creature ? And England—now so zealous—will she go with us to the end ? Will she raise the naval ascendancy of France upon the ruins of the navy of Holland ! We have better things to do ; we ought to think of the Spanish Netherlands.’

The King, however, rejected these counsels ; at the close of May the French armies crossed the frontier, the main body, under Turenne and his master, advancing from Charleroi to the Lower Meuse, the right wing, commanded by Condé, marching from Sedan to effect its junction. The two bodies came into line near Maestricht ; Condé wished to take hold of that key of the Meuse, and probably to invade the States from that base ; Turenne was for an operation of a wide sweep, which would unite the French and their allies on the Rhine ; and the advice of the great strategist prevailed. The French moved forward rapidly to the great river, and were joined by the German contingents ; their march down both banks was swift and decisive ; and on the 11th of June the conquering host was upon the verge of the Lower Rhine, where its waters had been drawn aft by the Wahal, and the rich tract of the Betuwe extends between the two streams. The Dutch had hitherto offered no resistance ; fortress after fortress had opened its gates ; their weak militia had refused to fight ; but William III., a youth of twenty-two, at this crisis the only hope of his country, had with difficulty assembled a few thousand men, and had marched with these to oppose an enemy in overwhelming strength. William, however, never a great general, had occupied the line of Yssel alone, and had neglected the Betuwe, the vulnerable point ; the French easily crossed the Rhine on the 12th ; it seems established that this movement was planned, as it certainly was directed by Condé. The passage of a fordable stream was not a great exploit—Napoleon has called it an operation of the fourth order—but real skill was shown in seizing the decisive point, and in deceiving the enemy as to the intended stroke :—

'The action was a daring one; the absence of all serious resistance diminishes its glory; but this does not lessen the merit of the chief who had prepared it. What deserves admiration in the passage of the Rhine is the accuracy of the *coup d'œil*, which detected the fault in the cuirass, the rapidity and the perfection of execution; in a word it is the operation as a whole; the march of the army had caused the line of the Wahal to fall; its sudden irruption into the Betuwe, a fertile and open region apparently neglected, had annihilated the defences of the Yssel, and opened Holland to the French army.'

The invaders had soon poured across the Betuwe, and had overcome the greater part of the Seven Provinces. William had no choice but to fall back from the Yssel, and to endeavour to defend Amsterdam; the Dutch cities fell, in succession, into the enemy's hands; the French watchfires at Utrecht were descried by the burghers of the affrighted capital. Some obscurity hangs on this momentous phase of the war; but Condé had been severely wounded in the passage of the Rhine; he was disabled from giving effect to the counsels, which he probably pressed on Louis XIV., and from pushing forward cavalry to seize the dykes, which formed the last barrier to defend Amsterdam. Most French historians agree with the Duc D'Aumale:—

'The pistol shot of Ossenbroek perhaps changed the issues of the campaign of 1672. Up to the occupation of Utrecht, the army seemed impelled by the fire and energy of the Prince; the impulse slackened, and at last ceased. Condé had caused it to be arranged that once the Rhine had been successfully crossed, the enemy should have no breathing-time: the mass of the army was to seize fortresses, and important points; but the light cavalry was to dash forward supported, when necessary, by mounted infantry.'

A party of French horsemen advanced to Muiden, the key of the dykes of the Zuider Zee; and had they taken possession of that vital point, the Dutch Republic must have succumbed, and the fortunes of Europe might have been changed. But at this critical juncture the French army did not move; its forces were divided into petty garrisons guarding captured fortresses that ought to have been razed; a step that must have been decisive was not taken; William III. was given a few days of respite, which his invincible firmness turned to account. The

dykes were pierced, and an immense flood of water, spreading around Amsterdam and the adjoining region, kept back the enraged and astounded enemy; Louis did not perhaps calculate on an effort of the kind, as Napoleon did not calculate on the fires of Moscow. To make the situation of the invaders worse, the King rejected the overtures made by the States, and compelled them to adopt the counsels of despair; and in the extravagance of his pride, he actually sent back 20,000 men, whom he had made prisoners of war, and who at once joined the standards of the young Prince of Orange. It seems almost certain that Louis and Louvois are responsible for these disastrous mistakes; but Turenne was the real chief of the army; and Napoleon * blames the Marshal severely for not having interposed to prevent them. It is difficult, however, to suppose that the consummate warrior would not have protested had it been possible to change the purpose of his master, and of his imperious minister.

The attempt to annihilate Holland had, practically, failed; the great King had soon returned to Saint Germain, leaving the command of the French army to Turenne; and Condé, an invalid, was also compelled to return. By this time, however, the formidable power exhibited by France, in the first stages of the war, had combined against her a threatening League; the Elector of Brandenburg and the Emperor, enemies of long standing, suddenly joined hands; and a large German army was marched towards the Rhine to assist the imperilled Dutch Republic. Spain, too, was arming in the Low Countries; the heroic efforts made by the Dutch at sea had won for them the respect of Europe; England was wavering as regards the French alliance; above all William III., set free from rivals, by the murder of the brothers De Witt, was master of the military power of the States, and had set a respectable army on foot. The situation had completely changed, largely owing to the energy of the Prince of Orange; the Duc D' Aumale is not blind to his remarkable powers:—

* *Corr.*, 32, 146. It should be observed that Turenne and Louvois were almost declared enemies at this time.

'He is the soul of coalition. Cunning and violence have removed his domestic enemies ; he is eager to measure himself against Condé. He has the aquiline features, and the delicate frame of a rival, whose glory he envies but does not fear ; his health is not better than that of the Prince ; he overcomes disease with the same courage. Less gifted in war, but reared in the midst of dangers, accustomed from the first, to steer his bark by himself amidst the reefs, always master of himself, not amiable, not trustworthy, without scruples, without pity, he is especially great, through his perseverance and the strength of his will. A passionate hatred, an implacable detestation of France animate that frail and sickly frame.'

Turenne broke up from Bois le Duc to confront the enemies gathering against France, from across the Rhine. He was about to enter the last phase of his career ; but we can hardly agree with the Duc D'Aumale that the generalship of the great warrior was of a different kind from what it had been in his early years ; his campaign of 1646 is, perhaps, his masterpiece ; though Napoleon has remarked that he was one of the few commanders who became more daring with the advance of age. The Marshal, disdaining passive defence, crossed the Rhine, and, moving between divided enemies, kept Prussians and Austrians long in check, though they were more than two-fold in numbers ; he then recrossed the river and took a position in the angle between the Moselle and the Rhine, in order to make head against the Prince of Orange, already advancing towards the Meuse. Meanwhile Condé, though hardly recovered from his wound, had been placed in command of a small army, charged to defend Alsace and Lorraine ; he acquitted himself admirably in this mission ; and he prevented invasion along that frontier, by destroying the bridge across the Rhine at Strasbourg. But evidently he had not penetrated the designs of the allies ; he resented what he thought was the inaction of Turenne in not moving a step to effect his junction with him. At last, however, the great Marshal stirred ; he had seen all through what his foes intended ; and when the Prince of Orange had approached Maestricht, and the Elector of Brandenburg had crossed the Rhine, in order to come into line with the Prince, Turenne slowly descended on Trèves, and manœuvring between them with masterly skill, contrived to keep them completely apart. This part of the contest ended

to the advantage of France; but the result was mainly due to the genius of Turenne.

In 1673 the war spread from the Zuider Zee to the lands around the Weser. The French made one important conquest; the great stronghold of Maestricht fell — Villars and Marlborough, then mere youths, did great things in the siege—and this gave the invaders a base on the Meuse. But the fortune of the war inclined, on the whole, against France, if her arms occasionally shone with conspicuous lustre. A large part of Holland was still held by the French; Condé was despatched to Utrecht to endeavour to master the defences of Amsterdam and to finish the war. But the inundation defied his efforts; and armed craft on the waters harassed the enemy:—

‘At every important point the Dutch are supported by large frigates and their guns; this is where there are great canals and rivers, and where these are small there are numbers of lighter vessels armed with small pieces of cannon.’

The frightful exactions of Louvois, too, made peace hopeless; Condé properly set his face against them:—

‘His voice and his alone, was raised against these useless cruelties; he continued to protest by his silence and even this attitude required courage. Confining himself to his military duties, he did not take part in the administration of the conquered provinces; he left it to the intendant Robert to execute the pitiless commands of the minister. If he interfered on rare occasions, it was to cause rights guaranteed by capitulations to be respected and to plead in favour of toleration for religion.’

At Utrecht Condé became a friend of Spinoza, one of the deepest thinkers of that age; his keen and daring intellect eagerly turned to metaphysics, and speculations of the kind. He tried to induce the philosopher to make France his home; but Spinoza preferred the life of a recluse at the Hague. As the campaign progressed, Spain appeared in arms, in the field; the naval victories of the Dutch, and the party led by Danby, all but dissolved the English and French alliance; the French armies gradually withdrew from Holland, saved from ruin by a most memorable defence. Condé was engaged during the remainder of the year in establishing his troops on the Spanish Netherlands, and in assisting the forces that were leaving Holland; the attention of Louis was already being directed

to Franche Comté—the coveted prize which he had given back at the Peace of Aix La Chapelle; and Louvois starved the war in the Low Countries. The capture of Maestricht and the evacuation of Holland were the principal incidents of a campaign very different from the invasion of 1672.

Meanwhile Turenne had sustained the cause of the Great King, with doubtful results, on the theatre of the war extending far beyond the course of the Rhine. In the first days of the year he advanced to the Weser, manœuvring with admirable skill between the forces of the Elector of Brandenburg and the Emperor; he baffled and defeated a largely superior force. Another adversary, however, appeared in the field, the only commander who ever out-generalled Turenne. The Duc D'Aumale thus sketches Montecuculli; he had measured himself with Turenne as far back as 1647:—

‘He was a soldier at 16, and a colonel after ten years of rude campaigns. . . . During the years of repose that followed the Peace of Westphalia, he worked in solitude, meditating, classifying his ideas, and putting them on paper, grouping maxims gathered from examples; transcribing treaties, writing memoirs; he stands in the first rank of military historians. . . . In the course of the Polish wars he astounded the Swedish generals, versed in the lessons of Gustavus, by his scientific manœuvres, and proved himself to be a master of strategy and tactics.’

Montecuculli had greatly the larger army; but unquestionably he out-manœuvred Turenne, though this may have been, partly at least, the fault of Louvois. The two generals confronted each other on the Maine and the Tauber, each seeking to turn a mistake to account; Turenne's aim was to strike the communications of his foe, and compel him to fall back in retreat towards Bohemia. But Louvois refused to reinforce Turenne; Montecuculli crossed the Maine near Wurtzburg, marching northwards, until he had reached Mayence; and then making a dexterous feint against Alsace, proceeded down the Rhine, and effected his junction with the Prince of Orange, accomplishing the result frustrated a year before by Turenne. The great Frenchman was deceived by the feint on Alsace; he crossed the Rhine, and let his enemy slip; this false march,

Napoleon has said,* was the worst fault that can be laid to his charge, and even casts a shadow on his renown.

The campaign of 1673 had no decisive results; that of 1674 was much more brilliant; it ultimately turned to the advantage of France, after placing her for a time in danger. Franche Comté was overrun and conquered; the province was annexed to France at the Peace of Nimeguen. But the stress of the war was most severe in the Low Countries, and along the Rhine, where Condé and Turenne confronted enemies, superior in strength, and exhibited, especially Turenne, the powers of great captains. The Duc D'Aumale describes Condé's operations, at length, as this is his peculiar subject; his narrative is admirably arranged and lucid. The first care of the Prince was to extend a hand to the forces which were being withdrawn from Holland, and had been exposed to great peril by a rash lieutenant; he completely succeeded in a difficult task. He then marched to the aid of the garrison which held Maestricht, since the place had fallen; and, after some movements of no great importance, he took a strong position in an entrenched camp on the Piéton, a few miles to the west of Charleroi. He disposed of perhaps 45,000 men; but meanwhile a combined Dutch, Spanish, and German army, probably not less than 65,000 strong, had effected its junction between Nivelles and Namur, part of the theatre of the campaign of 1815; and, advancing towards the great fortress of Mous, was perhaps being directed on the French frontier. On the 10th of August its columns extended from the south of Arquennes beyond Seneffe, across the front of the Prince in his camp; Condé instantly took advantage of the fatal mistake its leaders had made in their false flank march. Issuing from his entrenchments on the 11th, he fell in force on the rear of the enemy, now at Seneffe; a fierce and sanguinary conflict followed; but this part of the allied army was almost destroyed:—

‘This success was most brilliant. The rear of the Confederates, a detachment of more than 8000 picked troops, was annihilated; all the trophies of war, colours, standards, cymbals, fell into the hands of the French; the survivors all prisoners, or routed fugitives.’

* *Com.*, 32, 149.

The Duc D'Aumale, we think, should have given us a map of the desperate and protracted battle that ensued; for it is very difficult to follow its course. William III. brought into line another part of the army, which had been exposed in detail, to his adversary's attacks; the Dutch and Spaniards gave proof of heroic courage, but the *furia francese* at last prevailed:

'Condé endeavours to cut the communication between the Hollanders and the Imperial army. The Dutch infantry sacrifices itself to bar his passage; it is a tradition that the regiment of the Guards of the Prince of Orange perished to a man. On the other side, Luxemburg, deploying his whole light cavalry, extends himself far to the right, disperses the battalions in charge of the baggage, seizes the waggons, and completes his turning movement. The Priory is occupied by the French infantry. The troops of the States and the Spaniards, reduced in numbers, and abandoning wounded, prisoners, and impedimenta, traverse the defiles in disorder, change the direction of their march, and try to reach Fayt.'

The day would have been lost had not the allies had William III., as a chief, to make a final effort. With that heroic tenacity, which never failed him, he made a stand in the strong position of Fayt; Condé attacked him in front and on both flanks, but his valour and pertinacity proved vain:—

'Constancy! that is the virtue of the hour and the situation. The allied generals cannot expect victory, but a defeat must not be changed into a rout; they must take advantage of their superior numbers, and of their position, to arrest the progress of the enemy, and to secure an honourable retreat. Their enemy is worthy of the steel of the one opposed to him. Chiefs and soldiers do their duty; the palm remains with the Germans. Strong, brave, well-trained, they are intact, and unlike their comrades have not endured five hours of fatigue and peril; if they yield to the passionate charges of the French, they form themselves again. Every inch of ground they lose costs dear; they sometimes recover what they had lost; at certain points they remain unshaken.'

Night fell on one of the fiercest of battles; the French certainly had the advantage; but William had plucked safety out of extreme danger. It has long been disputed whether Condé ought to have persisted in the last attack; the Duc D'Aumale skilfully defends his hero; it seems probable that the French army was too far committed to draw off from the field. Condé, like Napoleon, acted on the maxim, which he had illustrated at Nordlingen, by a fine example, that daring

in these crises, is the wisest course; but certainly Villars, who was in the fight, and who showed on that day real *coup d'œil*, has said that the attack might have been more judiciously made.*

In this campaign Condé had given proof, not only, as always, of skill in the field, but of the judgment and insight of a great commander. It increases our admiration of his fine conduct, that he was suffering, at this time, from disease; he was so crippled by gout that he could not bear a jack boot at Seneffe. Yet the palm of merit in the campaign must be given to Turenne; his operations, if not above criticism, were those of a strategist of the first order. The Duc D'Aumale describes his movements at length; we have no space except for the briefest sketch. Turenne had to cope with a far more powerful enemy; but the Duke of Lorraine, and the Count of Caprara, the chiefs of part of the Imperial army, were separated by a wide interval; Turenne crossed the Rhine and fell on Caprara before his colleague could join hands, and the French won a brilliant fight at Sinsheim. The Marshal had soon re-crossed the Rhine; meanwhile the main Imperial army, under the Duke of Bournonville—Montecuculli had been disabled by sickness—had got over the river, and entered Alsace; Bournonville was soon to be followed by the Great Elector, with a Prussian army, which would thus give the Allies a great preponderance of strength. Turenne was already inferior in numbers; but, seeking again to defeat his enemies in detail, he crossed the Brusch near Entzheim and attacked Bournonville;† the French commander's tactics have been condemned, especially for mixing horsemen and foot together; Turenne fell back after a murderous struggle, in which Marlborough showed heroic courage, and was thanked by his chief at the head of his staff. The Great Elector had soon joined Bournonville; their combined forces were very much greater than any Turenne could oppose to them; extreme

* *Mémoires de Villars*, I., 22. The genuine Vogüe edition.

† Napoleon's sketch of the battle of Entzheim, *Corr.* 32-152, is masterly. There is also a good account in Lord Wolseley's *Life of Marlborough*.

terror prevailed in Paris, and the last man of the feudal militia, an almost forgotten array, was called out.

Had the Allies at this critical juncture turned their superiority of force to account, Lorraine and Champagne might have been overrun, and Turenne driven back discomfited; but, whatever the reason, they hardly advanced, but spread in winter quarters through Upper Alsace. Turenne saw and seized the occasion with masterly skill; he broke up from his camp in the depth of winter; defiled behind the screen of the Vosges, completely concealing a great forced march, and then burst through the Gap of Belfort on his astounded enemies, disseminated from Mulhausen to Altkrich. The advance of the Marshal was perhaps slow, but he chose his ground at Turckheim with admirable *coup d'œil*; he struck the Allied right an unexpected stroke, and the result was a decisive victory which forced the invaders to hasten over the Rhine. The Duc D'Aumale correctly remarks:—

‘The Imperial army was in perfect order, well entrenched in a strong position, well prepared to receive an attack; the French deployed before their enemy, marched forward on a nearly equal front, but the action was confined to one point of the line almost outside the field of battle. It was a remarkable, a surprising application of the maxim “do not attack your adversary at the spot he expects.” The genius of the chief was seconded by fortune.’

The march of Turenne behind the Vosges, and his subsequent attack on the Imperial army, reminds the student of war of the march behind the Alps, and of the movements that ended on the great day of Marengo. Turenne, however, assailed the Allies in front, and only drove them beyond the Rhine; Napoleon descended on the rear of Melas and conquered Italy by a march and a battle. The Emperor insists that Turenne might have got through the Vosges, by the middle of the chain, not at its end at Belfort, and perhaps have annihilated the allied army which, in that event, would have been struck in flank; theoretically this view is unquestionably right. Napoleon would probably have made this movement and have advanced with greater celerity than Turenne; we see here the difference between the two men; but it is fair to observe that the passage of the Vosges, through the hills, in

winter, would have been very difficult; and the strategy of the seventeenth century could not be as brilliant as that of the nineteenth. As it is, the conduct of Turenne, on this occasion, places him in the first rank of the masters of war.*

The campaign of 1675 was one of the last of the war; it was remarkable as the last in which Condé, Turenne, and Montecuculli appeared in the field. The theatre of operations was the same as before; Condé was in command in the Low Countries; Turenne was opposed to the Allies on the Rhine. The first movements of Condé were not important: Limburg was taken to gratify Louis XIV., and Condé held the Prince of Orange in check, along the Sambre, and crossed Charleroi. But the operations of Turenne, on this occasion pitted against Montecuculli, are full of interest; they form a game of strategy played by two great masters. The object of Montecuculli was to invade Alsace; he descended the Rhine and crossed near Spires; but Turenne crossed the river in turn, and, threatening his communications, compelled him to fall back. The French commander had his bridge at Ottenheim, a considerable distance above Strasbourg; his purpose was to protect his bridge, and, at the same time, to prevent a passage at Strasbourg—then an Imperial city hostile to France; but his forces were divided between the two points, and had Montecuculli attacked him he might have been driven, routed, beyond the Rhine.† Montecuculli, however,—he was aged and ill—missed a stroke which might have been decisive; he left part of his army to observe Turenne, and with the remainder descended the Rhine again, in the hope of penetrating into Alsace, by means of a bridge to be sent down from Strasbourg. Turenne, having brought his bridge considerably nearer Strasbourg, prevented the citizens from giving aid to the foe, by barring the Rhine with stockades and batteries; and some weeks passed in movements and counter-movements

* For Napoleon's masterly sketch of Turenne's campaign of 1674, see *Corr.*, 32, 150-57.

† This is the decided opinion of Napoleon, *Corr.* 32, 160; and the Emperor has written that Condé, in Montecuculli's place, would have made the movement.

each chief seeking an opportunity to strike. The French army was somewhat inferior in numbers; but Montecuculli had divided his forces. Turenne crossed the Rensch to attack his enemy before his reinforcements could come up; he reached the little stream of the Salsbach and victory seemed within his grasp. 'Death carried away his secret; but he displayed unwonted confidence; he exclaimed more than once, "I have them, I have them!"'

Turenne had a presentiment that his end was near; he took precautions to keep out of fire. A chance shot, nevertheless, carried the warrior away; the Duc D'Aumale thus describes the scene:—

'Saint Hilsire, the commander of the artillery, came up. "Will it please you, sir, to see the place where I am about to construct a battery? my guns will follow." Turenne turned. At this moment the Imperial artillery fired a volley. The outstretched arm of Saint Hilsire was shattered; Turenne, struck in the body, rolled under his horse, "opened twice his mouth, and his large eyes, and was silent for ever." The corpse was placed at the foot of the tree where the hero had sought shade; it was then borne to the Chapel of Saint Nicolas; the priest, to whom the Marshal had spoken in the morning,* finished his prayers.'

The exclamation of Montecuculli is well known, when he had been informed of his adversary's death, 'that man has done honour to human nature.' Yet the events that followed are a better epitaph; they show what Turenne was, as a leader in war, and what may become of an army that loses a chief. The lieutenants of Turenne, incapable men, began hastily to retreat to the Rhine; they quarrelled with each other, and were defeated; and the French army was placed in the gravest danger. 'Give us Magpie to lead us'—Turenne's charger—the passionate cry of his indignant soldiery, show how these veterans of many triumphs revered and lamented their 'beloved father,' the well known name of the Marshal in their camp.

The death of Turenne and the retreat of his army caused widespread consternation in France; his genius, it was felt, was her best protection. The remains of the warrior were laid

* Turenne had requested the priest to say for him the prayers for dying men.

in St. Denis, amidst the tombs of the Kings of France, an honour never before or since conferred on a subject; they now fitly rest beside those of Napoleon. Condé was judiciously sent to the Rhenish frontier; his operations, if less brilliant than those of Turenne, were not the less those of a great commander, and prove that he was much more than a daring and skilful soldier. Montecuculli by this time had invaded Alsace, the object of his movements, throughout the campaign; it seems probable that he wished to regain the province. But Condé, though suffering cruelly from ill-health, kept his antagonist successfully for months at bay; compelled him to raise two important sieges, and finally forced him across the Rhine; this, too, though the French arms had suffered defeat upon the Moselle and the Sarre. The Duc D'Aumale very justly remarks:—

‘By these movements in the first instance, by his attitude, and the direction given to his light troops, by the vigilance and the completeness of his measures, seconded by the energy of the commandants of Haguenau and Saverne, Condé has baffled the attempts made by Montecuculli against these two fortresses, has barred the approaches of Upper Alsace, and has obliged his adversary to take his army across the Rhine, in a state of exhaustion.’

We quote this passage on the campaign of 1675, and on the three great chiefs, whose military career then closed:—

‘The campaign of 1675 has ended, a most remarkable campaign—in which the conduct of three Generals—the greatest perhaps of modern times, who have not been sovereigns—presents, as their lives were drawing towards an end, strange contrasts with their wonted habits and characteristics. The most profound stratagist of the age, a past master in stratagem, and feints in war, is opposed to the solid Turenne, who, by his boldness and his unexpected strokes, troubles and confounds the game of his adversary; he is then held in check, and mated, by the prudence, the skilful calculation, and the sagacity of Condé; and the fiery general, who sacrifices his troops by hecatombs, does not lose a single man.’

The Peace of Nimeguen ere long followed; France triumphed over the League of her enemies; the conquests of Louis XIV. were enlarged. But her resources had been strained to the utmost; her unbroken success in war had come to an end. The Peace of Nimeguen was to give place to that of Ryswick; and the great war of the Spanish suc-

cession was to terminate in the Peace of Utrecht, which made the supremacy of France a thing of the past. The fortunes of the Great King were soon to decline; apart from his own errors, the principal cause was the presence of William of Orange on the stage of events; such had been the fruits of the invasion of Holland.

We have not interrupted our brief review of the exploits of Condé by a reference to the fate of his unfortunate wife, which had been accomplished in 1671. The Duc D'Aumale, we have said, has added scarcely anything to our knowledge of the events which made her a close prisoner during the last years of a most unhappy life. The charge of adultery may be dismissed; the Duc hints that she was not right in her mind:—

‘We may see in these words a definition of the fits of extravagance, and of violent temper, which were an hereditary disease that afflicted the Princess. Her mother, Nicole de Plessis, had an ill-regulated head, and the manners of her father, Marshal de Brézé, were rude, almost savage.’

All that is certain is that Claire Clemence de Brézé was shut up by an order of the King, after a quarrel between two of her attendants; Condé had always detested, and never forgave the wife, who, whatever her faults, had been all in all to him. The Princess was compelled to surrender her possessions, an act of tyranny severely condemned at the time:—

‘Condé would never again see the woman who, on several occasions, had borne his name with honour, or forget the invincible dislike she had always made him feel; even on his deathbed he did not utter a word of tenderness, of remembrance, of gratitude, of pardon, nothing like a wish that the hardships of her lot should be alleviated. If his motives have been misrepresented, there still remains, the coldness of his heart, the forgetfulness of her services, in a word, the hard nature of his conduct, and we can only repeat with Mademoiselle, “I wish that, when he was dying, he had not requested the King, that Madame, his consort, should be always detained at Chateau-roux.”’

Condé survived until 1686; but his figure almost disappeared from the stage. The infirmities of advancing years fell heavily on him; he became a cripple and a confirmed invalid, and was seldom seen in the circle of Versailles, then at the height of its world-renowned splendour. He lived in seclusion at Chantilly—the historical palace and domain which the Duc D'Aumale

has, perhaps too generously, promised to the French nation;—gave the old château of the Montmorencies a modern aspect, in the bad taste of the well-known Le Nôtre; and was a kindly superior to his peasant vassals. He saw more than one grandchild grow up around him; devoted himself to training them with care—he had felt the value of culture in youth;—and was much disappointed that his only son was not, like himself, a born soldier. On two occasions only—though he had a seat at the Royal Council as became his rank—he took an active part in affairs of State; his kinsman, Luxemburg, already a brilliant warrior, and soon to be Condé's successor in the field—had been involved in the terrible scenes, which showed that a company of poisoners had made their way into France, and at least had relations with some of the *noblesse*, and he successfully interposed on behalf of the future Marshal, the victor of Fleurus, Steinkirk, and Landen. The Duc D'Aumale has glanced at this mystery of crime, but he has not thrown any fresh light on it; we shall only remark, there is reason to believe that the Iron Mask was one of this infamous crew, and the subject has an historical interest, for Olympia Mancini was suspected, and Eugene of Savoy, the great chief of the War of the Spanish Succession, never forgave Louis XIV. for the frightful slur that had been cast on the fair fame of his mother, and hated the King with the deadliest hatred. The second occasion was when the Edict of Nantes, already disregarded for many years, was revoked by a most evil policy; Condé protected several of the oppressed Huguenots; in this, as in other instances, he showed that he was on the side of religious freedom. To the last he was the friend of men of Letters and Science; his keen intellect retained its force, and he delighted in the converse of some of the most gifted minds of France. This calm decline of life, much as he suffered from disease, is in marked contrast with the stormy scenes of his youth and manhood of energetic action; and Condé, in these years, won the esteem and reverence he had not deserved as a rebel of the Fronde. As his end drew near he shrank from the hard scepticism he had adopted in his thoughtless and vicious prime; he turned to religion as his only hope; but his was not

the penitence of the superstitious sinner; he retained his powerful faculties and became a sincere Catholic. He died rather suddenly in his sixty-fifth year; France rightly mourned one of her heroes in war, many as had been the errors of his chequered career. The Grand Condé was, by many degrees, the most remarkable personage of his House; none of its other members, indeed, were really eminent men. This most valuable book ends at this point; we heartily congratulate the Duc D'Aumale on the noble contribution he has made to the best literature of France.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

ART. III.—SPAIN AND THE JACOBITES: THE
STORY OF 1719.

The Jacobite Attempt of 1719: Letters of James Butler, Second Duke of Ormonde, Relating to Cardinal Alberoni's Project for the Invasion of Great Britain on Behalf of the Stuarts, and to the Landing of a Spanish Expedition in Scotland. Edited, with an Introduction, Notes, and an Appendix of Original Documents, by WILLIAM KIRK DICKSON, M.A., Advocate. Edinburgh: Printed by T. & A. Constable, for the Scottish History Society. 1895.

TO the student of history many ways are open—whether he approaches his subject as an artist or as an artisan, and whether he adopts the dynastical or the Seeleyan method. In a certain Carlylean sense, all men are historians, and thus History is the essence of innumerable biographies. It should not, as Seeley says, merely gratify the reader's curiosity about the past, but should modify his view of the present and his forecast of the future. But is it rightly said that one cannot make history more interesting than it is except by falsifying it? Is not one of the greatest fascinations of the study to be found not so much in the recorded facts as in the suggested possibilities? The

imaginative reader who realizes how the whole history of the world would have been altered by a change in the outline of Cleopatra's nose, cannot but find interest in speculating on what would have resulted had the geese not cackled on a memorable occasion, had Bonaparte not eaten that badly-cooked steak before Leipsic, had Blucher not arrived in time at Waterloo, and generally in exploring the infinite region of the might-have-been. In the 'mighty maze, but not without a plan' of sublunary events, accident plays a leading part—not so much, one is inclined to think, to disturb as to determine the sequential order. It is easy to say that often on a single event revolve the fortunes of men and of nations, but then we only judge of that after the event. What the imaginative student loves to do for himself is to reconstruct history on the hypothesis of something having happened differently. Isaac Disraeli's 'History of Events which have not Happened' was never written, but in such a history, while a chapter devoted to 'The Battle of Worcester, won by Charles II.,' would be of bewildering interest, it would not have more interest, for Scotchmen at any rate, than one on 'The Defeat of the Hanoverians at Glenshiel.'

Yet the Battle of Glenshiel is not one of the sensational events of Scottish history. Probably not one person in twenty, in a mixed company, could name the occasion of it, and the result. Every schoolboy—Macaulayan or Sixth Standard—knows all about the '15 and the '45, but not even the Macaulayan prodigy could tell you much about the rising of the '19, when was planned the second invasion of Great Britain by Spain. Among the many valuable services of the Scottish History Society, therefore, must be ranked very high their publication of the letters of the second Duke of Ormonde, relating to Alberoni's project for the invasion of Great Britain on behalf of the Stuarts, and to the actual landing of a Spanish expedition in Scotland, in 1719. These letters have been admirably edited and annotated by Mr. William Kirk Dickson, who has also, by Her Majesty's permission, had access to the portion of the Stuart Papers in the Library at Windsor.

It is a curious story which evolves itself (though not without assistance from other quarters) out of this 'thin-vellum-covered

volume, consisting of ninety folios and containing copies kept in the handwriting of two secretaries,' of letters written by the Duke between November 11th, 1718, and September 27th, 1719, —twenty-three of them to Prince James Stuart (called by the Duke 'His Britannic Majesty') and fifty-seven of them to Cardinal Alberoni, the Spanish Bismarck. In these letters an almost childish use is made of fictitious names by way of cipher. Thus 'the King,' otherwise the Chevalier de St. George, sometimes figures under the name of 'Peter,' sometimes as 'Paul,' or 'Phillis,' and sometimes under a number. Alberoni appears as 'Amersley;' Ormonde, as 'Simon,' or 'Simson,' or 'Fisher;' the Elector of Hanover (he is not recognised as King George) as 'Barnaby' and 'Herne;' the King of Spain as 'Ker:' the Earl, or titular Duke, of Mar as 'Martel:' the Duchess of Mar as 'Martilla:' the Earl Mareschal Keith, as 'Charpentier:' the Duke of Berwick as 'Belson,' and so on. At other times the several names are indicated by numbers—as '249' the Elector of Hanover; '165' England; '475' Scotland; '14/a' Alberoni, etc. But as the text otherwise runs clear, and as applications for money are only thinly disguised under references to 'Tobacco,' there could have been no difficulty on the part of any intelligent Hanoverian, who became possessed of the papers, in reading them in the light of the information he would start with. And yet Ormonde seems to have thought he was writing in impenetrable cipher.

James Butler, second Duke of Ormonde, whose private Letter-book is now revealed to the curious, was the grandson of Charles's friend and Buckingham's foe. He was born in Ireland in 1665, and after being educated in France, returned to England, married a daughter of Lord Hyde (Earl of Rochester), and took service in the army against Monmouth. After succeeding to the Dukedom in 1688, he had a part in the Revolution, and at the coronation of William and Mary he figured as Lord High Constable. At the Battle of the Boyne he commanded William's life-guards and he became so acceptable to both King and people that he was given the command of the expedition against Cadiz in 1702. Strange that only seventeen years later Cadiz should be associated so

closely with the frustration of his great scheme for the restoration of the Stuarts! After serving for a time as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland we find him in 1711 commanding the forces sent against his future friends, France and Spain. Only four years later he was a refugee in France, attached to the Jacobite court, and entering on a long career of intrigue in the cause of the Stuarts.

Not the most sagacious of men nor the most skilful of leaders, Ormonde was profoundly honest, and ready to believe in the honesty and sincerity of others. He was not a brilliant successor of Marlborough in Flanders, even apart from Bolingbroke's intrigues; and when, as one of the leaders of the Tory party, he planned for the restoration of the Stuarts on the death of Anne, he was not strong enough to take advantage of his own power and popularity. With the opportunity of playing the part of a Monk he became actually a fugitive from his country. As the Duke of Berwick said of him—for great designs one needs a hero, and this is what the Duke of Ormonde was not. Once a refugee in France, Ormonde openly entered the service of James, and at the time of the rising of the '15 led a small expedition to the Devonshire coast in the hope of raising the Jacobites in the West of England. It failed—as did most of his enterprises. Then came the death of Louis Quatorze, the miserable return of James from Scotland, the quarrel of James with Bolingbroke, and the dismal depression of the Stuart cause. Mar had mismanaged affairs dreadfully in Scotland, yet he managed to retain the full confidence of James, while Ormonde played second-fiddle. In France the Jacobites found little sympathy from the Regent Orleans, who favoured an Anglo-French alliance, and they sought consolation in Sweden. The great Swedish Invasion of Scotland, planned by Gortz, to be headed by Charles the Twelfth in person, never came off—for which the House of Hanover had every reason to be thankful. But in connection with it we first find the hand of Cardinal Alberoni, who sent a million livres in support of the enterprise. By the middle of 1718 the Jacobites were in very low water indeed, for with the death of Mary of Modena died the annual subsidy of her pension, and not a Power in Europe seemed disposed to extend either moral or material aid. This was the

opportunity taken by Stair to get them driven out of France, and Ormonde, among others, had to seek an asylum in Italy. Then came the offer of Spain,—not out of love for James but out of hatred for England.

Alberoni, the son of an Italian gardener, was at this time not only a Prince of the Church but one of the most powerful ministers in Europe, and practically master of Spain. It is said that at one time he hoped for and played for an Anglo-Spanish alliance against the world. Instead of such an alliance becoming practicable, the hostility between the two countries became more and more pronounced. The climax was reached when in the summer of 1718 Admiral Byng sailed for the Mediterranean with twenty ships of the line, in order to prevent the Spaniards from attacking Italy or occupying Sicily. Byng smashed the Spanish fleet off Cape Passaro, and it was in connection with this action that the famous Captain Walton wrote his laconic despatch, after having been sent in pursuit of some of the Spanish ships which had escaped :—‘Sir,—We have taken and destroyed all the Spanish ships and vessels which were upon the coast, the number as per margin.—I am, etc., G. Walton.’—The number as per margin was six captured and six burned.

To Byng’s victory at Cape Passaro we owe the Spanish Invasion of 1719. It drove Alberoni to revenge. The Spanish Ambassador was withdrawn from London ; British Consuls were ordered peremptorily out of Spain ; British ships were seized in Spanish ports ; and the political Prelate bethought him of the Stuart cause, and of Ormonde, its exiled champion. Through Cellamari, the Spanish Ambassador at Paris, Ormonde was invited to Madrid. Thither he promptly went, in November 1718, accompanied by George Bagenal, as aide-de-camp, and by General Crafton, an Irish officer in the Spanish service. According to one account, he was smuggled over the Pyrenees in disguise, with orders for his arrest following his route. According to Alberoni’s own account, he left France openly for Spain, with the full knowledge and connivance of the French Government. However that may be, Ormonde seems to have kept carefully to himself the fact that he had been actually invited by the Cardinal, and

gave out that he was only seeking a more comfortable place of residence in Spain.

The first letter copied in Ormonde's Letter-book is written at Paris on the 4th November, 1718, to 'Peter' (James Stuart), announcing the writer's intended departure for Spain, and referring with indignation to the news he had just received of the arrest at Innspruck of the Princess Clementina, the daughter,—*jolie, pas fort grande, mais d'une age a croitre encore*, as Mar described her,—of Prince James Sobieski of Poland, while on her way to join her betrothed husband. Thus runs the letter, in which we merely insert the real names after the ciphers :

'I am not a little Surprised at the receiving of Mr. Peter's (*James Stuart's*) letter of the 9th October, and am very heartily concern'd at the news you sent to Mr. Simon (*Ormonde*). It is sure the most barbarous Action that has been done for many ages. This subject is too Disagreeable to dwell upon, but I cannot but be impatient to know if that Elmore (*the Emperor Charles VI.*) will persist in this inhuman way of acting. I own I fear it considering his strict friendship for Mr. Barnaby (*George I., still only Elector of Hanover to the Jacobites abroad*). I wish I may be mistaken. Pray God give Mr. Peter (*James*) patience to bear this Mortification, and in his own time restore him to his own Estate. I must now inform you that I saw Mr. Simons (*Ormonde himself!*). He told me that he hoped to set out to-morrow Morning for Mr. Sorrell's (*Spain*), where he hopes in God he may be able to serve Mrs. Phillis (*Prince James again*) in her Lawsuit. He says that as soon as it pleases God that he arrives there, he will let Mrs. Phillis hear from him, with an account of her suit, but he desires that Mrs. Phillis should not speak of this to anyone. Poor Dutton (*Count Dillon, Irish Jacobite General in the French service who for many years was James's chief agent in Paris*) I fear may be clapt up for Debt by Mr. Otway (*Regent Orleans*) at Hern's (*George the First's*) suit. I suppose he gives you a full account of his affairs. I shall obey your orders concerning the Factors you mention. I have no news to send you, only that everybody here believes that Otway will begin a lawsuit with Kerr (*Philip V. of Spain*). Simon (*Ormonde*) desires that none but Martel (*Mar*) may know of his design. Pray God preserve Peter. I am, with all truth, etc.'

This is a characteristic 'cipher' letter, which any Hanoverian emissary, knowing the writer, and guessing to whom it was directed, would read without any difficulty. Yet later on we find good simple Ormonde amazed that matters carefully veiled in his 'cipher' correspondence should have become known to the enemy. According to promise to 'let Mrs. Phillis hear from

him with an account of her suit,' Ormonde writes to James, then at Rome, on the 17th December, 1718. This letter is written at Valladolid in an entirely new 'cipher,' of which we provide the key along with the text, and it is addressed to 'Peter':—

'According to my Promise in my last, I must now inform you of the situation of your affairs, which I hope will be satisfactory to you. 14/a (*Alberoni*) came to me privately and informed me that he had sent 21/1 (*Sir Patrick Lawless*) to 507 (*the King of Sweden*) to engage him to enter into an Alliance with 497 (*the King of Spain*), that the Chief Article was to endeavour to dethrone 249 (*the Hanoverian King of England*), their common enemy, and he carry'd Bills with him to enable 507 (*King of Sweden*) to make the attempt with promises of an Annual Subsidy provided he enter'd into the Alliance. The next time I saw 14/a (*Alberoni*) he asked me what I demanded as necessary to make an attempt to restore 289 (*James*). I told him seven or eight thousand men with 15,000 arms and Ammunition proportionable. He answered that 496 (*the King of Spain*) would be willing to grant that number if he were in a condition, but considering that the greatest part of their Troops are in Sicily, and that they are threatned with an Invasion from France in two Places, that is by the way of Roussillon and Navarre, they could not spare a man, but that they would give 15,000 arms and Ammunition proportionable, and that money should not be wanting to enable 507 (*the King of Sweden*) to invade 165 (*England*). He also shewed me a Memorial sent him by the Prince de Chelamar from a Minister of 507 who is come to Paris: in that 507 (*the King of Sweden*) desires to enter into a Strict Alliance with 497 (*the King of Spain*), and the Chief Article is to depose 249 (*King George*): others relate to Germany, which are too long to be inserted here. The person that brought the Memorial arrived at Paris the evening that I left it, as I have since been informed. He was very desirous to see me and has sent me a Copy of the Memorial by an Express by Sea, which I expect every day, and he was to follow it in a few days. I made 14/a (*Alberoni*) another visit at his desire, and after some discourse he told me that 497 (*the King of Spain*) would give five thousand men, of which four thousand are to be foot, a thousand Troopers, of which three hundred with their horses, the rest with their Arms and Accoutrements, and two months pay for them, ten field Pieces, and a thousand Barrels of Powder and fifteen Thousand Arms for foot, with everything necessary to convey them. I told 14/a (*Alberoni*) that it would be necessary to have a diversion made in 475 (*Scotland*), and since he could not spare any more men I desired him to let us have two or three thousand arms to send thither. He asked me if there was any man of consideration to go with them. I told him of 9/m (*Earl Mareschal Keith*) who was in Paris, and he desired me to write to him to come with all despatch and as privately as possible. I will write to 14/e (*Campbell of Ormidale, one of the escaped prisoners of the '15*) to come

hither as soon as I know where he is. As to the gentlemen at Bordeaux they shall have timely notice. I am now in Valladolid, where 496 (*the King of Spain*) thought fitt I should reside. 14/a (*Alberoni*) desired me to let him have one in whom I could confide to send to 507 (*the King of Sweden*) to press him to invade England before the Spring, especially since 496 (*the King of Spain*) had come to a resolution of sending Troops, which he had not done when 21/l (*Sir Patrick Lawless*) was despatched. 23/b (*Bagenal*) is the person I left with 14/a (*Alberoni*). I expect him every hour in his way to 508 (*Sweden*), and his Instructions are to tell 507 (*the King of Sweden*) that no money will be given by 497 (*the King of Spain*) unless he consents to make an Attempt upon 165 (*England*) in the time proposed. 23/b (*Bagenal*) will have Instructions to propose to 507 (*the King of Sweden*) to send two Thousand men to 475 (*Scotland*) with five Thousand Arms. 14/a (*Alberoni*) seem'd very uneasy at your Situation in Italy. He fears that your person is not in Safety considering the late inhuman Proceedings against the Princess. He thinks Rome the worst place for you to be in because of Elmore's (*the Emperor's*) Spys, and the Difficulty you will have of getting privately from thence, and he does not think your person safer there than elsewhere. Upon what he says, and the letter I received from Morpeth (*James Murray, afterwards titular Earl of Dunbar, who had acted as the Prince's proxy at the marriage ceremony with the Princess Clementina at Bologna*) of the ninth November, it is my humble opinion that you ought to come to 497 (*Spain*) with all expedition, that you may be out of Elmore's (*the Emperor's*) power, and your presence is necessary here either to Embark with the Troops if you can arrive in Time, or to follow as soon as possible, for 14/a (*Alberoni*) is of opinion that the Opportunity must not be lost tho' you should not arrive in due time, and if it be possible you ought to be here to go to 165 (*England*) with the Troops. 14/a (*Alberoni*) desires that this design may be the Strictest Secret, and I beg of you not to acquaint Cardinal Aquaviva (*then Spanish Minister at Rome*) with it, and when you come away to give it out that it is for your Safety.'

We extract this lengthy epistle in full because of its unique interest. It contains the opening chapter of the secret history of the expedition of 1719, and one can imagine with what a thrill of joy and hope it was read by James, who prepared to leave Rome at once. At Nettuno he was smuggled on board a small French vessel carrying Genoese colours, provided under Alberoni's instructions by Admiral Cammock, an Englishman in the service of Spain. After an adventurous and extremely unpleasant voyage, during which he was very sea-sick and was chased by British cruisers, James arrived at Madrid in March,

1719, where he was received with Royal honours, given the Palace of Buen Retiro to live in, and was furnished with an escort from Philip's own life-guards.

Meanwhile what was being done about the expedition 'and everything necessary to convoy' it? Much correspondence passes between the Cardinal and Ormonde, still waiting and planning at Valladolid, and sending messages to all the Stuart adherents in England to prepare for his coming. The Earl Mareschal arrived from Paris to take charge of the expedition to Scotland. The fleet was to be fitted out at Cadiz and was to be ready in February, as if for an expedition to Sicily. But the stars in their courses did not fight for the Stuart cause. England had, in December 1718, declared war against Spain, and at the beginning of 1719 France followed suit, on the discovery of a plot, instigated by Alberoni, to depose the Regent Orleans. Then came to Ormonde the very bad news that Charles XII. had fallen before Frederickshall in Norway, and that all prospect of help from Sweden had in consequence vanished. This news caused Alberoni to waver in his enterprise, and we find Ormonde writing to him in distress on 1st February, 1719—'I beg you, Sir, to have the goodness to let me know as soon as possible what you have decided to do, for there is not a moment to lose; if you change your intentions I must send at once to warn my friends, so as to prevent their endangering themselves uselessly.' But the Cardinal's hesitation did not last long. On the 4th of February he wrote to Ormonde telling him to go to Corunna, there to be picked up by the fleet as it passed.

While the Duke was waiting for it, to make the descent on the West of England, Keith, the Earl Mareschal, was despatched with two frigates, and 2000 muskets, with money and ammunition, and with a small body of Spanish troops to form the nucleus of the army he was to get together in the Highlands. Ormonde gave him letters to the Duke of Gordon, Glengarry, Maclean of Brolas, and Macdonald of Benbecula, which are duly copied in the Letter-book. Here is the letter to Glengarry, who was out in the '15, and commanded the right wing of the Jacobite army at Sheriffmuir, and of whom Tullibardine wrote to James,—'It's

certain Your Majesty has not a braver nor better subject than this worthy old man.'—

'To Glengarry.

'SADA, near the Corogne, 26th Feb., 1719.

'SIR,—Though I have not the good fortune to know you personally, yet I am no stranger to your character and personall merit, and do not in the least doubt of your readiness to serve the King our Master in the assisting my Lord Marischall to make a diversion in Scotland, whilst I am in England with a Body of Regular Troops of the King of Spain's Subjects. The King I hope, is landed by this time, and will be ready to go with this Embarkation, or follow without any delay. I have hopes in God's blessing on our Enterprize from the justice of our Cause.—Believe me with truth, Sir, etc. (Signed) Ormonde.'

But a fortnight before, Ormonde had sent the Earl Mareschal with a letter to Alberoni (addressed as 'Mr. Robinson') under date 13th February, 1719, in which he said,—

'It will be well to send General Gordon and Brigadier Campbell into Scotland as soon as possible after we have sailed, and also to warn several other gentlemen and officers who are at Paris and in France to go there without losing time. The Earl (Mareschal) will tell you their names. I beg you, sir, to consider what his lordship will propose to you. There are many Scotch gentlemen and officers in France and in Holland. But something must be given them to put them in a position to make the journey, as they have lost all, all that they had; and the King, my master, has no longer the means to pay the little pensions which he used to give them, now that the Regent has stopped what he was accustomed to pay him.'

Alas! for Scottish poverty, which was greater even than Scottish pride! The Scot abroad a suppliant for the haughty (and generally impecunious) Spaniard, is not an agreeable spectacle. But what would you? When James went to Italy after the death of Louis XIV., the Regent Orleans stopped the pension of 50,000 crowns which Louis had allowed him while the guest of France. When Ormonde followed Bolingbroke in his flight to France in 1715, he was attainted and his estates were forfeited. About the time, when the Spanish expedition was being planned, among the exiles in France were the unlucky Seaforth, Campbell of Glendaruel, Tullibardine, General Gordon (Mar's successor in command of the army of the '15), Brigadier Campbell of Ormidale, Lord George Murray, Cameron of Lochiel,

Macdonald of Keppoch, Macdougall of Lorn, and Mackenzie of Avoch. Among the Stuart Papers is a letter from Robert Gordon to Mar giving the names of several of the above as in urgent need; as a rule the Scottish exiles were in a state of impecuniosity. Alberoni was not unresponsive, although his memory had occasionally to be jogged on the money question. We find in the letters many references to monies received and remitted. For instance, Ormonde draws on the Marquis de Risbourg for 1800 piastres, against 7000 pistoles placed at his disposal on board the *Hermione* (19th March); writes Alberoni (11th April) in grateful acknowledgement 'that your Eminence has had the goodness to let me have forty thousand crowns, and that you promise to send me sixty thousand more;' informs James the same day of these remittances—and so on. It cannot be said that, if the Spaniard called the tune, he was unwilling to pay the piper. But what does Ormonde mean, when writing Sir John Healy to hurry forward the preparation of the ships which are to go to Scotland?—'They say that there is plenty of brandy at Redondela, near Vigo. This would be good for Scotland.' This broad hint, too, follows upon a request 'to present my compliments to all our gentlemen.' Here is a letter which has its pathetic as well as its comic side, coming as it does between the first and the second disaster to the Spanish expedition. It is dated Longo, May 15th, and is addressed to 'Mr. Egan' (Sir Redmond Everard):—

'I did not write to you at the same time I did to Mr. Allen (*Lord Arran*), though this will go by the same conveyance. You will see how uneasy Mr. Fisher (*Ormonde*) is with the Disappointments of several particulars that you promised should be performed, and that of sending an English Sea Officer to have care of the Spanish Fleet, and a land Officer to come and inform us of the State of the Army. This I assured the Cardinal would be done, but not comply'd with, which has vexed me extremely, for I am Cautious how I answer for anything to the Cardinal. The next thing omitted which you promised was to send Tobacco (*Money*) which is very necessary to Mr. Fisher's (*Ormonde's*) health, but that's neglected, tho' there were two ways of Conveyance, the one by Obadiah (*Mr. Wright*) the other by Buiet (*Ezekiel Hamilton, Ormonde's Secretary*). This Root is wanted, as you who know his constitution, may easily believe; and he could not have believed that his friends would have so neglected him. My Compliments to them.'

Before following the Earl Mareschal to Scotland, however, let us complete the tale of Ormonde's own particular 'Disappointments.' Keith sailed from Passage, San Sebastian, for Scotland on the 8th of March, and the fleet which Ormonde was anxiously awaiting at Corunna, left Cadiz on the 7th of March, under the command of Don Balthasar de Guevarra, just two days before James landed in Catalonia.

Now this fleet was to have been ready on the 17th of February, and we can see in the letters how Ormonde chafed at a delay, every day of which played into the hands of the English Government. If they were to be given time to make preparations, of what avail would be Alberoni's five thousand troops? Not till the 16th of March did Ormonde hear of the actual departure from Cadiz of five ships of war,—one of 64 guns, two of 50 guns, one of 20 guns, a still smaller one, 22 transports, and two West Indiamen accepting convoy—in all 29 sail. They carried 5000 troops, and arms for 30,000 more. Ormonde was to join at Corunna as Captain-General of the King of Spain, and on arriving in England was to issue a proclamation in name of His Catholic Majesty, promising a secure retreat, in the event of ill success, for all who joined the enterprise, and employment in the Spanish service for all land or sea officers.

It was a shockingly ill-prepared expedition, if we are to credit a Cork skipper, quoted by Mr. Dickson, who witnessed the embarkation. 'The Transports,' he says, 'were extremely crowded, abundance of men being forced to lie on the Deck: and the cut straw for the Horses being packed up in Bags, they were obliged to lash these Bags alongside the ships exposed to the Weather. A great many of the men shipped for Soldiers had been pressed in the streets of Cadiz, and immediately hurried on board. The Horses were ill stowed and had been shipped 20 days before they left Cadiz: and no more than 21 days Provisions were put on board with these Forces.' There is other evidence that, besides being short of soldiers, the Spaniards had to impress all the boatmen they could lay hands on in the port to make up the crews of the vessels.

Would Ormonde have been so impatient had he known the

true quality of the force he was to command? The frigate *Hermione* lay in Corunna ready for him, and he lay more than ready to go on board the moment the fleet hove in sight. A little vessel was sent out to watch for it off Cape Finisterre, and to bring back to port the news of its appearance. The days slipped by and the news did not come. His letters reflect great anxiety, and at last, on the 22nd of March, he writes Alberoni that the proposed invasion of England seemed now hopeless, and that the best thing would be to direct the expedition to Scotland: 'We could avoid a squadron, which apparently is to be waiting for us at the mouth of the Channel, by keeping well out to sea to the west of Ireland; we could get arms and ammunition from Holland and could defend ourselves and hold out in the Highlands,' where 'we shall have plenty of men, and I am assured that our friends will do what they can to join us, that is to say, those who are in the North of England.' Alberoni seems to have favoured the change of plan but James vetoed it.

The fleet was destined to reach neither England nor Scotland. Twenty-one days after leaving Cadiz the vessels were fifty leagues to the west of Cape Finisterre. There they encountered a terrific storm which lasted for two days and scattered the ships in all directions. All of them were more or less crippled, the flagship was dismasted and lost most of her guns, others of them had to throw guns, horses and stores overboard to avoid foundering, and many lives were lost. Five of the battered vessels reached Corunna on the 10th of April, five more on the 13th, and others found their way back as best they could to Cadiz and to other ports. James arrived at Corunna on the 17th to learn that the second Spanish Armada was a total failure, ruined as miserably as the first by the elements. The English Government was perfectly well aware by this time of what was going on. Stair's letters in the *State Papers* show that it was fully informed as to the expedition, and the information was communicated on the 10th March to Parliament, who voted the necessary expenses for defence. A reward of £5000 was offered for the capture of Ormonde, and three frigates were sent across the Bay of

Biscay to watch for the Spanish fleet, while Sir John Norris cruised off the Lizard with a fleet of sixteen ships. But all these precautions and the reinforcing of the troops in the West of England were unnecessary. As Stair wrote to Secretary Craggs from Paris on the 2nd April, 'I think we're entirely out of danger from ye Spanish invasion for this year.'

And so they were, but Ormonde did not think so. We find him writing to Alberoni on 20th April—'What has happened to the fleet is very depressing, but I hope your Eminence will not be deterred from following out the project.' And on the 30th April—'I had yesterday the honour to receive your Eminence's letter of the 26th. I am delighted that His Majesty and your Eminence continue your generous intention to follow out the project.' And so a show was made of re-fitting the fleet, but ere another month had passed Alberoni found his hands too full of other matters, and he put a stop even to Ormonde's plan for sending relief to the Earl Mareschal. The poor disappointed Captain—General writes to Sir John Healy on the 20th May:—'Last night at eight o'clock I received yours, and was not a little surprised to find in it that the Marquis (de Risbourg, Governor of Galicia) had received orders from the Cardinal by the last courier to put a Stop to the Ships going to Scotland. I could not but wonder his Eminence had not the civility to have mention'd it to the King (James), but there is no help for it.' No, there was none. Spain and Alberoni were tired of the Stuart cause, and, moreover, the presence of James in Spain was a decided inconvenience in view of the French successes in the Pyrenean campaign. He was shipped off to Italy, and Ormonde was offered the remnant of the Cadiz fleet for the purpose of creating a rising against France in Brittany. This also was a miserable failure. Ormonde, after the fall of Alberoni, remained in the service of Spain, and enjoyed a pension of 2000 pistoles from the King. He was still concerned in the numberless intrigues for the restoration of the Stuarts, and died in the year of Culloden.

Let us now turn back for a brief space in order to follow the fortunes of Keith, who sailed from Passage on the 8th of March, 1719, with two frigates and a force of 307 Spaniards,

rank and file, in their uniform of 'white, lined with yellow.' The sources of information about this expedition are scanty enough. As Mr. Dickson points out, the principal authorities are Keith's *Memoirs*, the naval and military despatches reprinted in Vol. IV. of the *Historical Register*, and an anonymous contemporary account of the battle of Glenshiel, in the possession of Mr. Home-Drummond-Moray of Abercairney, given in the *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, 1885. In the appendix of Oliphant's *Jacobite Lairds of Gask* is the account of the expedition sent by Mar to Lord Nairne in August 1719. Mar's account of Glenshiel appears to be substantially a reproduction of a letter from Tullibardine to him, dated 16th June, 1719, which is among the Stuart Papers included in Mr. Dickson's volume. Among the same papers are letters from Glendaruel and Glengarry.

The Earl Mareschal's force, as we have said, numbered 307. They were drafted out of several companies in a Spanish foot-regiment, and were under the command of a lieutenant-colonel, with six captains, six lieutenants, and six ensigns. These details were given by one of the lieutenants, who was taken prisoner at Eilean Donan. A few weeks before sailing, the Earl Mareschal had despatched his brother, James Keith,* to France to rouse and prepare the exiled Jacobites there. Young Keith was supplied with credentials by Ormonde, and with money by Alberoni. He gave some of this money to General Gordon, Brigadier Campbell, and others, to get themselves transported to Scotland. Gordon was too ill, but Clanranald and Lochiel and some others took ship, while Campbell went to Spain and joined the Earl Mareschal's party. At Orleans Keith met Tullibardine, who went with him to Paris, where Keith had his own troubles through the jealousies which ruined this as it did all the Jacobite enterprises. This is what Keith himself has recorded:—'How soon I got there (Paris) I advertised the Marquess of Seaforth, who immediately came to the house

* Afterwards Field-Marshal to Frederick of Prussia, and the hero of Hochkirk. He figures picturesquely in Mr. Charles Lowe's recent romance, *A Fallen Star: A Tale of the Seven Years' War*.

where I was, and brought along with him a brother of Lord Duffus's, and some while after came Campbell of Glendaruel. I told them the reason of my coming, and showed them the short credentials I had brought from the Duke of Ormonde. Glendaruel smiled at reading them, and told me that the billet would have been of little weight with them had they not been already advertised by the Duke of Marr to obey what orders the Duke of Ormonde should send. This plainly let me see that we had two factions amongst us, and which proved the occasion of our speedy ruin when we landed in Scotland. However, they agreed to obey the orders, and I went away next day to Rowen (Rouen) to provide a ship for them, which in ten days I got fitted out, by the help of a merchant there, and ready to put to sea. Howsoon this was done I wrote to them to come down with all haste, the ship being already at Havre de Grace.'

They came, and immediately began to quarrel, Glendaruel's object being to revive a commission which James had given Tullibardine for the projected Swedish expedition of 1717, constituting him Commander-in-Chief of the Stuart forces in Scotland. Keith was of opinion that Glendaruel desired this because he could 'govern the easy temper of the Marquess' better than that of any other likely leader, while he was particularly bent on preventing the command falling to General Gordon, with whom he was at feud. However, they all sailed from Havre on the 19th March (*i.e.*, eleven days after the Earl Mareschal's expedition sailed from Spain), in a small vessel of twenty-five tons. They kept round by the west-coast of Ireland, and after narrowly escaping capture by the British fleet, reached the Lewes on 4th April (N.S.). In Stornoway Harbour the Earl Mareschal's two frigates were found already at anchor, with all the men aboard.

Then began the dissensions in earnest. James Keith at once warned his brother of the troubles he had had in Paris, and of the difficulties impending. Seaforth and Tullibardine followed to hold a council of war, over which the Earl Mareschal presided, as senior Major-General. The Earl Mareschal proposed that they should land on the mainland at

once, and make a dash for Inverness, which could be easily taken as it had only a garrison of 300 at most, and it might be held until a sufficient force could be collected from their Highland supporters. Tullibardine and Glendaruel were for waiting in the Lewes until they received news of Ormonde's expected landing in the West of England. They appeared, however, to concur, and orders were issued that the troops should be landed for three days to refresh themselves. But next day Tullibardine requested another council to be summoned, at which he produced his old commission as Commander-in-Chief in Scotland. Whereupon the Earl Mareschal resigned his command of the troops but retained that of the ships, for which he had a commission from Alberoni. After some wrangling the ships sailed for Seaforth's country, Kintail, but owing to the winds were only able to make Gairloch. There Glendaruel was landed to rouse the chiefs, but the ships were beaten back to the Lewes, and did not succeed in reaching Lochalsh until the 13th April (O.S.). The news brought back by Glendaruel was that the chiefs would rise as soon as there was news of Ormonde's landing. Here they were joined by Clanranald and Lochiel, but still no news came of Ormonde. Seaforth now undertook to raise 500 men, and the Earl Mareschal, supported by Brigadier Campbell, again proposed marching straight on Inverness with that force and the Spanish troops. Tullibardine, supported by Glendaruel, was still for waiting for Ormonde. As more time passed and still nothing was heard of the Cadiz fleet, Tullibardine next proposed re-embarking and returning to Spain. The Earl Mareschal was determined to advance, and having the two frigates under his own command peremptorily sent them away, so as to frustrate Tullibardine's plan of retreat. The vessels sailed off to Spain on the 30th, and a week later five British warships came up the coast. Two of them, the *Assistance* (50 guns) and the *Dartmouth* (50), were sent round the north of Skye, and three of them, the *Worcester*, (50), *Enterprise*, (40), and *Flamborough*, (24), dropped anchor off the mouth of Lochalsh, under the command of Captain Boyle.

The Jacobites were now in a tight place. Their head-

quarters had been fixed at Eilean Donan, opposite the village of Dornie, at the entrance to Loch Duich. In the old castle of the Mackenzies they stored their ammunition and provisions, under a guard of forty-five Spaniards, while the rest of the troops were encamped on the adjacent mainland shore. Another magazine was formed near the head of Loch Duich under a garrison of 30 Spaniards, near where the manse of Kintail now stands. Mr. Dickson informs us that in the manse garden musket bullets, fused together as if by explosion, have been found. This would be the work of the Spanish guard, who blew up this magazine, on the capture of that at Eilean Donan, after a not very stubborn resistance. Captain Boyle landed a storming party of two boat's crews, who took the Spanish garrison on the island prisoners, and secured 343 barrels of powder and 52 barrels of musket bullets. These were put on board the *Flamborough*, and afterwards sent round to Leith, whilst the storehouses and the ancient citadel of the Mackenzies were summarily blown up. Away up at the head of Loch Duich the little Spanish garrison did the blowing up for themselves.

Now, indeed, the invaders were in a trap. Keith had sent away the ships, but it seems clear enough that even had he retained them to carry out Tullibardine's scheme of retreat to Spain, the British fleet must have been upon them before they could have embarked the troops and got clear off the islands. Escape by sea was now, at anyrate, impossible, for the whole coast was patrolled by the boats of the British squadron. Even a flight 'over the seas to Skye,' like Prince Charlie's a generation later, was out of the question. The Earl Mareschal's policy of advance became a necessity, because there was no retreat. Yet the advance was a desperate one, after the loss of ammunition and provisions, with no base of supplies, in one of the wildest parts of the country, and with little or no hope of succour from Ormonde, for by this time the news of the disaster to the Cadiz fleet had reached the invaders. Too late in the day Tullibardine decided to speed forth the fiery cross. The response was feeble. Not more than a thousand Highlanders appeared, and even these, according to James Keith, seemed not very fond of the enterprise. Tullibardine's brother

came in with a Perthshire contingent, and with Rob Roy's men. By the 23rd May they were encamped at the head of Loch Duich, and some twelve or fifteen days later were joined by 150 men raised by Lochiel, 500 of the Mackenzie men brought in by Seaforth, and a little band of 80 collected by Rob Roy's son.

In the meantime the Inverness garrison, instead of waiting to be attacked, marched, after receiving reinforcements, to meet the invaders. It was led by Major-General Wightman, who had held a command at Sheriffmuir, and consisted of 850 infantry, 120 dragoons, and 130 Highlanders, besides a battery of four light field-mortars. Marching first to the head of Loch Ness, Wightman halted there for a day, and then pushed on through Glenmoriston (with which Prince Charlie was destined to make intimate acquaintance later) to Kintail. Scott says: 'They found Seaforth in possession of a pass called Strachells, near the great valley of Glenshiel. A desultory combat took place in which there was much skirmishing and sharp-shooting, the Spaniards and Seaforth's men keeping the pass.' This, however, is one of the Tales of a Grandfather that needs qualification. Seaforth's men formed not one half of the whole Jacobite force, and the name of Strachell, Mr. Dickson says, is not known in the district, though Wightman used it in his despatches.

When the news of Wightman's advance reached the camp on Loch Duich, it was resolved to meet the attack in Glenshiel, one of the grandest glens in Scotland, and probably the most Alpine in its characteristics. 'The portion selected for defence, says Mr. Dickson, 'was at the place where the present road crosses the river Shiel by a stone bridge, some five miles above Invershiel. Here a shoulder of the mountain juts into the glen on its northern side, and the glen contracts into a narrow gorge, down which the Shiel, at this point a roaring torrent, runs in a deep rocky channel, between deep declivities covered with heather, bracken and scattered birches. Above the pass the glen opens out into a little strath. Then, as now, the road ran through the strath on the north side of the river, and entered the pass along a narrow shelf between the river and the

hill, from which it was entirely commanded. This portion was occupied by the Jacobite forces on the 9th of June'—and while there they received about a couple of hundred recruits. Tullibardine's brother, Lord George Murray, in charge of the outposts, reported on the evening of the 9th of June that the enemy were encamped at the head of Loch Clunie, about five miles off. Next morning he reported that they had struck camp and were marching into Glenshiel, he retiring before them. By two o'clock in the afternoon of the 10th the two armies were in sight of each other and about half a mile apart. Then Wightman halted, and prepared for battle. The disposition of the Jacobite forces is given in Tullibardine's letter to Mar (*Stuart Papers*):

'We had drawn up to the right of our main body on the other side of the water upon a little Hill about one hundred and fifty men, including the companys of my Lord Seaforth's, besides above fourscore more were allotted for that place, who were to come from the top of the Hill, but altho' they sent twice to tell they were coming, yet they only beheld the action at a Distance. This party was commanded by Lord Geo. Murray, the Laird of M'Dougal, Major McIntosh, and John of Auch, ane old officer of my Lord Seaforth's people: at the pass on the other side of the water were first on the right the Spanish Regiment which consisted of about two hundred men, about fifty more of them were left behind with the Magazine, several of them being Sick. The next in the line was Locheill, with about one hundred and fifty. Then Mr. Lidcoat's* and others being one hundred

* A pseudonym probably for Glengarry.

and fifty, twenty volunteers, next fourtie of Rob Roy's, fiftie of M'Kinnin's, and then two hundred of my Lord Seaforth's men, Commanded by Sir John McKenzie of Coul: on the left of all at a considerable distance on a steep hill was my Lord Seaforth posted with above two hundred of his best men, where my Lord Marshall and Brigadeer Campble of Ormondell Commanded with him, Brigadier M'Intosh commanded with the Spanish Colonel, Brigadier Campble of Glenderwell and myself commanded in the center, where we imagin'd the main attack would be, it being by far the easiest Ground, besides the only way through the Glen.'

But Wightman did not make his first attack to suit Tullibardine's disposition. Leaving the dragoons and the four mortars on the road he advanced his left wing, (with which were about 80 of the Munro clan, headed by Munro of Culcairn), against Lord George Murray. The attack, which began between five and six o'clock in the afternoon, was re-

pulsed, but the Hanoverians after obtaining reinforcements from the other wing, renewed the assault and drove Murray from his position, beyond a burn with precipitous sides which saved him from pursuit. Then Wightman's right wing began to move up the hill against the Jacobite left, in which, as Tullibardine shows, were Seaforth, the Earl Mareschal, and Campbell of Ormidale. Seaforth's men were posted behind some rocks, from which the redcoats tried to dislodge them, and

' upon which the Laird of Coul (most of whose men began to goe off on the seeing the enemy), mov'd up with his Battalion to sustain the rest of the McKenzies, which oblig'd the Enemy to push the harder that way, on which my Lord Seaforth sent down for a Reinforcement, and immediately after Brigadier Campble of Ormondell came likewise, telling it was not certain if there main body would not just then fall upon our Centre, which made Rob Roy, with the McGrigors and M'Kinnin the longer of drawing off to there assistance, but seeing them give way he made all the dispatch he could to join them. But before he could get up, so as to be fairly in hands with the Enemy, Lord Seaforth's people were mostly gone off, and himself left wounded in the Arm, so that with difficulty he could get out of the place. Rob Roy's detachment, finding them going off, began to retyre. Likewise this made us send off fresh suplys from our left, so that Mr. Lidcoat's (? Glengarry's) men and others, seeing everybody retire before them, did also the same, and the enemy, finding all give way on that hand, they turn'd there whole force there, which oblig'd us to march up the Camerons, who likewise drew off as others had done. At last the Spaniards were Called, and none standing to Sustain them, they likewise were oblig'd to draw up the hill on our left, where at last all began to run, though half had never once had an opportunity to fire on the Enemy, who were heartned on seeing some of ours once give way, and our own people as much discourag'd, so that they could never be again brought to anything. But all went off over the mountains, and next morning we had hardly anybody together except some of the Spaniards.'*

This is hardly a tale of Highland valour, and it is the confidential report of James's commissioned Commander-in-chief in Scotland. Compare it with Scott's version: 'The battle was but slightly contested; but the advantage was on the side of the Mackenzies, who lost only one man, while the Government troops had several killed and wounded. They were compelled to *retreat without dislodging the enemy*, and to

* Tullibardine to Mar.

leave their own wounded on the field, many of whom the victors are said to have despatched with their dirks.* Hill Burton, also, speaks of the affair as if it were a drawn battle. It was really an utter rout of the Jacobites and it was all over within three hours, for by nightfall the Hanoverians had followed the fugitives over the shoulder of Scour Ouran and were near the top of the mountain. There they probably bivouacked for the night, and to this day a corrie is known as Bealach-na-Spainnteach—the Pass of the Spaniards. The Government troops lost 21 men and 121 wounded. The loss of the Jacobites could not have been much, for Keith at the time thought that there could not have been more than one hundred killed and wounded altogether on both sides. Seaforth and Lord George Murray were wounded, as were several of the English officers, and Captain Downes, of Montagu's regiment, was killed, and buried on the south side of the river at a spot locally known as the 'Dutch Colonel's Grave.' By the morning the Highland host had vanished and the Spanish Colonel, Don Nicolas Bolana, surrendered to General Wightman. The Spaniards were marched first to Inverness and then to Edinburgh, where the officers were allowed plenty of liberty but no money, and where they had a hard enough time of captivity, which lasted until October, when they were sent home.

Some of the Jacobite leaders lived to fight another day. The Earl Mareschal, as we know,—of whom Tullibardine writes sneeringly to Mar, 'My Lord Marischal, with Brigadier Campble of Ormondell, went off without any more adoe or so much as taking leave,'—rose to high rank and favour in the service of Prussia. Tullibardine himself figured in the '45. Unlucky Seaforth, writing to James in August of 1719, says:

'As there was no men engaged in the late action of Glenshell but mine, and those but few (though a great many standing by), so there are non more reddy on all occasions to shew there zeale for your service, when opportunity offers. I am sorry I am forc'd to acquaint your Maj^{ty} that your affairs here are brought to so low an ebb (by whose fault I won't say) that there nothing remains but every one to shift for himself, and y^t by y^e ad-

* *Tales of a Grandfather*, ch. 73.

vise of him you honour with your commands. I still made it my study (upon which account I suffer most of any) to serve your Maj^{ty} to y^e utmost of my power, and tho' I be once more oblig'd to leave my native country, as in all probability I must, to wander abroad, in whatever place fortune alots my abode, I shall always beg leave to subscribe myself,' etc., etc.

Seven years later Seaforth settled quietly at home, at peace with the Government he had tried to overthrow.

And so ends our story of one of the most dismal failures of the Jacobite cause. One finds the Stuart optimism in James still, just after his polite expulsion from Spain, for in September, 1719, he writes from Rome: '*Il viendra s'il plaist a Dieu de tems plus heureux, en attendant nous devons prendre patience, sans nous laisser decourager par nos malheurs passez, mais plustost avoir bon courage et pousser nostre pointe quand l'occasion s'en offire.*' Poor James! to whom was even denied a continuance of '*le bonheur dont je jouis a present dans mon domestique*'—the letter being indited a week after he met and married Clementina at Montefiascone. Looking back, however, on the attempt of 1719, one is inclined to think that, spite of the disaster to the Cadiz fleet, the Earl Mareschal's plan of an immediate dash on Inverness would have been successful. Had it been successful, the whole character of the campaign in the Highlands would have been altered. It would not have led to the restoration of the Stuarts, but it would probably, almost certainly, have averted from later Scotland the curse of Culloden.

BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

ART. IV.—PULVIS OLYMPICUS.

'Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat, metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis palmaque nobilis
Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos.'

—Horace, *Car.* 1., 3-6.

THE purposed revival in Greece next April, of the great Olympic Pentäeteris, after an interval of 1500 years, invites attention to antique Greek athletics, and in particular to the original ancient festival in the plain of the Alpheus. It has been a long, strange age since the dust of the Hippodrome was collected on the glowing chariot-wheels; the statues of the victors have been broken in the sacred Altis of Zeus—Zeus himself, like Pan, is long dead; still the clear voice of Pindar's songs (*ἐπέων ὁμιον λῆγην*), the restored marbles, copies of the Discobolus of Myron and the Diadumenus of Polycleitus, show how 'ample the glory stored up for Olympian winners,' that they were cut in stone and sung in deathless song.

Mountaineer-mariners as the Hellenes were, they were filled with the instincts which vast, rugged mountains and the sea inspire, a love of freedom and a daring of adventure. These native mental qualities led them to cultivate their bodies as the instrument with which liberty was to be preserved and adventure won; so we find Herakles, the type of physical perfection, the god of strength, the national hero of Hellas. Love of poetry came only next to love of strength, a second inspiration from the different point of view of craggy, silvery mountains, the violet hills of Hymettus, the green vale of Tempe, 'the most pellucid atmosphere' (*λαμπρότατος αἰθήρ*),* and the strand of the loud splashing sea (*θις πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης*).† Art followed as an instinct to reproduce physical beauty, and afterwards, poetical, intellectual beauty; since poetry, sculpture,

* Eurip. *Med.*, 829.

† *Iliad*, I, 34.

and painting, were first brought into being by the desire, in conjunction with religious motive, of keeping longer than the beautiful body the memory of it and its achievements: hence epics, victory-odes, and memorial marbles retaining the glory of the dead and satisfying the pride of the living.

The origin of the Olympic Games is lost in legend. Herakles, of course, must be believed to have had a part in it: and, so, after triumphantly slaying Augeas, King of Elis,* and performing great labours, he would raise to his mighty sire the grove of Altis and teach his descendants the culture to do such feats of might as his, and therefore he founded Olympia's field. Afterward, while chasing Artemis' hind with horns of gold where the Iser flows in remote Scythia, admiring a tall olive, he was seized with the fancy to consecrate and plant its root around the 'twelve times circled goal.† Thus the callistephanos (*Θάλα Πρωάνης*), from which the victors' wreaths were ever afterwards cut, was set in the grove of Altis.

At any rate, lost though the true origin of them is in myth, athletic contests evidently took place at Olympia long before the first determined date, 776 B.C., when Lycurgus, the Spartan jurist, with a King of Elis, is said to have revived them near the ancient shrine of Zeus. In the 23rd book of the *Iliad* mention is first made of Hellenic games; and other allusions of the poets to myths, unreal as to events and characters, but reliable portraiture of customs, prove the antiquity of such contests in Hellas: as for example the story, repeated in part by Euripides in *Hippolytus Veiled*, of the beautiful, pure Hippolytus, worshipper, old fashioned as he was, of chaste Artemis, the moon, when all fashion followed lewd Aphrodite, driving in his country rig to the great chariot-races in the city. But the steeds and the boy had the arrowy swiftness of his foster mother's moonbeams, and guided by Artemis they won the race. It is not necessary to the proof of the early date of athletic contests in Hellas to detail the pathetic sequel of how the banished youth, faring along the sea-banks, was dragged to death by his horses frightened at a wave-monster suddenly

* Pindar, *Ol.*, 10.† Pindar, *Ol.*, 3.

lashing the shore from the hand of Poseidon * or the slighted Foam-Born.† Brushing away the dust of legend, beautifying and glittering though it be, we find, then, the first authentic date of an Olympiad to have been 776 B.C.

Olympia or Pisa was a town of Elis in western Peloponnesus. The excavations of the Germans on the site of the Olympic contests, conducted with much labour and archaeological skill from 1875 to 1881 have removed the dust and superstructure of ages from the remains, and verified the statements of the historian Pausanias in regard to them. The situation of Olympia was by nature one of great beauty on the right bank of the Alpheus, trimmed on the west by the silver ribbon of the Cladeus, on the south by the Alpheus itself, on the east by the ancient race-courses, on the north by an escalop of low heights which terminate in Kromios, the famous hill sacred to the sire of Zeus. A prospect of many peaks enhances the scenic beauty.

The chief pile at Olympia, of course, was the temple of Zeus Olympios containing the chryselephantine statue of Zeus by Pheidias. The statue was carried by profane hands to Constantinople and burned in 475 A.D.; the temple itself is supposed to have been destroyed during the reign of Theodosius (402-450 A.D.) Some interesting objects excavated by the Germans are the Gymnasium, a space enclosed on three sides by Doric colonnades, for the practice of running, jumping and javelin throwing: the Palaestra for boxing and wrestling; the Bouleuterion or Council Hall; and in the Altis or sacred temenos, the Altar of Zeus; the Pelopion for sacrifice to Pelops; the three great Doric temples of Zeus (already mentioned), Hera and the Mother of the Gods. These latter temples were magnificently adorned with entablatures and bas reliefs exhibiting the labours of Herakles and other myths, also with statuary and painting. There were found, too, remains of the twelve Treasure Houses, monuments of the jealous rivalry of the Greek Colonies, for containing ἀναθήματα or votive offerings of gold and silver: the Philippeian, erected by Philip

* Eurip., *Hippolytus Crowned*, 1206-1248.

† Aphrodite.

to celebrate his victory at Chaeroneia in 338 B.C.—a proof of the insinuating address and power of Philip of Macedon over the Greeks, against which Demosthenes' burning Philippics warned them—to build in their very centre a trophy of a triumph which jeopardized their liberty. Also were discovered: the variegated Porch (*στέβα ποικίλη*) for viewing the processions; the *Zāves* or brazen statues of Zeus, erected with the proceeds of forfeitures and fines; and the Prytaneum or hall of public entertainment—this latter a part of the political features which had always attached themselves to the celebration of the Olympic Games: for, from their beginning, the Spartans had diplomatically had themselves recognized as the profane, if not the religious, directors of the ceremonies. The ritual only was in the hands of the Eleans. The Altis was a quadrilateral, though not a perfect rectangle, longer on its north side; and from its north-east corner was the entrance to the Stadion or foot-race course extending east. The exact length of the course from starting point to goal, marked by limestone borders, was 192·27 metres, about 630 feet. There was a domed entrance for the judges at the north-east corner. The Hippodrome or horse-racing course can no longer be traced, but is inferred to have been 770 metres or 4 stadia in length. The judges, as has been intimated, were Eleans, and they were called Hellenodicæ. Their term of office was for a year, and for six months previous to the games they were specially instructed in their duties by (*νομοφύλακες*) 'guardians of the law.' It was their duty to investigate the right of a contestant to participate in the games; to know that he was by extraction a Hellen, and had passed through the requisite ten months' training, and had abstained 'venere et vino.'* The Hellenodicæ also registered the name and county of each champion and put him to the oath to avoid fraud and excessive violence, and with their special police (*ἀλόται*) maintained order during the festival. The oath together with the simple nature of the original Olympian prizes, a crown of wild olive (*κότινος*), and in the Pythian games a crown of bay, of fresh parsley in the

* Hor., *Ars Poet.*, 414.

Nemean, and of withered parsley or pine in the Isthmian, show the high moral significance of the origin of these contests, a respect paid to the dignity of the human body, *eidolon*, as it is, of the God. During Hecatombæon (nearly our July and a part of August), the period of the celebration, a general armistice was proclaimed in Hellas. At first the festival was confined to a single day and to a match of runners, but in progress of time it was extended to five days, and other exercises were introduced.

The running races took their name from the length of the course, the single course was called *Stadion* (στάδιον 600 + ft.), twice over the course, *Diaulos* (διαυλος), the course of a horse race, *Hippiosdromos* (ἵππιος δρόμος), and the long distance, *Dolichos* (δόλιχος), variously estimated. The manner of running of the ancient Greeks seems to have differed in some respects from ours, judging from frieze and vase pictures. All of these show the front knee held high up and the other leg stretched to its full extent touching the ground with the toes alone, so that the movement seems to have been a succession of leaps after the fashion of a race horse, aided by a regular and violent swinging of the arms. The signal for a start was the dropping of a rope stretched in front of the contestants, who raced in companies of fours if the number was large; so that it was sometimes necessary to win more than one heat to gain a victory. Armour-racing (ὀπλιτοδρομία) was not introduced at the Olympic Games until after a period of more than 200 years. Pindar's ninth Pythian Ode is dedicated to a victor in this contest, Telesicrates, who was successful at the 28th Pythiad. Homer describes a foot race between Odysseus, Ajax, and young Antilochus, which will serve as an expression of the later Olympic ones. Ajax is leading, but Odysseus follows him as close as the thread follows a spindle; and the movements of the runners are as graceful as those of some fair spinners. Odysseus' glowing breath burns upon Ajax's shoulder and he treads his foot-steps even before the dust can rise from them. The mighty Ajax is thus winning, when Odysseus invokes Pallas Athena's aid. The responsive goddess causes Ajax to slip in the blood of a sacrifice, and he loses the

race to Odysseus. Picture the woe-be-gone son of Oileus dripping mud and gore, complaining of the intervention of the gods; and in antithesis, the jesting philosophy with which Antilochus, last in the race, says, 'Age before beauty: I had to yield to Ajax, Ajax to Odysseus.' Pindar's twelfth Olympic Ode is dedicated to Ergoteles, victor in the long foot race (*δολιχόδρομος*) of the 77th Olympiad; the thirteenth ode is to Xenophon, on his victory in the stadic course of the 79th Olympiad, and the fourteenth ode to Asopichos, for a similar victory in the 70th. We have no way of comparing the speed attained by the ancients at short distance with that of our modern runners, but Pliny relates that Anystis of Lacedaemon ran 60 leagues, 180 miles, from Sicyon to Elis, in one day. *Hemerodromos*, running the livelong day, as Herodotus calls such runners,* indeed! The runner Ladas is said to have dropped dead after winning a great victory; and Myron, the master of the stone-expression of motion, made his statue—transfixed him in Parian snow when he gleams forth (*emicat*), when he flies in the course and rubs heel against heel, as Vergil describes his racers, with some invisible opponent (*Ecce! volat, calcemque terit jam calce*).†

Wrestling was made a feature of the eighteenth Olympiad. Preparatory to the contests the bodies of the combatants were rubbed with oil by an attendant (*ἀλειπτής*), and to prevent the limbs being too smooth to grasp, they were afterwards sprinkled with a fine dust specially prepared. The object of wrestling was to throw an opponent so that his shoulder touched the earth, while the thrower held his position. If both fell together, the wrestling was continued on the ground until one confessed himself conquered. Dashing heads together, throttling, bending the limbs, in fact all manoeuvres except striking and biting seem to have been permitted. To cite again the older games as an example of the later, in the funeral ceremonies to Patroklos,‡ Ajax and Odysseus are described as commingling heads and arms, each with his legs planted far from his adversary's, like two mighty beams crossed and knit

* *Herod.*, VI., 106.

† *Ver. Aeneid*, V., 324.

‡ *Il.*, xxiii.

on high, with solid bases standing wide apart, proof to the winter winds and raging gales. They sway and bend beneath their mutual heavy hands, while arms, back and chest crack to the blows, until great bloody weals rise upon their flesh. At length Odysseus is lifted from the ground by Ajax, but skillfully evades his grip and kicks his ankle such a blow from behind as to throw him supine, but in the effort falls himself on Ajax's chest. On the ground the contest continues with matchless strength, begriming both with honourable dust, until Achilles stops the strife and divides the prize. Pindar addressed two of his Olympic Odes* to victors in the palaestra, 'triumphant from the wrestler's toil by glory fired,' Alkimedon and Epharmostos.

Boxing was not introduced until the 23rd Olympiad. It was not a special part of the training of every Hellen and, less elegant than the other contests of the Olympian Games, was cultivated by those whose one aim was to win renown for great strength and bravery. A contestant with the thongs (*ιμάρες*) seems rather to have aspired to a posthumous elegy of Tyrtæus than to an ode of Pindar: 'Nor ever is his ennobling fame to perish, nor yet his name, but even though beneath the earth, deathless is he,'† for certainly boxing was a warlike virtue (*πολεμική ἀρετή*, the title of one of Tyrtæus' elegies).

Although emphasis may have been put at some time on artistic methods, we have little account of such kind of *pugmachos*. It was customary for the pugilists to bind their hands with leathern thongs generally studded with knobs of lead, so that terrible wounds could be inflicted. Homer describes such a combat between Epeus and Euryalus 'who poise high in air their *iron* hands.' Epeus, a noted champion in this kind of fight, easily vanquishes his less skillful foe, and fells him helpless to the earth, panting like a big fish, which some huge wave has dashed upon the shore.

Vergil in his account of the games at the tomb of Anchises‡ has given a vivid description of the fight between Dares and Entellus; but to adhere to the Greek, Theocritus in Idyl xxii,

* *Ol. O.*, 8 and 9.

† *Tyr.*, *El.* I., 31, 32.

‡ *Aeneid* V.

describes a match between Polydeuces and Amycus, which may serve to illustrate the kind exhibited at Olympia, and which I take the liberty of translating :

' The giant, wrathful to his soul, rushed on
Making false passes with his hands : but him
The son of Tindarus smote upon the chin's
Peak as he charged, enraging him the more.
Wild in the fight he grew, cumbrous lay on
With lowered head—Rang the Bebrycii's cheers ;
Nor from the other side the heroes less
Incited valiant Polydeuces, for
They feared the fellow, huge as Tityus' self,
Might crush him with his weight in the narrow ring.
Empty the fear ; Zeus' son stood to him ; here,
Now there he landed right and left, staying
Poseidon's son from closing, in despite
His strength stupendous ; 'till stood Amycus
Staggering like a drunken man beneath
The blows, and spat the crimson flow ; then all
The princes joined the cheer to see upon
His mouth and jaws the sorry bruises, and
His eyes half-closed with fleshy tumors. Next,
The king played him, making feints withal,
Until he saw him given out, and then
Driving his fists between his brows above
The middle of his nose, laid bare the bone.
The smitten giant sprawled supine upon
A flowery bed. Sharp was the fighting when
He gained his feet : with mutual punishment
Each lay about with the studded gloves. The one,
Bebrycian champion, planted wild his fists
Upon the chest, without the neck ; unconquered
Polydeuces pommelled with sound blows
All his opponent's front. The latter's flesh
Began to wane in sweat—from big he shrunk
To small ; the former's limbs waxed stronger, as
The fight, and ruddier grew his cheek, as warmed
He to the fray.

How finally Zeus' son stretched low the brute,
Tell thou, O Goddess, for thou knowest it,
And I thy spokesman am, to utter what
Thou wilt, and as thou pleasest. Then, behold,
The great bulk all athirst to do some feat,

Grasped with his left hand Polydeuces' left,
 Stooping sidewise in his rush ; let fly
 His other hand, and drove the great limb upward
 From his dexter flank : and had he landed,
 Hard had it fared with the Amyclae king.
 But Zeus' son bent his head aside and with
 His good right hand countered upon his foe's
 Left temple straight from the shoulder. Quick poured
 Black blood from the gaping wound, while followed fast
 The hero's left upon the giant's mouth.
 Still battered he his face with sharper blows
 Until the cheeks were beaten to a pulp ;
 And full upon the earth fell Amycus
 Swooning, stretching forth his hands ; renounced
 The victory, for nigh to death he lay !'

Similar contests at the Olympic Festival seem scarcely to accord with the refinement of the Hellenes, with 'the peculiar softness and tenderness of their bravest ideal characters,* but are rather the foreshadows and prophecy of Roman gladiatorial games and Roman conquest. Pindar's 7th Olympic Ode, one of the most beautiful, is addressed to Diagoras victor with the caestus in the 79th Olympiad ; and the 10th Ode is addressed to Agesidamus for a similar victory in the 73rd.

The Pancration, a species of contest unknown in the Homeric age, was a combination of wrestling and boxing. Blows could be given with both feet and hands, with unclenched fists however, and without the use of the *himantes*. The fight was begun standing, and it required great skill and vigilance to avoid the sudden blow as well as the grip of an adversary, making the defensive less difficult than the offensive. Twisting of the hands, even breaking of the fingers was permissible, in fact, so dangerous was this style of conflict that, like boxing, it was cultivated specially by professional athletes. Though none of Pindar's Olympic Odes are inscribed to victors in the Pancration, the exquisite 3rd Nemean Ode is dedicated to such, as well as three of the Isthmian songs.

The Pentathlon introduced in the eighteenth Olympiad consisted in jumping, running, hurling the discus, throwing the

* Lecky's *European Morals*.

javelin and wrestling, not in combination, naturally, but in succession; and he who was successful in a majority of the contests was declared the victor. This peaceful contest, from the symmetry of its training, represents the ideal exercise of the Hellenes, the exercise to develop youthful bodies to physical perfection, which brightens the highest function of the body, the mind. Hence the Pentathlon was the favourite contest of boys. Pindar's seventh Nemean Ode is addressed to Sogenes of Aegina, victor when a boy in the Pentathlon. The running long jump was the kind practised by the Hellenes, and the results in it seem almost incredible. Phayllus is said to have cleared 55 feet and Chionis 52. Admitting as a fact that they jumped from a slight elevation (*βατήρ*), suggested by later writers, and used weights (*ἀλτήρες*), such attainments still are marvellous in contrast with our modern 23½ feet. However, we have seen what generations of training can effect in the trotting-horse, reducing the time in which a mile can be covered, by nearly a minute, with a lower record possibility still existing; therefore we may infer a similar bodily development by heritage in the Hellenic gymnasts, and conclude that modern achievements of chance athletes without athletic ancestry should not be compared with ancient.

The discus-throwing, part of the Pentathlic games, gave rise to the most graceful and elegant exercise of antiquity, combining the perfect harmony of athletic movement and athletic repose. The beautiful postures of the discobolus, as he stoops to span the distance with fixed eyes, his knees slightly arched with the strong elasticity of a bent bow ready to spring straight with lightning speed, when he lets the heavy circle fly; or as he stands in sudden rest while the discus sings through the air,* 'far as a swain his whirling sheep-hook throws,' have been transmitted to us by the art of Myron. The discus itself, made of stone, iron or bronze, was round, about a foot in diameter, and inclined from the periphery to the centre. Its weight seems to have been very great, in disproportion to the size. Length of distance was the result

* Pope's *Iliad*, XXIII.

aimed at in discus-throwing and not accuracy as in the modern game of quoits.

The Pentathlic javelin-hurling consisted in throwing, possibly at some kind of target, a long thin-headed spear by means of a looped strap (*ἀγκύλη*) fastened near the centre of gravity of the haft. By this device a rotary motion like that of a rifle ball was given to the spear.

The race of single horses with riders (*κέρυρες*) did not hold the favoured place among the ancients which it does in modern times, and yet it had its admirers even among monarchs. Pindar's first Olympic Ode is addressed to Hiero, King of Syracuse, for his victory in the single horse race in the seventy-third Olympiad; and the third Pythian is inscribed to the same prince for a like victory. Pausanias* tells of a statue at Olympia in honour of the mare Aura, whose rider Pheidolas fell off in a race. The intelligent animal never relaxed her speed and courage till the end of the contest and came in first, when, as if conscious of her triumph, she presented herself before the judges. In those primitive times when more credit was given to merit than to formality, and when no weighing in of jockeys was necessary, the Hellenodicae declared Pheidolas' splendid mare victor, and twined her mane with the yellow olive. Pheidolas received the privilege of erecting a monument to himself and horse in the Altis.

Above all the contests at the great pentäeteric games, the four horse chariot-race stood pre-eminent. It was with the name and country of its victors that Thucydides, Diodorus Siculus and Pausanias expressed the Olympiads from which their dates were reckoned. Chariot-racing was introduced about the twenty-fifth Olympiad. The car used was a two-wheeled one, whose wheels were only a little more than two feet in diameter, and as the body was set flat on the axles the chariot was close to the ground. The wheels were usually four-spoked, differing from the heroic which were eight (*δρακνημα*), and set wide apart, about 7 feet, while the bottom of the vehicle was oval in shape, with light often woven sides

* Lib. VI., p. 363.

which reached the driver's knee. The rim was made either of wood or metal and prolonged to the back in a wide double curvature. The rear of the car was open and its height in front about 2 feet. The structure of the chariot body and its small wide-set wheels combined lightness, strength and equilibrium. In the Homeric age they could even be taken to pieces and conveniently carried in this state until needed, as we learn from *Iliad*, V. 722, in the description of Hebe's putting together the parts of Athena's chariot. The manner of attaching the horses was to fasten the middle one to a yoke at the end of the pole elevated in front, and to join the others to a ring in the front of the car. Mules were sometimes used in place of horses, but they scarcely suggest to us as much as the horse, the dust, the wild dash and the rattle of the race course, though Pindar does not scorn to sing victors in such contests.

The races took place in the Hippodrome which, as has been said, can no longer be traced at Olympia. From Pausanias' account the barriers (*βαλβίδες*) from which the chariots started were in the form of the segment of a circle. There were ropes in front of the chariots which dropped in succession in such a manner that the more distant chariots were started first, and that all of them met simultaneously at a given point from which the race began. From Pindar's odes we learn that the course of the Hippodrome was circled twelve times in a chariot-race, and I repeat that it was inferred by the German excavators to be four stadia in length. The circling of the goal was the most dangerous feat of the race, and was attended with so many casualties that the goal of the Olympic Hippodrome was said to cause horses to show instinctive signs of terror. The owner and trainer of horses, not necessarily the driver, took the credit of the victory, and it was so esteemed that Philip of Macedon, according to Plutarch,* was as much delighted with having carried the prize of the chariot race at Olympia as with his victory over the Illyrians and the birth of a son, the news of which reached him together. The versatile Alcibiades in his day entered seven chariots at once

* Plut. *Life Alex.*, p. 666.

at Olympia and carried 1st, 2nd and 4th prizes,* an unparalleled honour. Although women were not permitted to view the Olympic spectacle, nor even to cross the Alpheus during it, they were not prohibited, according to Pausanias,† from entering teams in the races. Cynisca, of Sparta, was once proclaimed victor in the race of chariots and four, and a monument was erected to her in her native city. So proud, too, was she of her triumph that she dedicated a chariot and four horses of bronze to Apollo at Delphi, to which was afterward annexed her picture painted by Apelles.

Sophokles, in the tragedy of *Electra*, Act II., puts in the mouth of the guardian an account of the death of the supposed Orestes at the Pythian Games. I presume to describe this race with the introduction of some few Olympic features. The morning after several triumphant and easy victories of Orestes, a train of heroic youth come to rival him in the glorious chariot-race. Achaia, Sparta, Athens, Libya, Magnesia, have their youthful champions. An Aetolian enters a double span of his country's famous bright sorrels, an Aenian a team of milk-whites. Beotia, too, responds; while Orestes drives four spirited wild Thessalians. With difficulty the restless coursers are restrained within the barriers until the startling trumpet blares, and the eagle, operated by intricate mechanism, rises from an altar, with wide spread wings. Then forth they rush, while the drivers hang over them with the lash, shake out the shining reins, and urge them, dropping great white flecks of foam over the plain. Loud and confused is the din of the rattling cars, themselves almost invisible in clouds of dust. Closely the charioteers press on one another, rein up as one man at the goal, turn it as one. The hapless Aenian is a trifle in the lead, and his horses are so fiery in temper and so uncontrollable with excitement that they rear and hang on the Libyan's car. A great confusion follows in the crowd,—jarring of colliding axles, cracking of wheel-spokes in wheel-spokes, ringing of struck metal and snap of shivered wood, until Chrysa's field

* 'Ἐγίκεσα δὲ, καὶ δεύτερος καὶ τέταρτος ἐγένεθην.'—Thucydides, VI., 16.

† *Pausa.* I., III., p. 172.

is a mass of ruins. The cautious Athenian saw the distant danger in time to draw rein, and now with a graceful curve passes the wreck and smokes again along the course. Orestes had meanwhile lain further behind in the race, confident of the superiority of his Thessalians, but now he gives them the *mastix* and springs to the Athenian's wheel. Sharp and uncertain is the contest; first the Athenian, then the Thessalian four are in the lead, and yet so quickly changing position that the eye can not place them: now the eight horses leap together as one pair. The last goal is at length reached, and Orestes in his eagerness turns with his reins too slack: full on the pillar strikes his inner wheel, while its brittle spokes are torn from the felloe, and its collapse hurls the unhappy youth down from his seat, beneath the car. Caught in the reins and wreck, his horses drag him madly over the field; and with difficulty the pitying crowd check their flight, and disentangle from the ruin, the torn corse, bloody and sadly altered.

In the chariot-race described by Homer in the account of the funeral games to Achilles' friend, Old Nestor cautions his son Antilochus particularly about the manner of turning the goal; that it is the artist who wins the course; that it is necessary to bear close to the goal, but only to brush it, giving his right steed loose reins, but keeping a tight pull on the left:

‘So shalt thou pass the goal, secure of mind,
And leave unskillful swiftness far behind.’*

The skillful manner in which the wily youth follows his father's advice, outwits Atreides, and though not winning the race, beats out the son of Atreus, is elegantly described by the poet; nor less elegantly the charming grace with which Antilochus in the honey-sweet speech of his sire (τοῦ καὶ ἀπὸ γλώσσης μέλιτος γλυκίων ῥέειν αὐδῆ)† soothes the ruffled Mars-beloved Menelaus.

The entire description of the race is one of the finest passages in literature: to attempt to reproduce it is to attempt to pile Pelion on Ossa. Of Pindar's Olympic Odes, the second

* Pope's *Iliad*, 23.

† *Iliad*, I., 249.

and third are addressed to Theron of Agrigentum, the fourth and fifth to Psaumis of Camarina, victors in the chariot race.

In foot-races, wrestling, boxing, the Pancration, the Pentathlon, horse and chariot races, then, consisted the contests at the Olympic Games. They occupied presumably the intermediate three days of the festival, while the first day was taken up with sacrifices and ceremonies to the gods, and the final day with processions and feasts to the demi-gods, the victors.

The prizes, as has been stated, were intended to have more of a moral than substantial value. So great a glory attached itself to the yellow leaves of the olive fillet, that Astyalus of Croton, who won the foot race in three successive Olympiads, was persuaded by Prince Hiero to transfer the honour of the last two to Syracuse, by having the victories registered to that city. Simplicity of ceremony and such fame of victory, could not long be associated: the plain bronze tripod upon which the wreaths of triumph were displayed, soon gave place to a *trapeza* of ivory and gold, constructed by Kolotes, a pupil of Pheidias; occasional songs and marbles inspired by admiration were multiplied by odes and statues bought with gold. Love of art alone did not always direct a Pindar's pen and a Myron's chisel.

After the names of the victors were published, banquets, sacrifices and musical festivities took place. Hecatombs were offered to Zeus and reverential processions visited holy places. In the afternoon a magnificent banquet was given at the Prytaneum at the public expense, and others were frequently given at the expense of wealthy victors.* Such were the feasts of Alcibiades and Leophron; while a certain Pythagorean, Empedocles, forbidden by his creed to entertain the deme with flesh or fish, had made for them an artificial ox of spices and paste. Naturally some material benefits to the victors followed in the train of this increased pomp and luxury, chief of which was a pension of 500 drachms. They were also given right of precedence at public ceremonies and relieved

* Athenaeus.

from civil duties. When the olive-crowned champion returned to his native city, the citizens met him in a triumphant body and escorted him with flaming torches and other marks of honour within the walls, or often through a breach purposely opened in them. Here the banquets and thanksgivings were renewed and Pindar's and Simonides' *epinikia* sung in his praise, to the accompaniment of the lyre and the cross-lute. The last ceremony of all in the eventful history of the victor was the laying up of his crown, as a votive offering, in the temple of his god.

The intellectual arts were not without their place at the Olympic games; poets, actors, historians, sculptors, and painters, often availed themselves of the pan-Hellenic audience to exhibit and recite their creations. There is some authority for believing that Herodotus first read his famous *Muse yclept History* here, and that Lysias delivered an oration. Aetion hung his picture of the wedding of Alexander and Roxana at Olympia, while Gorgias, Hippias, Prodicos, and Anaximenes gave lectures. Olympia, the Isthmus, Nemea and Delphi held the press-power of Hellas: at their festivals important decrees, inventions of science and art, and general news of the world were published. By the intermingling of citizens from every quarter of Hellas and the colonies, on equal footing, provincialism was lessened and culture increased. 'Hellen' alone was the passport at Olympia and no other shibboleth could serve to compete for the olive or the palm. The Olympic Games in contrast with the gladiatorial contests of Rome, or even with the tournaments of chivalry, were merciful and refined. When, on one late occasion, it was proposed to introduce the Roman contest of gladiators at Athens, Demonax the philosopher is said to have cried out, 'first throw down the altar to Mercy, erected by our fathers a thousand years ago'!

The Olympic Games continued to be celebrated from 776 B.C. to 394 A.D., though from the course of events much of their Hellenic nature yielded to Roman, until they were finally abolished by the Roman Emperor Theodosius.

Now, as has been said, the Olympic games are to be revived in April, 1896; nor is it the purpose of this paper to moralize

over the significance of the undertaking, nor to discuss the probability of its success. This has been ably done by others. Let Pindar's words in their appropriate beauty, the changes being changed, express our good wishes :

' Olympia, mother of heroic games,
Whose golden wreath the victor's might proclaims,
Great queen of truth ! thou whose prophetic band
From victims blazing in the sacred fire
Jove's sovereign will, the lightnings guide, inquire,
What favoured mortal shall the crown command,
Which bids the anxious hour of contest close
And gives to virtuous toil the guerdon and repose ?'

' The gods above with favouring ear,
The prayers of pious mortals hear—
Ye woody shades of Pisa's grove,
That o'er Alpheus, waters bend,
From you the wreath which victory wove
And the triumphant hymns descend ;
Receive the pomp and festal song
Which justly to your fame belong !' *

JOHN PATTERSON, M.A.

ART. V.—THE RUNIC CROSSES OF NORTHUMBRIA.

AMONG the most recent additions to the South Kensington Museum, is a plaster cast of one of the two beautiful Anglo-Saxon obelisks, which, like far-reaching voices, speak to us across the gulf of twelve centuries.

The interest which surrounds these ancient crosses is of a two-fold nature. There is the interest attached to the art of the sculptured stones themselves, and there is the still greater interest of the runes, with which they are inscribed. With regard to the art, it is of a very high order, and in the opinion of archaeologists, such as Haigh, Kemble, Stephens and others,

* '8th Olympic Ode,' translated by Rev. C. A. Wheelright.

better than anything produced in mediæval times, before the thirteenth century.

The kingdom of Northumbria extended at its most glorious period as far north as Edinburgh, so named after the great Northumbrian King Edwin, its southern limit being as its name implied, the river Humber. Thus, the Ruthwell Cross in Dumfriesshire, and the Bewcastle Cross in Cumberland belonged alike to Anglia; for although Dumfriesshire formed part of the kingdom of Strathclyde, the territory to the east of Nithsdale was often reckoned a part of Northumbria. If we were less hampered by our modern geographical limits, we should better realize that the land north and south of the Tweed was one and the same country, without distinction of race or language. And as if in solemn protest against the political barriers which we have set up in the course of ages, these two obelisks, the one now in Scotland, the other in England, still point heavenwards, bearing upon their faces the same grand old Northumbrian language, which is the mother-tongue of all English-speaking people.

Both Crosses have been the subjects of much diversity of opinion among antiquaries, and especially with regard to their respective ages.

The Danish archæologist, Dr. Müller, estimated that the Ruthwell Cross could not be older than the year 1000, and he arrived at this conclusion by a study of the ornamentation, which he placed as late as the Carlovingian period, the style having been imported from France into England. But Professor George Stephens* contends that not merely ornamentation, but a variety of other things must be taken into consideration, and that these are often absolute and final, so that sometimes the object itself must date the ornamentation. Müller, although a good archæologist, was not a runic scholar, and it remained for the celebrated Dr. Haigh, who passed his life in the study of the oldest sculptured and inscribed stones of Great Britain and Ireland, to fix the date of both Crosses, with such certainty and precision that it can henceforth never more be disputed.

* *Old Northern Runic Monuments.* Afterwrit, p. 431, *et seq.*

'I believe,' he says,* 'this monument (the Ruthwell Cross) and that at Bewcastle to be of the same age, and the work of the same hand; and the latter must have been erected A.D. 664-5.'

He is led to this conclusion, not by the ornamentation, but by the runic inscriptions, which had not only passed out of date on funeral monuments, as late as the year 1000, but which here show to those who can read them, that the obelisk was uplifted to the memory of Alcfrid, son of that King of Northumbria, who decided to celebrate Easter according to the Roman precept. Alcfrid died about the year 664, and thus when we consider the similarity of the ornamentation, and the character of the runes on both obelisks, the circle of evidence is complete. Both the Ruthwell and the Bewcastle Crosses are the productions of the latter half of the seventh century.

Dr. Haigh further remarks that the scroll-work on the east side of the Bewcastle monument, and on the two sides of that at Ruthwell, is identical in design, and differs very much from that which is found on other Saxon crosses. In fact, he knows of nothing like it except small portions on a fragment of a cross in the York museum, on another fragment preserved in Yarrow church, and on a cross at Hexham. There are, however, several other such stones which were unknown to Dr. Haigh, and engravings of them may be seen in Dr. John Stuart's magnificent work on *The Sculptured Stones of Scotland*.

At Carew in Pembrokeshire, runic crosses of the Saxon period without figures may be seen, and there is a runic cross at Lancaster with incised lines and a pattern in relief, supposed to be of the fifth or sixth century. The sculptured stones of Meikle in Scotland have no runes.

Runes were, as it is well known, the characters used by the Teutonic tribes of north-west Europe, before they received the Latin alphabet. They are divided into three principal classes, the Anglo-Saxon, Germanic and Scandinavian, bearing the same relation to each other as do the different Greek alphabets.

* *Archæologia Aeliana*. New Series, Vol. I., p. 173. Newcastle-on-Tyne. 1857.

Their likeness is so great that a common origin may be ascribed to all. They date from the dim twilight of paganism, but were for a short time employed in the service of Christianity, when after being imported into this country, where they were first used in pagan inscriptions cut on the surfaces of rocks, or on sticks for casting lots, or for divination, they were at last made to express Christian ideas on grave crosses or sacred vessels.

‘In times,’ says Kemble,* ‘when there was neither pen, ink, nor parchment, the bark of trees and smooth surfaces of wood or soft stone, were the usual depositaries of these symbols or runes—hence the name *rûn-stafas*, mysterious staves answering to the *Buchstaben* of the Germans.’

We may remark, in passing, that the word *Buchstaben*, beech-staves is a direct descendant of these wooden runes.

As early as 1695, antiquaries were busy with the Ruthwell Cross, but at the beginning of this century profound ignorance still reigned with regard even to the language which the runes were intended to convey. Bishop Gibson, in his additions to Camden’s *Britannia*, describes the Cross vaguely, as ‘a pillar curiously engraven with some inscription upon it.’ In a second edition, this reads, ‘with a Danish inscription upon it.’ Later on, it was thought to be Icelandic, but when Haigh first suggested that Cædmon and no other was the author of the runic verses, it was thought to be a ‘daring guess.’ But the date had been determined, and Haigh was of the opinion that there was no one living at that time, who could have composed such a poem as he had deciphered, but Cædmon the first of all the English nation, who began to compose religious poems in the monastery of the Abbess Hilda.

In 1840, Kemble published his *Runes of the Anglo-Saxons*, showing that the Ruthwell Cross was a Christian monument, and that the inscription was nothing less than twenty lines of a poem in old north English, commonly called old Northumbrian. Meanwhile, a German scholar, Dr. Blume, had in 1832, discovered in an old conventual library at Vercelli, in the

* *Archæologia*, Vol. XXVIII. On Anglo-Saxon Runes.

Milanese, six Anglo-Saxon poems, which discovery aroused great interest both in Germany and in England. Blume copied the MS., and Thorpe printed and published it. The learned philologist Grimm printed the longest of the poems in 1840, but it was Kemble who identified the fourth poem of the series, the *Dream of the Holy Rood*, with the runic inscription on the Ruthwell Cross, and it was he who first gave it a modern English rendering.*

Later on, Professor Stephens corroborated these other discoveries by finding the words: *Cadmon Mæ Fawed*, on the top stone of the Cross. Thus the genius of Haigh first boldly pronounced the name of Cædmon where all had hitherto been ignorance; Kemble then confirmed the assertion by recognising the identical poem in a South Saxon dress in the Vercelli MS., and Stephens settled the matter for all time, by the discovery of the runes on the top of the Cross—Cadmon made me. Brimful of interest as the whole sequence is, there is one point which appears to us to be of the highest possible importance, namely, the fact that the portion of the poem inscribed on the Ruthwell Cross is the only fragment which has reached us of Cædmon's poetical outpourings in the original tongue in which his contemporaries received them. All the other works of Cædmon which have come down to us, the poems in the Vercelli Codex, the Paraphrase of the Scriptures, the series of poems still preserved in the Bodleian Library, all have passed into the South Saxon dialect of the 10th century. The rough old Northumbrian language is pared and shorn, and smoothed down; there is beauty left, but less vigour and picturesqueness. The South Saxon bears as much resemblance to the Northumbrian poem, as Dryden's modernised Chaucer does to the original. All is

* A translation of the runic fragment had indeed been attempted at the beginning of this century by Mr. Repp, and also by a disciple of the great Fin Magnusen, Mr. J. M. M'Caul, but as Professor Stephens observes, the less said about these versions the better, both gentlemen being entirely out of the track. As they were unacquainted with old English, they made the most absurd statements regarding the purpose the monument was supposed to serve.

there, save the subtle essence which gave to it its most powerful charm.

It would seem probable that Cædmon was chosen as alone worthy to compose words for such a monument, and that he wrote the beginning of the *Dream of the Holy Rood* for the Ruthwell Cross. When the runes had covered all the spaces left for them, he continued the subject as we now have it in the Vercelli Codex. His Cross-Lay, essentially a Christian poem, preserves all the Gothic strength and virile beauty of the old Pagan forms. The modern words, Saviour, Passion, Apostles, etc., do not once appear in the original. Christ is the 'youthful hero,' He is the 'Peace-God,' the 'Atheling,' the 'Frea of mankind.' His friends are 'Hilde-rinks' or 'barons.' In His crucifixion, He is less crucified than shot to death with 'streals,' i.e., all manner of missiles, which the 'foemen' hurl at Him. The Rood speaks and laments; it tells the story of the last dread scene of Christ's suffering, His entombment in the 'mould-house,' the triumph of the Cross, and the entry of the 'Lord of Benison' into His 'old home-halls.'

The doctrine is as sober as any orthodox, theological treatise, although the Lay is essentially a work of the most fertile imagination, a drama with all the rich accessories which tradition offered in the matter of colouring and effect. With all this, it is exquisitely simple, devout, and noble, breathing a spirituality strangely at variance with the semi-barbaric people among whom Cædmon had passed the greater part of his life, and whom he sought to Christianize by his song.

The translation by Professor Stephens is full of poetry. The learned antiquary has an admirable appreciation of the genius of Cædmon, whom he styles 'the Milton of north England in the 6th century.' He has retained the lilt of the original, together with many of the old English words, which, if they need a glossary, it is only because we have lost the original meaning in the substitution of weaker terms.

It will be interesting to compare the fragments of the *Dream*, still legible on the Ruthwell Cross, with the South Saxon rendering contained in the Vercelli Book. Where the lines are worn away or mutilated, we supplement them from the MS. version:—

*Old Northumbrian version on the
Ruthwell Cross.*

*South Saxon version according to the
Vercelli Codex.*

Girded Him then

For the grapple then girded him
youthful hero—

God Almighty
When He would
Step on the gallows
Fore all Mankind
Mindfast, fearless

lo ! the man was God Almighty.
Strong of heart and steady-minded
stept he on the lofty gallows ;
fearless spite that crowd of faces ;
free and save man's tribes he would
there.

Bow me durst I not.

Bever'd I and shook when that baron
claspt me

.

but dar'd I not to bow me earthward
Rood was I reared now.

Rich King heaving
The Lord of Light-realms
Lean me I durst not

Rich king heaving
The Lord of Light-realms
Lean me I durst not

Us both they basely mockt and
handled.

Us both they basely mockt and
handled

Was I there with blood bedabbled
Gushing grievous from

all with blood was I bedabbled
gushing grievous from his dear side,
when his ghost he had uprendered.

.

How on that hill

.

have I throwed

.

dole the direst.

.

All day view'd I hanging

.

the God of hosts.

.

Gloomy and swarthy

.

clouds had cover'd

.

the corse of the Waldend.*

.

O'er the sheer shine-path

.

shadows fell heavy

.

wan 'neath the welkin

.

wept all creation

.

wail'd the fall of their king.

Christ was on Rood-tree

Christ was on Rood-tree

But fast from afar

But fast from afar

His Friends hurried

his friends hurried

Athel to the Sufferer.

To aid their Atheling

Everything I saw.

Everything I saw.

Sorely was I

Sorely was I

With sorrows harrow'd

with sorrows harrow'd

. I inclin'd

yet humbly I inclin'd

* Wielder, Lord, Ruler, Monarch.

.	to the hands of his servants
.	striving with might to aid them.
.	Straight the all-ruling God they've
.	taken
.	heaving from that horrid torment :
.	Those Hilde-rinks * now left me
.	to stand there steaming with blood-
	drops ;
With streals all wounded,	with streals † was I all wounded.
Down laid they Him limb-weary	Down laid they him limb-weary,
O'er His lifeless Head then stood	O'er his lifeless head then stood they,
they	
Heavily gazing at Heaven's . . .	heavily gazing at heaven's Chieftain.

Kemble's rendering of the *Dream*, wonderfully correct and conscientious as a translation, is inferior in poetical merit to that of Stephens, who, instead of choosing modern words, is careful to retain many of the picturesque old rune equivalents. Compare the four lines of Professor Stephens, beginning, 'Christ was on Rood-tree,' with Kemble's ‡—

' Christ was on the Cross,
but thither hastening
men came from afar,
to the noble one.'

Cædmon's runes are sharply and beautifully cut into the margin of two sides of the Cross, the inside spaces being filled with sculptured ornaments representing a conventional, clambering vine, with leaves and fruit. Entwined among the leaves are curious birds and animals devouring the grapes. On the south-east and south-west sides, as the pillar now stands, near the gate of Ruthwell manse, are figures taken chiefly from the Bible, with Latin inscriptions instead of runes. In the middle compartment of each of these sides is the figure of Our Lord, with a cruciform halo. On the south-west side of the Cross, He is represented as treading on the heads of two swine, His right arm upraised in blessing, a scroll being in His left hand. Around the margin is a legend in old Latin uncial

* Hero of Hilde, the war god. Battle-brave, captain.

† Anything *strown* or cast—a missile of any kind.

‡ Poetry of the Vercelli Codex.

letters, 'Jesus Christ the Judge of equity. Beasts and dragons knew in the desert the Saviour of the world.' In the corresponding panel, on the south-east side, St. Mary Magdalen washes the feet of Our Lord, who is standing nearly in the same position. The remaining subjects are—a figure which has been sometimes described as that of the Eternal Father, and again as St. John the Baptist, with the Agnus Dei; St. Paul and St. Anthony breaking a loaf in the desert; the Flight into Egypt; two figures unexplained; a man seated on the ground with a bow, taking aim; the Visitation; Our Lord healing the man born blind; the Annunciation, and traces, almost obliterated, of the Crucifixion, on the bottom panel of the south-west side.

On the top stone is a bird, probably meant for a dove, resting on a branch, and the inscription is the famous rune discovered by Stephens, *Cadmon Mæ fawed*. On the reverse side of this stone are St. John and his eagle, with a partly destroyed Latin inscription, 'In principio erat verbum.' All the subjects are explained by a legend running round the margin, but which is in parts scarcely legible.

Sir John Sinclair, in his account of the parish of Ruthwell, mentions a tradition according to which, this column having been set up in remote times at a place called Priestwoodside (now Priestside), near the sea, it was drawn from thence by a team of oxen belonging to a widow. During the transit inland, the chains broke, which accident was supposed to denote that heaven willed it to be set up in that place. This was done, and a church was built over the Cross.

But opposed to this story is the fact that the obelisk is composed of the same red and grey sandstone which abounds in that part of Dumfriesshire, and it seems far more likely that the Cross was here hewn and sculptured than that it should have been brought from a distance after having been adorned in so costly a manner and with a definite purpose. It was held in great veneration till the end of the fifteenth century, and being specially protected by the powerful family of Murray of Cockpool, the patrons and chief proprietors of the parish, it escaped the blind fury of the iconoclasts till 1644. Then, how-

ever, it was broken into three pieces, as 'an object of superstition among the vulgar.'

For more than a century, says Dr. Duncan, the column seems to have lain where it fell, on the site of what had once been the altar, and was made to serve as a bench for members of the congregation to sit on. In 1722, Pennant saw it still lying inside the church, but soon after this, better accommodation being required for the congregation, it was turned out into the churchyard, to make room for modern improvements! Here it suffered greatly from repeated mutilations, the churchyard then being nearly unenclosed. In 1802, the weather-cock of opinion having again veered round, the then incumbent, Dr. Duncan, desiring to preserve the now precious relic, had the main shaft removed to his newly-enclosed manse garden, where it still remains. Meanwhile, the other two fragments had been entirely lost sight of. The cross-beam has never been recovered, but the top-stone suddenly reappeared in a curious manner. A poor man and his wife having died within a few days of each other, it was decided to bury them both in one grave. For this, it was necessary to dig deeper than usual, and in doing so, the grave-digger came upon an obstacle, which proved to be a block of red sandstone, with sculptured figures upon it. This block was found to be the missing top-stone of the Cross.

One point still needs explanation. When Pennant saw the column in 1722, before the lost fragment had been recovered, it measured twenty feet in height. At the present day, although the top has been replaced, the height of the pillar is only seventeen feet six inches, a fact which can only be accounted for by the supposition that the obelisk may have sunk several feet into the ground in the interval.

The spirit which breathes in the 'Lay of the Holy Rood' is, we have seen, strongly imbued with national elements. The doctrine and the piety are strictly Catholic; but the poem is, at the same time, an epitome of what Cuthbert, Hilda, and Cædmon were doing for Northumbria, in taking what was grand and heroic in the old pagan traditions and leading up through them to Christianity. It was the royal Abbess Hilda

who discovered Cædmon's genius, and under her protection, sheltered by the walls of her monastery, he cultivated his sublime gift of song. But another influence may be traced in the ornamentation of the Ruthwell Cross, an influence which carries us back to the Christian tombs in the Catacombs at Rome where its prototypes are to be found. At Bewcastle there is less of the national element and more of the Roman, fewer runes and more of this kind of sculpture. A few feet from the parish church, and within the precincts of a large Roman station, guarded by a double vallum, stands the shaft of what was formerly an Anglo-Saxon funeral Cross of most elegant shape and design. This shaft, fourteen feet in height, is quadrangular, and formed of one entire block of grey free-stone, inserted in a larger base of blue stone. The side facing westward has suffered most from the rain and wind. It bears on its face two sculptured figures and the principal runic inscription. The lower figure, that representing our Lord, has been much mutilated by accident or design. He stands as He is seen on the Ruthwell Cross, with His feet on the heads of swine, as trampling down all unclean things. His right hand is uplifted in blessing, in His left hand is a scroll. Above is St. John the Baptist holding the *Agnus Dei*, and near the top are the remains of the word 'Christus.'

The inscription has been translated thus :

' This slender sign-beacon
set was by Hwoetred
Wothgar, Olufwolth,
After Alcfrith
once King
eke son of Oswin
Bid (pray) for the high sin of his soul.'

Beneath these runes is the figure of a man in a long robe, with a hood over his head, and a bird, probably a falcon, on his left wrist. This is supposed to be Alcfrid himself. Immediately below the falcon is an upright piece of wood with a transverse bar at the top, possibly meant for the bird's perch. On the east side there are no runes, but a vine sculptured in low relief within a border. Dr. Haigh calls attention to the

fact that the design on this side, is the same as on the two sides of the Ruthwell Cross.* The north and the south sides are in good preservation, and are covered with a beautiful design in knot-work and alternate lines of foliage, flowers and fruit. On the north side moreover, there is a long panel filled with chequers, which Camden thought to be the arms of the De Vaux family, and when this theory was exploded, Mr. Howard of Corby Castle reversed it, and suggested that the chequers on the arms of the De Vaux were taken from this monument. But the Rev. John Maughan, B.A., rector of Bewcastle, in a note to his tract on this place, cites instances of chequers or diaper-work in Scythian, Egyptian, Gallic and Roman art, and proves from the Book of Kings, that there were 'nets of chequered work' in the Temple of Solomon. He remarks that it is a natural form of ornamentation, often seen in mediæval illuminations.†

Above this panel are the words 'Myrcna Kūng,' and above the next piece of knot-work 'Wulfhere' (King of the Mercians). Then follows another vine, and above all, three crosses, and the holy Name, 'Jesus.' On the south side there is a runic inscription as follows :—

' In the first year
of the King
of ric (realm) this
Ecgfrith.'

The last line of the inscription is so broken that it can only be guessed at.‡

Fine as this obelisk is, we should be at a loss to make out that it was ever a cross, but for a slip of paper which was found in Camden's own copy of his *Britannia* (ed. 1607) now in the Bodleian Library. The slip of paper contained the following note :—

'I received this morning a ston from my lord of Arundel, sent him from my lord William. It was the head of a cross at Bucastle : and the letters legable are there on one line and I have sett to them such as I can gather

* *Archæologia Æliana*, p. 169.

† *Archæological Journal*, Vol. XI.

‡ Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian and Archæological Society. *Bewcastle and its Cross*, by W. Nanson, p. 215.

out of my alphabetts : that like an A I can find in non. But wither this may be only letters or words, I somewhat doubt.*

Neither Camden nor any one else got much further than this for many years ; and the general ignorance of runes is the more to be deplored, since it led to a carelessness and want of interest in the preservation of priceless relics even among antiquaries. The stone which thus came into Camden's possession has utterly disappeared, and the inscription, which he tried in vain to decipher has remained a sealed book.

If three hundred years ago, the same care had been taken to preserve our national treasures, which was bestowed on their destruction, we should have reason indeed to congratulate ourselves on the beauty of our public monuments. Instead of mutilated fragments, we should have works of art which but for the gentle hand of time, would be as perfect as when they left the master's hand.

But there has never been a period, when the intelligent study of the past, whether in palæography, philology or history, has been so highly cultivated as it is in the present day. If we have lost the inspiration which creates, we have at least learned to venerate and cherish the noble works of our ancestors.

J. M. STONE.

ART. VI.—MR. PURCELL AND CARDINAL MANNING.

Life of Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster. By EDMUND SHERIDAN PURCELL, Member of the Roman Academy of Letters. 2 vols. London and New York : 1895.

THERE is a passage in the opening chapter of Mr. Purcell's second volume, which, when thinking over it with a somewhat faded recollection of its exact wording, might, we imagined, with one or two slight alterations, be fitly applied to Mr. Purcell

* Gough's *Camden*, Vol. III. of the *Britannia*.

himself as the biographer of Cardinal Manning. On refreshing our memory, however, we found that we were mistaken and that the use we purposed to make of it could be made only with one or two more or less important explanations. The passage is curious, curious, *i.e.*, when taken with its context, but characteristic we might almost say of Mr. Purcell's method of writing biography; and as the explanations to be made are germane to what we want to be after, we will explain and use it.

It is this: 'To Dr. Manning an opportunity came of doing a great work, and incidentally of making himself known at Rome. Manning was equal to the occasion.' Here the context is not of much matter; we shall in all likelihood have an opportunity of referring to it hereafter. That the passage suits Mr. Purcell to some extent there can be no doubt. When, to use a Scottish phrase, he 'forgathered' with Dr. Manning and had the materials for the biography of the Cardinal put into his hands, an opportunity certainly came to Mr. Purcell of doing a great work and of making himself known in England, and throughout the length and breadth of the English-speaking race. No biographer, not even Boswell, was ever so freely and abundantly supplied with materials for his task. Cardinal Manning unsealed for him his voluminous diaries, cut out what he did not wish to be known or what he did not consider requisite for his biographer to see or for the public to be made acquainted with, added notes explanatory and supplementary, gave him free access to his correspondence, sketched out for him numerous chapters in his projected narrative, and knowing that in all probability use would be made of whatever he said, poured out to him reminiscence after reminiscence as fast as his memory could supply them when the mood was upon him. In addition to this, Mr. Purcell says: 'Mr. Gladstone related to me, as he said, without reserve, every fact, every incident, every opinion of which he had personal knowledge relating early or late in life, to Manning's career and character.' 'I have now told you,' Mr. Gladstone said in his last conversation with me, 'everything I know about Manning; I have held nothing back as I did in our earlier conversation during his lifetime. I have also given my opinion on some acts in his career; and my views of some of the religious and political prin-

ciples which he maintained.' And besides all this, letters and information have poured in upon Mr. Purcell from all quarters, and with perhaps a couple of exceptions, no one to whom he has applied for assistance has refused it. Was ever biographer better furnished with materials for 'doing a great work?' That Mr. Purcell has made himself known need hardly be said. When he awoke and found himself famous he was probably not surprised. In his own laudable way he probably expected to be so. At any-rate he has made himself known where he was not known. So far as our information goes, ever since his book was published he has been the talk of many circles, and the newspapers and magazines have been full of him, though we must frankly own that our personal knowledge of these latter is confined to two or three letters in the *Times* and a single extract, which in an odd moment we chanced to see in the *Tablet*, written by a writer who seemed to claim something of the omniscience which used to be attributed to Manning at Oxford.

So far the use we proposed to make of the passage referred to seems to be justified. Our difficulty is with its remaining sentence: 'Manning was equal to the occasion.' First of all, what precisely is Mr. Purcell's meaning? Is it that which the words naturally and literally convey or is the phrase used after the colloquial fashion, with an element of irony, frivolity, bitterness or approval, which is not in the words themselves but is easily and usually added by the tone or look or mode of expression? Had Mr. Purcell been an ordinary writer, we should have said the first. But Mr. Purcell is not an ordinary writer. He has an awkward knack—awkward at least for his readers—of using common phrases in connections which suddenly pull the reader up and make him wonder whether there is not an innuendo, an insinuation, a something which is not exactly on the surface of the words. The phrase we are referring to is a case in point. For aught we know it may be the most innocent in the world. At the same time it seems to be pregnant with meaning. 'Manning was a man of unbounded ambition: he saw an opportunity of furthering it, and did not hesitate at whatever cost to seize and use it'—this was the way in which it struck the present writer, but, as has been hinted, Mr. Purcell is often a difficult

writer to interpret, and one has considerable hesitation in saying that the impression his words convey is always the one he wishes to convey. But leaving the question as to the meaning of the words when applied to Cardinal Manning, what is their fitness as applied to Mr. Purcell? Has he been equal to the occasion? Judging his work by the lowest, the pecuniary, standard, he has. A third edition within three months of a book of 1550 pages, at 'thirty shillings net,' is, in these days of novel-reading and penny a volume editions of standard authors, something phenomenal. But judging it by other standards, the answer is not so unanimous. Mr. Gladstone has told Mr. Purcell that, apart from its inaccuracies, he has found his book intensely interesting. On the other hand Cardinal Manning's executors have publicly repudiated the *Life*, saying: 'We do not in the least recognise him (*i.e.*, Cardinal Manning,) in the so-called biography,' and that, 'as Mr. Purcell has failed to grasp his high moral and noble character, we intend, from the mass of materials at our disposal, to publish a real and complete history of his life.' Evidently Cardinal Manning's executors at least are of opinion that Mr. Purcell has not been 'equal to the occasion.' So far as we can gather, too, most reviewers and critics are of the same opinion. Some, it would also seem, are of the same opinion for reasons different from those assigned by the executors.

In the controversy which has arisen about the *Life*, the present writer has no interest one way or another. He is neither an Anglican nor a Catholic. To him the Anglican and the Catholic *Life* is equally indifferent. Others may lay stress upon this division; he does not. The work presents itself to him simply as a biography, and like any other biography as the utterance of two principal personalities—the author's and his subject's. On the one hand it is a revelation of Mr. Purcell, and on the other a revelation of Cardinal Manning. Viewed in this light its chief interest is not in its dates, nor even in the movements or events it describes, but psychological. In other words it unveils two minds and presents a number of problems which the reader may call mental, or psychological, or spiritual, or religious, according to his liking.

Regarded in this way the *Life* is not only curious, it is profoundly interesting, perhaps the most profoundly interesting book that has appeared for many a day. Whatever may have been the case with others, the present writer can go with Mr. Gladstone and say that he has found it intensely interesting, notwithstanding its bulk and repetitions, which again are not without their psychological value.

Something has already been said as to the way in which Mr. Purcell utters himself in the volumes, and something more may be said. The difficulty in this respect, however, is to disentangle him from Cardinal Manning, and to treat him separately, for it is in connection with Cardinal Manning that his self-utterances come out most distinctly. One or two typical instances may be taken.

Passing over the opening chapters of the first volume, though even here Mr. Purcell is not long in developing one of his idiosyncracies, that, namely, of giving prominence and distinction to an idea, and then, some pages after, when the reader has calmly made up his mind as to the bearings of the chapter, suddenly striking in with a statement which considerably modifies all that he has said before, and almost entirely changing its aspect and bearing. For instance, in the chapters on Manning at Oxford, when, after bringing forward no end of evidence that during his residence there Manning was but little known, he closes the last of the chapters by telling us that at the Union, which we suppose is Oxford, or at least a part of it, 'Manning appears . . . to have formed acquaintances or friendships with men, many of whose names were like his own, destined to become famous in Church or State or Letters.' But passing over these chapters, let us turn to that on the Colonial Office. Three paragraphs in this deserve attention. They are as follows :—

'Here on the very threshold of action or public life, we come across one of those strange myths which so frequently grow up in the course of time about the early beginnings of the careers of great men. Since Manning became famous in the world, it appears to have been thought necessary by officious or flattering scribes to invent a theory to account for so commonplace a beginning in the career of their hero.

'The theory invented for the occasion was that Mr. Manning entered the Colonial Office in 1831 in preparation for a political career, which had

always had a fascination for him, and for which he fitted himself by a close study of constitutional law and of political history.

‘What a fancy picture! The real story of that brief but in one especial sense eventful, period, wears a different complexion.’

Mr. Purcell then goes on to add that when he mentioned this ‘theory’ to Mr. Gladstone, he at once scouted the idea as absurd, saying, ‘Had Manning entertained any intention of entering upon a political career, he would not have sought such an appointment in the Colonial Office, but have acted as I did; would have come up to London to take an active part in political pursuits; make political friends; and seek an opportunity of finding his way into Parliament.’ What knowledge Mr. Gladstone had of Manning’s aims and circumstances at the time does not appear. But would any one suppose that the ‘myth’ or ‘theory’ or ‘fancy picture’ exists not in the minds of ‘officials or flattering scribes,’ but in Mr. Purcell’s, and that the ‘real story’ ‘wears quite a different complexion’ from what he desires to give it? For what are the facts of the case—not as ‘invented,’ but as detailed by Mr. Purcell and attested by Manning.

At Oxford politics had more charms for Manning than anything. He made his mark at the Union and spoke often. On taking his degree in the Michaelmas term, 1830, he left Oxford and returned to his father’s home. ‘Inspired,’ says Mr. Purcell, ‘by his success as a fluent speaker, he had hoped to enter Parliament and make a name for himself in the House of Commons, as he had done at Oxford.’ He had been intended for the Church, and with this in view his father had sent him to Oxford. ‘But now,’ to use Mr. Purcell’s words again, ‘the Church seemed to him a dull and tame profession. To confine his speech to the pulpit, perhaps of a country village, seemed to the aspiring undergraduate a waste of his gifts and opportunities.’ At last his father acquiesced in his desire, and the idea of his going to the Church was definitely given up. Then came the crash in his father’s financial affairs. Do what Mr. Gladstone did, he could not. He was still full of his political aspirations, and had to cast about for a living. And a post being secured for him in the Colonial Office, like many another young man in similar circumstances, he accepted it with the hope and intention of

working his way up step by step until he could realise his ambition. Years afterwards when referring to this period of his life Cardinal Manning wrote:—

‘The giving up of political life was an enormous wrench to me. I felt it through my whole mind, for I had lived for it, and had been reading political economy, constitutional law, history, and such books as Burke, Bolingbroke, Lord Somers, and the like. When I left the Colonial Office, which was, I believe, on 3rd February 1832, as I walked away I met one of the doorkeepers of the House of Commons, whom I had known, and who had known me for years. This brought back over me the whole flood of political thoughts and aspirations which began in the Union at Oxford.’ (Vol. I., 96).

Such is Cardinal Manning; but Mr. Purcell will not have it so. In a note on page 105, Vol. I., he says:—

‘In his “Reminiscences” written late in life, Cardinal Manning seems to have “caught on” to the idea that in resigning his clerkship in the Colonial Office, he was giving up “political life,” whereas, in reality, he was only giving up the Civil Service. For the Colonial Office is no more a school for politics than the Foreign Office or Somerset House, or the Post Office. His chance of entering political life was lost by his father’s bankruptcy in 1831. “Politics,” as the Cardinal himself said in regard to his own case, “without a penny in one’s pocket, is a bad trade.”’

No doubt it is; but does this prove that the ‘Reminiscences’ are wrong and that at the period they refer to Manning had no political aspirations? No doubt, too, a clerkship in the Colonial Office is not politics; but has no one ever made the Civil Service a stepping stone to political life? In the face of the Cardinal’s statement and in the face of his own narrative, Mr. Purcell’s talk about ‘catching on,’ ‘strange myths,’ and so forth, is simply ridiculous and augurs either a singular inability to interpret facts or a strange desire to overwrite them.

Another instance of the same kind is of a graver nature, inasmuch as it affects Manning’s character. ‘To liken Manning to a pawn on the ecclesiastical chess-board,’ says Mr. Purcell, ‘pushing his way through hostile lines to the goal of his desires was, if a rude, not altogether an inaccurate description of the late Archdeacon of Chichester and of the newly appointed Provost of the Chapter of Westminster (Vol. II., 77). Perhaps it was not. Taken by itself the figure is harmless, and might be

applied to the noblest and most disinterested characters. But taken in connection with other passages which are scattered pretty freely through the volumes, more especially the first, it is not so harmless as it seems. As drawn by Mr. Purcell, Manning during his Anglican life at least, if not later, was greatly influenced by ambition and by the desire to secure his own personal ends and elevation. Of this, in fact, Mr. Purcell appears to have no doubt. After the rupture with Newman, 'the prospects of a great ecclesiastical and public career,' he tells us, 'were opened up to the Archdeacon of Chichester. The ambitions of his undergraduate days were revived. It was not now a seat in the House of Commons which he aspired to, but a seat as a spiritual peer in the House of Lords' (Vol. I., 261). 'Again,' speaking of the same period in Manning's life, Mr. Purcell says, 'the Archdeacon of Chichester "dreamed dreams," and saw visions of future greatness unfold before his eyes. For the first time the thought of ecclesiastical preferment entered into his mind, at least as an object within his reach. The restless desire for distinction which had slumbered in the obscurity of his happy home at Lavington awoke again in his breast. Manning, however, never was an idle dreamer of dreams, but an active worker ever on the alert to convert dreams into realities' (Vol. I., 197). He had a habit, too, we are told, a habit, 'in part natural, in part acquired, of never committing himself, if he could help it, to an unpopular movement, or of taking his stand on the side of a falling cause' (*Ibid.*, p. 204). When the *Tracts for the Times* were assailed from pulpit and platform, 'the prudent and judicious Archdeacon of Chichester' Mr. Purcell says, 'though disbelieving in popular Protestantism, did not stand in the face of such a storm by the side of the writers of the Tracts, but took his stand on the side of the bishops. In adopting this policy Archdeacon Manning acted, not only in accordance with the natural bent of his temperament, but on the conviction that his being ticketted as a "Puseyite" would limit his influence and lame his right hand in defence of the Moderate High Church party, to which he was again inclined. His favourite attitude of benevolent neutrality would have availed him nothing, for in that jealous day his silence would have exposed him to the suspicion of being a "Romaniser" in

disguise' (*Ibid.*, 209-10). And once more, 'There was no peace for Manning as an Anglican. Events were against him. His aspirations by no fault of his own were doomed to disappointment. The angry temper of the times destroyed all hope or chance of his being permitted in a "higher sphere of usefulness" to carry out his far-reaching and benevolent design of reconciling the conflicting parties in the Church. The indiscriminating eye of ultra-Protestantism refused, in spite of all his efforts, to draw a distinguishing line between himself and the Puseyites. The unlucky Archdeacon of Chichester, do what he would, could not escape from the undeserved penalty of such an association. He suffered for the sins of others. His way seemed blocked, or his foot was entangled, or his heart was at fault in that day of "declension." Or it may be that God crossed his hands as He did Jacob's' (*Ibid.*, 215). In short, whatever may have been the intention of Mr. Purcell, it is impossible for any one to read his first volume without receiving the impression that all through his Anglican life at least, Manning was actuated by motives of ambition, and wrote and spoke and acted chiefly to his own personal advancement. Even when commenting upon one of Manning's disclaimers of any such motives, instead of accepting Manning's account or explanation that he was not 'ambitious and designing and desirous of elevation,' an explanation or account which Manning wrote when he was Cardinal, Mr. Purcell still holds that he was (*Ibid.*, 284).

The curious thing is, too, that, as already hinted, most, if not all, of this ambition and designing, and desire for elevation, happens during Manning's Anglican life. At anyrate, it is in the volume dealing with that part of his life that attention is most persistently called to it. During his Catholic life, or rather in the volume in which it is narrated, with the exception of a single passage—the passage we cited at the outset, and which, as was said, is not exactly clear as to its meaning—nothing is said about it. Indeed, according to Mr. Purcell it would almost appear as if from the moment he became a Catholic, ambition and all other things of that sort dropped entirely out of Manning's nature. When he recites the President of Ushaw's words about Manning—'I hate that man;

he is such a forward piece'—all Mr. Purcell has to say is the few words we cited above about likening Manning to a pawn on an ecclesiastical chess board; nothing about ambition or designing ways is mentioned. Everything would now appear to be done out of zeal and the desire to be forward in every good work; for Mr. Purcell immediately adds: 'It was not in Manning's nature to sit all the day idle; his busy hands were ever at work. On becoming a Catholic a man can no more change his nature than a leopard can its spots. His motives under the grace of God may be purified, his intellectual vision be enlarged by a larger faith; but his mode and methods of action, in the main, remain what they were' (Vol. II., 77-8). We are not saying that Mr. Purcell is wrong; nor have we the remotest desire to hint that he is; but his treatment of Manning and his ways in his second volume seems to bring us face to face with a curious psychological problem. The voice which in the first volume was so ready to lisp out words about motives and to talk about 'ambitious and secular desires' in connection with Manning is here almost absolutely silent. There is much about zeal and fidelity and so forth, but then we remember that when speaking of Manning and his ambitions and the life and death struggle between the natural and the supernatural, Mr. Purcell says in his earlier volume, 'such wrestlings with nature do not end in a day, but endure for a lifetime,' and we are curious to know whether, according to Mr. Purcell, any remnant of the 'old man' continued with Manning during his Catholic days. Suppose for a moment that the Dr. Errington episode, or something like it, had happened in Manning's Anglican days, we should like to know in what light it would have been viewed by Mr. Purcell, and to what sort of motives he could have attributed his acting in it. Or again, what would the same voice have said respecting the innocent little compact between Manning and Mgr. Talbot, Pius IX's. private chamberlain, which was summed up by both of them in the words, 'You help me and I'll help you,' which both kept so faithfully, and with such gratifying results. Manning's conduct towards Newman immediately after he became a Catholic, and of course while Manning was still an Anglican, is condemned. On what took place between them when Manning

was Archbishop, Mr. Purcell is silent, or at least he has no comments to make. Upon the announcement in the *Times* that Newman had declined the Pope's offer to make him a Cardinal rather an ugly construction may be put. The same may be said of Manning's misinterpretation of Newman's letter to Cardinal Nina, in reply to the Pope's offer. So, possibly, thought Cardinal Nina, when, after listening to Manning's explanations, he 'drily remarked, that the author was usually a better interpreter than another of his own words.' Mr. Purcell gives all the details of the incidents, but simply attributes the latter to an error of judgment on the part of Cardinal Manning. Whether he is right or wrong we do not say, but what strikes us, more especially when we remember Mr. Purcell's claim to 'unfettered discretion' in writing the biography, is the difference between his readiness to comment in the one volume and his extreme reticence in the other.

That Manning was ambitious, and that always, is to the present writer clear; so is it that he was always desirous of obtaining 'a larger sphere of usefulness;' but what man of sense or talents or conscience is not? But the important question is, was Manning governed during either period of his life by secular and interested or selfish motives? To the present writer it is equally clear that in the main he was not. Mr. Purcell while making far too much of the Diary of 1844-1846 and in a measure misinterpreting it, admits as much. Referring to the almost pathetic confessions in this Diary he says:—'They show a very scrupulous conscience and a God-fearing spirit. The self-examination is in some instances so prolonged and minute as to be almost morbid' (Vol. I., 277). And again, 'They must be taken as the shrinkings of a sensitive conscience wounded by the temptations to a worldly career which for a while beset his heart or imagination' (*Ibid.*, 262); and once more, 'He had fought the good fight; he had won the crown' (*Ibid.*, 280).

The incident which gave rise to the Diary referred to and the spiritual wrestlings it describes and of which Mr. Purcell makes so liberal and to us in the main a misleading use, was this. The office of Sub-almoner to the Queen had become vacant through the resignation of S. Wilberforce on his appointment to the see

of Oxford. It was offered to Manning. He was pressed by his friends to accept it. Most men in Manning's situation would have accepted the post with alacrity if not with joy. The most single-minded and least worldly-minded might have regarded it, if not as opening up a 'larger sphere of usefulness,' at least as likely to lead to one, and have had no scruples whatever in accepting it. To Manning it presented itself in a different way. He saw in it a temptation to worldliness. He was already in the whirl of London life, and the offer of the post made him pause. That he was tempted to accept the office is obvious; so is it that there was a worldly strand in his nature—as in whose nature is there not? But that he was not controlled by it, that he set it aside and allowed himself to be guided by motives neither 'ambitious' nor 'secular,' but unworldly and of the noblest kind is evident from the fact that he declined the office out 'of fear of secularity,' and because he 'chose to be stayed on God' rather 'than to be on the thrones of the world or of the Church.' Mr. Purcell nowhere admits this more fully than in a paragraph on page 282 of his first volume. There he says:—

'The self-revelations contained in his Diary bear witness in the most striking manner to the supernatural side of Manning's character. His vivid faith, his trust in God, obedience to the Divine Will, are made manifest in the struggles which he endured, the temptations which he suffered, and the victory he obtained over self. Much as he may have loved "the thrones of the world and the Church," it is clear that his deliberate will and desire was stayed on God.'

Such is Mr. Purcell's view on page 282, yet strange to say on the very next page he returns to the subject and with a persistency, we had almost said perversity, which is almost unintelligible, tries again to fasten upon Manning the charge of worldly ambition. The note is valuable as giving Manning's version of the matter, and we shall therefore on this account, as well as on others, transcribe it:—

'Manning as Cardinal in 1882, put on record in the autobiographical notes an account or explanation of his aims and motives, which, far from acknowledging that he was as Archdeacon "ambitious and designing and desirous of elevation," points the other way:—"This appointment was, I believe, the first revival of any thought of an ecclesiastical future, which

was talked of, and written about, and bragged about me perpetually ; and my known intimacy with all the younger men of my own standing, then entered into public life, made people prophesy and take for granted that I was thinking what they thought, and aiming at what they looked for. So far as I knew and can recall, I never put myself in the way of it. . . . I used to be sent for to public meetings and to preach in London. But as far as I can recall, I never did an act to seek for ecclesiastical advancement." In another note the Cardinal said :—"In 1840 I became Archdeacon of Chichester. This at once brought me into the world in Sussex and in London. I preached often in London, and took part in the chief public meetings. . . . I then went to levées and drawing-rooms, and dined out, and went to the House of Commons." . . . Again :—"I stood upon the threshold of the world, into which Samuel Wilberforce was plunged to his last hour, and every one about me bade me go onward. What kept me back ? God alone. The conviction that I should lose singleness of eye in the atmosphere of the world—this kept me back. But was not this a light of the Holy Ghost ? that is, God Himself ? . . . And yet there was a time from 1840 to 1849, when I might have been plunged into it."

On this Mr. Purcell remarks :—

'The difference between the earlier and later statements seems to be this : that Archdeacon Manning in his humility and remorse confesses to having been led astray for a time from 1841 to 1846, by ambitious and secular desires ; whereas Cardinal Manning explains that he might have been plunged into secularity, but was not, because the Holy Ghost enabled him to resist the temptation.'

With all deference we submit that there is no difference between the confession of Archdeacon Manning and the biographical note of Cardinal Manning. Mr. Purcell seems to assume throughout that to be tempted is to fall, and from beginning to end his chapter on 'Public Life and Temptations to Secularity' is an illustration of his inability to interpret the documents before him and to understand the subject of his biography. We admit at once that the words 'I have been both ambitious and designing' are Manning's own ; but as every one acquainted with human nature and accustomed to this sort of writing knows, words such as these when written under the circumstances they were, are not to be taken at their surface value. St. Paul said he was the chief of sinners, and St. Augustine and others have said much in the same way ; but who on reading the words of the Apostle does not remember the other and greater and grander

elements in his soul and see in his confession not a description of his entire character, but the agony of a pure and noble heart at the thought that he is not what he ought and desires and is striving to be. We are not going to compare Archdeacon Manning with the Apostle, but as a last word on this point will transcribe what Manning himself said on it in his *Journal* under date 17th February 1889 :—

‘I have been accused,’ he says, ‘both by friends and enemies, of ambition. Every man who rises is supposed to have desired and sought it. Have I done? I think I had very strong ambitions for public life from 1829 to 1832. But when I was in the Colonial Office, and might have gone onwards, I gave it up for conscience sake and took Anglican orders. I know that at that time I not only had no ecclesiastical ambition, but a positive repugnance to bishops, their aprons, and titles of Father in God. When I was made Archdeacon of Chichester at thirty-one, I began to be conscious of influence; a desire and dream of rising came upon me. I was in the full stream, and constantly named for this and that. But when I had the offer of office of sub-almoner to the Queen, which led directly to a bishopric, I refused it. This was not ecclesiastical ambition. Finally, when I had everything before me, I deliberately rendered everything impossible by the open line of writing, speaking, and acting, in the Catholic sense of faith and discipline. This ended in 1851 by my submitting to the Catholic Church. Three times, therefore, I acted in direct contradiction to ambition. Some have said that when I saw it was impossible for me to be an Anglican bishop, I aimed at a Catholic bishopric. If so, it was a vaulting ambition, and deserved success. “Sometimes even Satan is to be honoured for his burning throne.” Why not believe in a Divine government of the lives of men?’ (Vol. II., 687-88).

One of his chapters Mr. Purcell has headed ‘The Double Voice.’ This, we venture to think, is a misfortune, as calculated to convey the impression that during the period the chapter covers, Manning was in the habit of saying one thing and thinking or believing another, or that during the period referred to he was chargeable, and justly so, with duplicity. And to convey this impression, in fact, appears to be the intention of the chapter, for on referring back, we find Mr. Purcell saying :—

‘Nearly two months after his 5th of November sermon, and after being refused admittance to Littlemore [in consequence of it], trusting, and not in vain, to Newman’s magnanimity, Manning again made approaches to the recluse of Littlemore in a letter full of protestations of personal friend-

ship and of kindly sympathy, with a special allusion to the offence he feared he had committed. Such an approach or apology was a characteristic act on the part of Manning, and in harmony with the principle on which he acted, as I have shown in a later chapter ("The Double Voice") (Vol. I., 253).

The 5th of November sermon is the famous 'No Popery' sermon which Manning delivered at Oxford in 1843, and in which he joined the popular outcry against Newman and the writers of the Tracts—a sermon which gave great offence at Oxford, and caused many of Manning's personal friends to refuse to speak to him. Newman was not mentioned by name, but the intention of the sermon was obvious, and hence Newman's refusal to admit Manning on his visit to Littlemore a couple of months after its delivery. Whether Manning was right or wrong is a question on which we have not at present to decide. What we are concerned about is, was Manning at this period of his life chargeable with duplicity, was he acting a double part, trimming, saying one thing and all the while holding to or thoroughly convinced of the opposite or contrary? We do not think he was.

At the time he was passing through a crisis. As he says himself he was not a student. He had no great head for theology. He had never bottomed his convictions. He was an Anglican because he was born an Anglican. He entered the Anglican Church because it was the Church of his fathers. At Merton he read 'acres of Anglican writers,' but though unable to accept Calvinism even in its most mitigated form, he had no doubt that the English Church was *the* Church and that its doctrines were a true representation of real Christianity. According to contemporary evidence, when he left Oxford finally, his religious opinions were in a state of flux and confusion. The late Bishop of St. Andrews says that they were quite unformed till he was settled at Lavington. In one sense this is in all probability true. When he settled at Lavington he was only twenty-six, and it was scarcely to be expected that his religious opinions could be aught else than unformed. All the same, he believed that God had given him a direct call to the ministry in the Church of England; in taking orders in it he accepted its doctrines, and, as with most young men in their

twenties, read and studied not for the purpose of finding flaws in them, but for the confirmation of his faith. At any rate there is nothing to show that during his first years in Lavington his faith in the Church of England and its doctrines was not of the most unimpeachable and unhesitating kind. And besides that, both as Rector of Lavington and as Archdeacon of Chichester, he was thoroughly committed to them. Mr. Purcell seems to take a sort of unenviable pleasure in pointing out what he is pleased to call Manning's inconsistencies; but if he had taken the trouble to look somewhat deeper into the evidence he has had before him, he would have seen that the very strongest strand in Manning's nature, whether 'natural' or 'supernatural' was the exact opposite, and that there was nothing he disliked more than to be inconsistent with himself. That he began to hear the two voices of doubt and conviction soon after he settled in Lavington, and onward up almost to the very moment he entered the Roman Church, Mr. Purcell has furnished abundant evidence, but the suggestion that during the whole of this period, or that during any part of it, Manning was speaking with a double voice, now using one and now another as circumstances or his own position or advancement required, is, we venture to submit, unwarranted and unsupported by anything in the shape of evidence Mr. Purcell has adduced. What were the facts of the case?

The time was one of great searchings of heart. Newman had written. The famous *Tracts for the Times* had shaken the Church of England almost to its foundations. Religious excitement was intense. The theological and ecclesiastical thought of the time was sweeping away into regions which for generations had been undreamt of. There was scarcely a clergyman in the Anglican Church who had not been caught up in the swirl and compelled to turn his attention to the problems which Newman and the writers of the Tracts had plainly and trenchantly put before them. The consequence was the Tracts were discussed everywhere. At last the agitation invaded Lavington. Here Manning was reposing in the Anglican Church and her doctrines with a faith he had imbibed from his birth, perfectly unquestioning and implicit. Up to 1835 he had devoted

himself entirely to his pastoral work and was seldom heard beyond his own parish except to plead the cause of the Bible Society, or in defence of Evangelicalism. Of dogmatic religion, which it was the work and aim of the *Tracts for the Times* to inculcate, he knew little. The Tractarian movement called his attention to it and, as might be expected from a man of his restless energy and intensity of faith, he was not long in entering the arena of controversy on the side of the Church in which he had been born and bred. His first work was the *Rule of Faith*, a sermon which he preached in the Cathedral of Chichester, in June, 1838, at the primary visitation of Bishop Otter, and afterwards expanded to about thrice its original length and published. Next came a tract with the title, *The Principle of the Ecclesiastical Commission examined in a Letter to the Bishop of Chichester*; then his Charge delivered at his ordinary visitation as Archdeacon of Chichester in 1841, afterwards his 5th of November sermon in 1843. In these, and his other public utterances between 1838 and 1845, whatever else he taught, he declared strongly for the Church of England and the Reformation, and against the Romanizing tendency of the Tracts. The line he took was to all appearance perfectly independent, and, as is usually the case with men who adopt such a policy in a period of controversy, he pleased no party. Still, up to this period there seems to be no reason for supposing that his faith in the English Church and her doctrines had in any way been shaken. He had broken with the evangelicalism of his earlier days, it is true, and become a sort of moderate High Churchman, but that proves nothing against the staunchness of his Anglicanism.

After 1845 there came a change. Though he says he began as a Pietist, it is nearer the truth to say he began as a dogmatist. Pietism always rests on dogma, vague and undefined and unreasoned it is true, but always on that account the more uncertain and unstable as a basis for religion. And just as his early studies in dogmatic religion—the studies which preceded the *Rule of Faith*—had compelled him to break with the Evangelicalism he had received in a measure at the hands of

Miss Bevan, his 'spiritual mother,' so now his more extended study of Theology began to inspire him with doubts as to many of the dogmatic positions he had hitherto so stoutly maintained. Manning's was one of those minds which cannot bear to rest in uncertainty. It was essentially dogmatic. Some men can live in hope and uncertainty, Manning could not. What he craved was certainty. Doubt was a torture to him. At the same time he was extremely slow to change his opinions. Inconsistency with himself he hated, and clung to his inherited beliefs with an almost indomitable tenacity. And here was the position in which he was placed in the period between 1846 and 1851. On the one hand he was racked with doubt and perplexity. On the other he held and was striving to hold strongly by the beliefs in which he had been reared and which had become part and parcel of his spiritual existence. He was in a strait betwixt two. He knew his traditional beliefs, but over against them were the principles implied in his doubts which seemed to be true. Behind them, too, loomed the shadow of Rome, and he hated it. One has only to read the 'Sealed Book' to see how intense the battle was—on the one hand a fierce clinging to the past, and on the other an equally fierce contention with doubts and growing beliefs he could not lay. Such being the case, it seems to us that it is not correct to say as Mr. Purcell does, that Manning was 'speaking concurrently for years with a double voice' (Vol. I, 463). It is true that he goes on to add that one voice was Manning speaking in public, and the other Manning pouring out his doubts and fears and perplexities to his friends under what may be called the seal of confession; but the phrase 'a double voice' is susceptible of an ugly meaning, and is, to say the least, awkward. Manning may have been too free with his confessions; perhaps he was; but to us there is nothing 'startling' in them; nor would there have been to Mr. Purcell had he had a larger acquaintance with men and human ways. During all the crisis of 1846-51 Manning seems to us to have done in public what most sensible men would have done. He spoke according to what he had all along believed, and according to what he was trying to believe. No other course was open to

him. He was not prepared to renounce what he had hitherto believed; just as little was he prepared for the creed which was growing up amid his doubts. Much of what he said and did at the time wears the appearance to us of having been done for the express purpose of confirming his faith and to drive away the spectre by which he was perpetually haunted. That he made mistakes at the time, and often appeared inconsistent, need not be wondered at. If the truth were known, many things he then did would probably prove to be exceedingly pathetic. At anyrate, when the crisis was over, when at last his mind was made up, when he found that he could no longer hold with the past, and that to be true to what he saw to be right he must break with it, he broke with it. The wrench was great. To some it may seem that it ought to have been made before. To us it does not seem that it ought. For Manning there was no resting-place between the Anglican and the Roman Church; and he could not leave the one before he was prepared to enter the other.

His transition to Rome, Manning used to say, was not a change but an expansion. To our own mind it was a development. He began, as we have said, as a dogmatist, and he ended as a dogmatist. He was the same in the Roman Church as in the Anglican and the same in the Anglican as in the Roman only with different aims. There was a large measure of the feminine in his nature; one has only to look at his portraits to see that. Along with a woman's gentleness, tenderness and sympathy, he had all a woman's intensity. He was no reasoner as his long protracted spiritual crisis proves, and as his friends at the Metaphysical knew. The two elements which predominated in his nature and bore down or inspired all the rest were, as in a woman, love and faith, only with him faith in the order of time came first. Mr. Purcell is scarcely correct when he says that the secret of his success in life was the infinite pains he took with what he had in hand and his way of following it up with indomitable patience and perseverance (Vol. I., 160). No doubt he did all this and was besides a man of inexhaustible energy; but the secret of his success is not to be found in these things. There was a secret

behind them and that was the intensity of his nature. He could be nothing by halves. Whatever he espoused he espoused with the whole concentrated fire and energy of his mind. While in the Anglican Church he loved it, and his one aim was to make it prevail. Hence his long and agonising hesitation and the fierce wrestlings of his spirit; and hence, finally, his outbursts of indignation when after five hours reasoning with the Rev. M. A. Tierney at Arundel on the validity of Anglican Orders he was forced to the confession, 'with eyes aflame,' that all his life 'he had only been a simple layman.' He was the same in the Roman Church. There his one cry, his one aim was the supremacy of the Pope. Upon this he concentrated all the resources of his mind. In this, in fact, we have the key to the whole of his life as a Catholic, and the explanation of whatever he took in hand or did; as, *e.g.*, his scarcely veiled impatience with Cardinal Wiseman, his persistency against Dr. Errington, his opposition to the Old English Catholics, his compact with Mgr. Talbot, his support of the Temporal power of the Pope, his activity at the Vatican Council, his suspicions of Newman, his conflict with the Society of Jesus. He had great sympathy with the poor and neglected; he laboured hard in many directions, and was foremost in innumerable good works; but an Ultramontane of the most exclusive type, he was in everything dominated by this one idea.

Of Mr. Purcell's book it is in some respects difficult to speak. After a careful consideration of it, we are not surprised that Cardinal Manning's executors repudiate it. In other quarters, too, we imagine, it will not meet with a kindly welcome. For his own part, the present writer has not concealed his opinion that in several, and these important, respects, judged merely from a literary point of view, the presentation which the volumes contain of Cardinal Manning is not in accordance with the evidence adduced, and that in various instances their author has failed to realize its real significance. Still there can be no two opinions as to the value of the volumes for the religious history of England during the last fifty or sixty years. They have attracted a very great amount

of public attention, and deservedly so. So remarkable a disclosure of what has been going on in the Catholic world both here and in Rome has seldom been made.

ART. VII.—THE GLEDSTANES OF OLDEN TIME.

THE following article professes to be a more complete outline of the history of the family of the Gledstones than has yet been attempted by any one writer. Naturally it is very much curtailed, and the fortunes of the principal branch alone are given in any detail.

Half-way between Lanark and Peebles lies the prosperous little town of Biggar, situated on an undulating plain, girt by hills of rounded form, the lower heights being cultivated, and the upper ones covered with heather or scrub. North of the town the country is bleak, with trees sparsely scattered in the hollows, and the fields of to-day would willingly revert to the moorland of ancient times, when the kite could carry off its prey in safety to the rocky slopes of Bell Craig or Coklaw Hill. This bleak and secluded upland was the cradle of the race of the Gladstones, and here, four miles from Biggar, they built the tower known as 'Gledstones' or the 'kite's rock.' The original castle has long since disappeared, but for over six hundred years there has been a dwelling-place on this spot, and, though at present it is but a modern farm-house, it bears the same name, and is surrounded by traces of older and more important buildings.

The name of the tower became the patronymic of its owners, and its purely Saxon character would lead to the inference that the family was of Saxon origin. At first the name is met with as *de Gledestan* (1296-1356) and *de Gledstan*, but from the local peculiarity of adding an 's' to the end of words, it was soon changed to *Gledstanys* or *Gledstones*, along with other forms, a few of which will appear in the subsequent pages. It is only since 1835, when John Gladstone of Fasque, after-

wards Sir John, obtained royal licence to drop the final letter in his 'paternal name of Gladstones' that it has become stereotyped in its present best known shape.

For the earliest scene in the history of the family, we must carry our minds back six hundred years, to a time when peace and prosperity reigned in the district south of the Forth and Clyde, and the War of Independence had only just begun. It may be remembered that, when Edward I. had forced his victorious arms into Scotland after the death of the Maid of Norway, he exacted homage from all the important landholders of the realm. Among the names added to the Deed of Homage or 'Ragman's Roll' at Berwick on August 28, 1296, is that of 'Herbert de Gledestan del counte de Lanark.' The only other trace of this man is a seal of about the same date as the signature, which is also preserved in the Record Office, London, but most probably he and his sons descended from the peel tower on Bell Craig, to take part in the struggles for freedom under Wallace and Robert Bruce. It may be that the friendship which undoubtedly existed between this family and the Bruces caused one of the de Gledstans to join that ill-fated company who, in 1330, started with Lord James Douglas for the Holy Land in order to bury the heart of their royal master in sacred soil. This is conjecture, but we know that shortly after this date the Gledstanes were staunch retainers of the Earls of Douglas, and a tradition exists that their shield bore originally an orle of martlets, the bleeding head of a savage or Saracen being added to commemorate a feat of arms in the Crusades. It is, therefore, by no means impossible that their armorial bearings were adopted in memory of this expedition, just as the Douglasses henceforward bore a bleeding heart, and the Lockharts gained the heart and padlock on their shield.

Probably some Gledstanes fought under the banner of Douglas in the disastrous battle of Neville's Cross, for in 1346 William and Paterick de Gledstaines were obliged to renew their homage, and are mentioned among those who delivered up to Edward III. the Castle of Roxburgh and other Border fortresses.

The glimpses we get of this William de Gledestanes, who

must have been a son or grandson of Herbert, are typical of the eventful history of the times. He is described in 1346 as of Mintowe, in Teviotdale, and he seems to have made his principal residence on the Borders rather than at the ancestral home in Lanarkshire. Both properties were held from the first Earl of Douglas, and, ten years after he had sworn loyalty to Edward III., William de Gledestanes accompanied his over-lord to France in order to fight against the English. There he bore himself so bravely that the Earl belted him a knight-banneret on the battle-field of Poitiers, September 19, 1356. But any triumph that he may have felt was to be of short duration. He was taken prisoner, and most probably was in that sad procession of French captives who formed part of the triumphal entry of the Black Prince into London on May 24, 1357. A fortnight later he was committed to the Tower. A letter from Edward III. still exists, dated Westminster, June 5th, 1357, in which the king commands the Warden of the Tower to receive from John de Clifford 'William de Gledestan, chivaler, a Scottish prisoner, and to keep him there.' The 'winged lion' (the device on his seal, and possibly the precursor of the griffin rampant of the Gladstone crest) must once more have met his captive king within the dreary walls of the White Tower, for David II. was not released from captivity until November, 1357. In the following October Sir William obtained his freedom, after promising 'never to bear arms against the King of England or his heirs, except in presence of the King of Scotland, his sovereign liege, or in self-defence.' And he did not break his knightly word.

The last years of his life were spent in serving the Earl of Douglas as bailie for the barony of Cavers, close to Hawick, and in suppressing the smuggling of wool over the frontier at a time when the tripled duty on its export was being devoted to the payment of the king's ransom. During 1360 and 1361, Sir William received no less than £26 13s. 4d. from the Chamberlain of Scotland, 'pro custodia lane super Marchias.'*

Our story is now almost entirely confined to the northern side of the Borders. William, the son of the knight, although

* *The Douglas Book*, by Sir William Fraser, and the *Exchequer Rolls*.

designated 'miles,' led a less eventful life than his father, but the friendship with the Bruces remained, and, in 1365, David II. granted him lands in the county of Peebles. He married Margaret Trumbil or Turnbull, who seems to have belonged to the Turnbills of Bedrule in Teviotdale. Margaret was heiress to large possessions in Peebles, Selkirk and Roxburghshires, which she divided amongst her sons between 1390 and 1412.* James, the eldest son, inherited from his father Gledstones in Lanarkshire, and the Teviotdale home in the parish of Cavers near Hawick, known as Coklaw Castle, and from his mother, Hundleshope near to the town of Peebles. These three estates remained with the chief branch of the family, which was henceforward known as Gledstones of that Ilk and Coklaw, although Gledstones in Lanarkshire was soon to pass out of their hands.

As Scotland had long been devastated by war and was far poorer in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries than in the thirteenth, the buildings belonging to this period are of the simplest kind, and Coklaw Castle consisted, no doubt, of nothing but a square Norman keep surrounded by a wall enclosing a courtyard. Shortly after its erection it was attacked by the Earl of Northumberland and his son 'Harry Hotspur.' This investment by the Percies occurred in 1403, and was simply a ruse by means of which they proceeded ostensibly to take possession of the lands of the Earl of Douglas in Teviotdale, which had been calmly bestowed on them by Henry IV., whilst in reality they were secretly conspiring with Douglas against the English king. Of course the sight of Northumbrian soldiers carried dismay into the hearts of the dwellers in Coklaw, but John Greenlaw, the squire of the absent laird, bravely refused to yield and the tower remained in a state of siege. Meanwhile James Gledystanes obtained help from the Scottish king, but, before he could reach his house with the force provided for its defence, the Northumbrian army had disappeared and Coklaw Castle stood intact 'in its native loneliness.'†

* See the pedigree of the Gledstones in the *Genealogist* for January, 1893.

† *The Gledstones and the Siege of Coklaw*, by Mrs. Oliver of Thornwood.

All this time the Gledstanes had been faithful adherents of the house of Douglas. In 1413 we find James Gladstanes acting as bailie for the then Earl of Douglas, just as his grandfather the 'chivaler,' had done more than fifty years before, but until 1482 we can trace little more of Coklaw Castle and its owners. It was a period of special difficulty. The pride and arrogance of the Douglasses had at last brought about their ruin, and, after the murder of the heads of the house in 1455, James II. divided their vast possessions, part being retained by the Crown, and part being given to loyal subjects. Gledstanes, with other properties in Lanarkshire and Peebles, was granted to the fourth Earl of Angus, but only came into possession of his son. We do not know who may have been lairds of Coklaw at this time, but there is a Gorgon de Gledstansys of Hundwellishop (Hundleshope) who died in 1456, when his property passed into the king's ward, and a John de Gledstansys, who in 1463 witnessed the retour of the fifth Earl of Angus, better known as 'Bell the Cat.' This is probably the father of Johannes Gladstons of that Ilk and Coklaw, who from 1482 acted as bailie to the Earl of Angus, although the record of his doings in Peebles proves that he must have made a bad magistrate.

Hundleshope, the Hope of the Hound's Well, lay about a mile from Peebles, and had come to the Gledstanes, as has already been stated, through Margaret Turnbull. It was a somewhat bare possession, but was bordered to the north by the hills of Cademuir, a ridge of pasture lands belonging to the burgh to which the burgesses of the town had common rights. In 1482 John Gladstanes and Thomas Lewis of Manor claimed part of these common lands, and even let them out to their tenants. The matter was brought before the local court, and in 1505 and 1506 Gladstanes was prosecuted before the Lords of Council and prohibited from further interference with the common. Twelve years later, on a Sunday in June, he sent his household men and servants and 'cruelly dang and hurt thair (the borough's) hirdis and servants that were kepan and thair corne and gudis within thair said propir lands, and left twa of them liand on the field for deid, and houndit thair cattale furth of thair aeone grund.'*

* Article by Professor J. Veitch, in *Fraser's Magazine*, June, 1880.

The same John Gledstanes was a retainer of the Scots of Branzholme, who had received a portion of the Douglas lands in Roxburghshire, and the Gledstanes became very closely connected with these Scotts, who afterwards were created Earls of Buccleuch. A quaint marriage contract exists, dated February 9th, 1519, in which John, the grandson of the laird of Coklaw, is betrothed by his father, James, to a daughter of the second Sir Waltyr Scot of Branzhelm. 'The said Johanne Gledstanis, zoungar,' shall marry either Jonet or Christiane Scot, and 'failzeand of thaim tua be ony mauer caus, ony vthir gentylwoman quhom it sall plis the said Waltyr Scot, knicht, to mary the said Johanne Gledstanis, zoungar, apon.' Waltyr Scot promises to pay 300 merks on the completion of the marriage, and James Gledstanis agrees to give his son the £10 worth of land of 'Hundilhillishop,' and £20 worth of land in Roxburghshire. The marriage is to be at the command and pleasure of Waltyr Scot, and it is arranged that, if Johanne Gledstanis dies and Coklaw comes to the 'airis famail,' the eldest daughter shall marry John Scot of Branzhelm and Sir Waltyr shall see to the marriages of the other daughters, provided he weds them to gentlemen.* The persons here spoken of were mere children, but such contracts were not uncommon, and strangely enough these forced marriages did not always turn out badly.

Until the Gledstanes threw in their lot with these Scotts of Buccleuch they were a fairly law-abiding race, but from this time forward they shared in the turbulent behaviour of the Border lairds. The depredations at Hundleshope were repeated again and again, resulting in the maiming and killing of cattle and the deaths of at least two men. In 1561 the Johne Gledstanis of the marriage contract had to appear before the Lords of Council to answer for the murders committed by his son and his kinsmen. With his sureties, the Gledstanes of Colefurd and Wyndington Hall (both in Roxburghshire) and their ally John Scott, he offered £200 as compensation for the two lives. This offer was deemed insufficient, and there the matter rested! As Professor Veitch remarks, 'the impotency of the law and the

* *The Scotts of Buccleuch*, by Sir William Fraser.

power of the individual in these terrible times could not receive a stronger illustration.'

By the middle of the sixteenth century we have to deal with a large and complicated clan, which was established in the counties of Lanark, Roxburgh, and Dumfries, and in the town of Dundee. In 1455, Herbert and Homer (Aymer) de Glendstanys became deputy sheriffs of Dumfriesshire under Lord Maxwell, the Warden of the Western Marches. Their descendants lived in Annandale, holding the properties of Craigis and Overkelwod. Some members of this branch had honourable positions in the city of Dumfries, and others were landowners in the neighbouring counties of Kirkcudbright and Lanark. The Dumfriesshire families were in close league with their cousins in Roxburghshire, and their annals contain many reckless and turbulent incidents quite in keeping with the refractory character of the western Borders. In Selkirk too there was a wild group, 'servitors' of Robert Scot, the goodman of Hanyng, whilst a family of Gledstones of a much more peaceable character had penetrated into East Yorkshire, and before 1584 were living at Marton in Craven, where Gledstone House still commemorates the former owners of the property.

Meanwhile the old house in Lanarkshire had passed into other hands. It is probable that this took place before 1488 and, therefore, shortly after the forfeiture of the Douglas estates.* Two small portions of the lands of Gledstones were, however, still held by members of the family. One of these was the farmsteading of Arthurshiel which, in 1551, was inhabited by a 'cadet of Gladstones of Gladstones.' Of this property we shall speak later on. The other portion known as Quothquan extended over twenty-six acres of land, and belonged to John Gledstones of that Ilk, LL.D., a man of an entirely different stamp from any we have as yet met with. After being at the University of St. Andrews, 1505-1506, he studied in France, and in 1534 was chosen as a man of 'gude conscience' to be one of the newly appointed advocates for such poor clients as could not afford to

* See *Acts of the Lords of the Council in Civil Causes*, 1488, and *Acts of the Lords Auditors*, 1489.

pay law charges. His stipend was £10 a year. 'My Lord Doctor, Mr. John Gladstones' died in 1574, beloved by his companions, and having filled satisfactorily the post of Advocatus Pauperum as well as the higher offices of Lord of Sessions, Procurator to the Judges, and Member of the Privy Council. His property descended to his nephew, and remained in the family for at least three generations more.*

The second of these lairds of Quothquan was an interesting personage, and also bore the name of John. He was an attendant on one of the Scotch Heralds, had the magnificent title of Ormonde Signifer or Ormonde Pursuivant, and was entitled to wear a doublet with collar and a coat of Damask 'paintit by painter's pincell with the single escutcheone in metall.' But his duties were somewhat onerous. In 1584 he was the bearer of the sentence of treason on the Earl of Angus; in 1590 he was commissioned to collect money from the burgh of Ayr, to refund Robert Jamesoun for equipping the ship *James Royall* which had gone to Norway to bring back James VI. and his Danish bride. The Pursuivant made many enemies, and on six several occasions the Privy Council had to bind persons over to do him no bodily injury.

But to return to the heads of the clan! As long as frequent hostilities occurred between England and Scotland the Borderers formed a valuable barrier against the enemy. But when James VI. was desirous of maintaining peace with Queen Elizabeth lawlessness could no longer be tolerated and a war of extermination was declared, the Border lairds being forced to become answerable for the good behaviour of each other and of the lands under their jurisdiction.

In 1561, the same year as John Gledstanis had to answer for murders committed by his son at Hundleshope, he and his neighbours, Kers, Rutherfurds, Scotts, etc., were charged to appear before the Privy Council to give their advice 'in materis concerning the weill of the Bordouris.' They made fair promises at the time, but, as we may imagine, afterwards winked at 'stouths,

* *The Scottish Nation*, Anderson. *Dictionary of Biography*, Leslie Stephen. *Register of the Privy Council*. *Scotch Chancery Returns*, etc.

reifs, and other enormities,' and aided the escape of prescribed persons, for in a few months time they were obliged to confess that they had contravened their bond, and 'wer culpable of the pains contenit thairin.' But it was on James, the son of this John, that the full weight of the law descended. His name occurs more than thirty times in the Register of the Privy Council, and his record from 1567 to 1608 is a succession of 'bands' against malefactors, securities for this person or that, and punishments inflicted on himself for broken promises. He was placed in ward in the Castle of Blackness, and fined again and again to the appalling sum of £7000 (Scots?). For payment of these fines his goods were ordered to be seized, and he himself was denounced rebel. Nevertheless, James Gledstonis of Cokkilaw continued to be one of the most prominent 'landit men' in the south of Roxburghshire, and was a power in his neighbourhood. Two incidents in his career must suffice, but they are typical of the period.

It had been arranged that from time to time Courts of Justice should be held by the united English and Scottish Wardens for the peaceable settlement of Border difficulties. Such a meeting took place in July, 1575, on the flat hill-top of Carter Fell, close to the town of Hawick. Hundreds of armed men were in attendance, the English chiefly carrying longbows and the Scotch firearms. An interesting ballad of the day tells how the 'Raid of the Reidswyre' began with mutual sports and a sort of fair. Unfortunately some hasty words turned the peaceful gathering into a skirmish, in which the Scots were victorious, and the English fled 'with mony a shout and yell.' In this skirmish 'Little Gladstain, gude in need,' led the men of Hawick to the fray.

The second incident is a proof of the habitual insecurity of life and property on the Borders. James Gledstains seems to have had three brothers, John, William, and Walter. John lived at the 'steding' of Meikle Whytlaw, which had been bequeathed to him by Sir Walter Scott. One night in August, 1580, 'certain Englische and Scottis thevis' came to Mekle Quhitelaw and carried off some of John Gledstones' cattle. A party of over fifty men connected with the house of Branhholme

at once followed these thieves into England, but failed to recover the cattle; and, in returning home through Liddesdale, they were set upon by some of the moss-troopers of that valley, who had a grudge against the laird of Coklaw and his companions. Walter Gledstanes was slain, and more than a dozen of the party were wounded. James Gledstanes proceeded to make complaint to the Privy Council, and the marauders were denounced as rebels. This did not mend matters, for six weeks after the first attack, the Elliots and Armstrongs of Liddesdale and others came to Quhitelaw, and 'thair thiftunsleie, under silence of nicht, staw ane hundreth scheip pertening to Johne Gledstanes, to his utter wrak and herschip.' They then went on to a steading belonging to the laird of Coklaw, and 'sta, reft, and awaytuke twenty ki and oxin and twa horse, with his puir tennentis haill insight guides and plennissing' (entire household goods and farm implements).

The eldest son of James Gledstanes, also a James, took part in many lawless deeds, and in 1600 he helped to murder the 'pundler' of the provost and bailies of Peebles, who, doubtless, was watching the fields to see that the corn was not injured or stolen. After the death of this James, his widow, Beatrice Ker, Lady Gladstanes, with three of her sons, headed a raid on Cade-muir, and threatened some of the inhabitants, who 'were occupied in their lauchful affairs upon their awin heritage.' But about this time Hundleshope passed to a branch of the Scott family.

It is easy to understand that men brought up in such wild surroundings, found life very tame when the Union of the two kingdoms had been accomplished, and the Border counties had become the middle shires of Great Britain. Many thousands of Scotchmen left their homes early in the 17th century, and the mania for emigration increased to an alarming extent after the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War. Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden had a Scotch brigade, and more than a hundred Scotch officers in his army, one of whom was a Gledstanes. This Herbert Gledstanes was born in Dumfries in the year 1600, and joined the Swedish flag in Germany about 1640. In 1647 he was naturalized by the name of Gladsten, and created a noble-

man, with extensive properties in Oestergottland and elsewhere. The fortunes of the Scandinavian Gladstens are very interesting, for almost all the sons were professional soldiers. This branch has lately been brought prominently forward in the public press in connection with a correspondence between Mr. W. E. Gladstone and M. Du Chaillu, but probably 'the laborious search among the Genealogical Tablets of the Swedish Nobility' was made at the request of the writer of this paper as early as 1891. The name became extinct in Sweden in 1761, but Carl Gustaf, a great-grandson of Herbert Gladsten, had attached himself in 1725 to the Dutch East-India Company and had settled in the Moluccas, where he was acting as member of the Political Council of Amboyna as late as 1750. Three sons and three daughters being born to him on that island.

The Irish branch of the family, who have had the good sense to retain the old spelling of the name, are descended from another emigrant, Captain James Gledstanes, who took a body of yeomen to the relief of Londonderry in the memorable siege of 1689.

But all the Gledstanes were not men of war. At the beginning of the seventeenth century there was a group in Edinburgh, most of whom were 'merchants.' One of these acquired a beautiful house known as 'Thomas Gladstone's Land,' which is mentioned in 1634 in connection with one of the armed train-bands of the city. It stands in the Lawn-market, and is a perfect and typical example of those stone-fronted houses with outside stairs, which in the seventeenth century helped to make High Street and Canongate the finest street in the world.*

We have now arrived at the period when unhappily the fighting spirit found vent in the struggle between Prelacy and Presbytery. It is not our intention to go into the question of the Reformation movement in Scotland; suffice it to say that ferocious intolerance soiled the reputation of each party in the religious war. The Gledstanes in Dumfriesshire seem to have held to the faith of their forefathers, and two of them suffered for appearing as witnesses against the secret continuance of Popish practices. The Reformed Episcopal side was vehemently repre-

* *Reminiscences of Old Edinburgh*, Dr. D. Wilson, 1884.

sented by the son of a clerk in Dundee, Mr. George Gladsteans, Archbishop of St. Andrews from 1606 to 1615, or, as he is described by his patron James VI., 'the Reverend Father in God, our trustie and weilbeloved counsellor, primat and metropolitan of our kingdom.' But the ascendancy of Episcopalianism was short lived, and in 1638 his son, Mr. Alexander Gladstanes, was deposed from his office as Archdeane of Sanctandrois and was obliged to 'take exilement upon him' in England, having left behind him his wife and small children. In 1662, his daughter Nicolas obtained £100 of the stipend still owing to her late father.* Among the Covenanters we find 'ffrancis Gladstanes, ane leftetennent' and his brother Captain James Gladstanes who were killed at the battle of Aulderne, May 14th, 1645, and the grandson of ffrancis Gladstains, who died in Barbadoes about 1700, and who probably had been banished there as a slave on the restoration of Charles II. Meanwhile Walter Gladstanes of Coklaw, son of James and Beatrice (*née* Ker), along with the Gledstanes of Whytlaw and Todschawhaugh, attempted to keep their persons in favour by serving in 1648 on a Committee of War, so that his Majesty's subjects 'might be kept in a dutiful obedience to the laws and public judicatories, and in Christian unity among themselves;' and in 1685, 1690, and 1704 we find Gledstouns of that Ilk and ffrancis Gleadstaanes of Whytlaw and Flex among the Commissioners of Supply for Roxburghshire.

But the importance of the whole family was now on the wane. By the middle of the eighteenth century all the chief branches had become extinct. It is somewhat doubtful who succeeded Walter at Cocklaw, but in 1672 there was a James Gladstains who received a grant or confirmation of arms. This man died about 1707, when Cocklaw descended to an heiress, Janet, who also died unmarried about 1734, and the property was divided in 1741. In 1745 the laird of Whytlaw and Flex was deprived of his lands for being an officer under Prince Charles; and all the other important proprietors of the name had already disappeared from the County Valuation Roll of

* 'Acts of the Parliament of Scotland.' From an old Bible in Hawick Museum.

Roxburghshire. The Gledstanes of Overkelwod-Craig in Dumfriesshire ended in an heiress, Bessie, who married Matthew Hairstanes before 1620, and those of Crocketford in Kirkcudbrightshire died out about 1746.*

There were, however, numerous burgher and peasant families all over the Borders, who are traceable in Burgh Books and Parish Registers, but at the present day their descendants are to be found in the northern counties of England rather than in the Lowlands of Scotland. That the Gladstones have again come into notice is due to the fact that some of these peasants and hard-working burghers, were men of the same forceful characteristics as their ancestors, men, too, who by perseverance and rectitude were enabled to raise their sons to the social position they had held in the past.

The Liverpool branch, headed by Sir John, Baronet, and including the ex-Premier, alone attempts to connect the Gladstones of to-day with the old home in Lanarkshire, by tracing their descent from the 'cadet of Gladstanes of Gladstanes,' who, in 1551, was laird of Arthurshiel. A link in the chain is missing. But there is little doubt that all branches of the family may claim as their ancestor that Herbert de Gledstan who swore fealty to Edward I., on August 28th, 1296.

FLORENCE M. GLADSTONE.

ART. VIII.—PLAGIARISM AND COINCIDENCE.

THE question of plagiarism or coincidence is always stirring the literary world in some quarter or another. Indeed the cry of literary larceny has of late years become a trifle wearisome. No one knows better than the argus-eyed literary detective that the prime difficulty with a scrupulous author is to keep his head clear in the rush and anxiety of composition and to be sure that he carries off no hat or umbrella but

* *Lands and their Owners in Galloway.* P. M'Kerlie.

his own. But the literary detective is usually a fine example of the man who has plenty of zeal without having any discretion to balance it; and the great consideration of the pedantic pest is in most cases, not that you shall escape, but that his own skill shall not go undetected. The plagiarism hunt, according to Mr. Andrew Lang, is mostly pursued by authors who have themselves failed; and for this reason a new play seldom succeeds but some unlucky amateur produces his old battered manuscript and declares that the fortunate author has stolen from him. Mr. Lang may or may not be right: I have known cases in which the cry of thief was raised not by men who had failed, but by men who were simply jealous and ill-natured. In any case, the plagiarism hunter is an individual who renders a very questionable service to literature. Voltaire, who had indeed good reason for making the remark, once observed indulgently that 'of all forms of theft, plagiarism is the least dangerous to society.' It may not be dangerous to society, but it is assuredly very dangerous to the author; and considering that a charge of literary piracy may be as hard to disprove as it is easy to make, it ought surely never to be made at all except in glaring cases which leave no possible room for doubt. The instances in which one writer deliberately steals from another are extremely rare indeed; for no one knows better the risks that are run than the author himself, and he is seldom so foolishly blind to his own interests as to take such a hazardous near cut to his own burial ground.

Nevertheless, this charge of plagiarism, serious as it undoubtedly is, is one which very few of our great writers have escaped. It has been brought forward with more or less frequency ever since the time of Martial—and indeed it is to him we owe the word, for it was Martial who branded his enemy with the terrible title of 'plagiarius.' Quite recently Mr. Rider Haggard and Mr. S. R. Crockett have been the victims of the fad, the latter in a very stupidly malicious way. Mr. J. M. Barrie puts the case thus good-humouredly for himself: 'I never wrote a book yet,' he says, 'but some one found out that I had taken the whole of it from somebody of whose existence I had never heard. The case is still worse with my plays, for

a man proved first of all that I had taken them wholly from Georges Sand or some one else; and then, as an amiable secondly, that there was nothing in them to pay for the trouble and expense of the theft.' Such accusations, Mr. Barrie thinks, should not be answered except in very grave and exceptional cases. But much depends on whether the person attacked has or has not already made a name for himself. A charge of plagiarism against a writer of established reputation can do comparatively little harm; whereas, if laid at the door of an author who is just coming into public notice, it may prove ruinous. One man, as all the world knows, may steal a sheep with impunity, while another man must not look over the hedge. It is true enough, as Mr. Barrie has pointed out, that what the paper which allows these charges usually wants is first an advertisement; next, a long reply from the author attacked, which makes admirable and interesting 'copy'; and lastly a correspondence which will fill its columns and attract the public notice. But this view of the question does not affect the author. He has been charged with an offence, and it is no consolation to him to know that he has been made to do duty in place of the sea serpent or the monster gooseberry.

The truth is that the plagiarism-hunter has yet, in this matter, to learn to distinguish between things which are different. First of all he has to learn to distinguish between unconscious appropriation and deliberate plagiarism. A man may fall into the one error with the utmost rectitude of intention; he cannot possibly fall into the other with his eyes open. But is unconscious appropriation really an error after all? In most cases it can only be so where a writer has mixed up some notes of his own with notes from an author he has been studying; or where a writer has dwelt so long over a striking passage that when he comes to describe something of the same kind he reproduces the very words and phrases he would most desire to avoid. Properly speaking, I think this should be called plagiarism without intention. By unconscious appropriation I understand something which is hinted at by Dr. Holmes when he remarks: 'I have often felt, after writing a line which pleased me more than common, that it was not new

and was perhaps not my own.' So far as Dr. Holmes could tell, the line *was* his own, but he could not be perfectly certain that he had not taken—as Dryden said Ben Jonson had taken—another man's lead to make into gold of his own. He was in the same case when he said: 'I doubt the entire novelty of my remarks on telling unpleasant truths, yet I am not conscious of any literary larceny.' Authors are all literary cannibals, as the Autocrat himself remarks. They live on each other and on each other's productions to an extent which only those who are widely read in the various branches of literature can fully appreciate. For the most part, however, they get through their feeding—or, at all events, their assimilation—unconsciously. They borrow, but they wot not of it; and the truth comes home to them only when some very superior person, skulking generally in the garb of anonymity, sets them in parallel columns before the eyes of a credulous and a hurriedly-judging public.

As a matter of fact nearly all our great writers would be open to a charge of literary piracy if one were to call by the name of plagiarism, as some people do, the taking of old ideas and resetting them to suit modern circumstances. There are no greater borrowers than those whom we regard as the classics of literature. 'Commend me to a pilferer,' said Byron; 'you may laugh at it as a paradox, but I assure you the most original writers are the greatest thieves.' And so they are. Even the Hebrew prophets borrow from each other in a wholesale manner; and I imagine it could very easily be shown that there is not a really original image in the Apocalypse itself. Everything in Molière's *Le Précieuses Ridicules*, cries some one, is from the Abbé du Pure, the Italians, and Chapuzeau. Perhaps! But the point is that these gentlemen did not write *Le Précieuses Ridicules*. Montaigne borrowed from Seneca and Plutarch, and Montaigne in turn has been copied by Corneille. Rabelais has furnished many a lively scene to Racine, and many an ingenious fable to La Fontaine; while Pascal has been described as 'surpassing all others by his daring feats of plagiarism.' Shakespeare, as everybody knows, 'conveyed' plots and suggestions wholesale in what would

now be regarded as a scandalous way; and while no one thinks in these days of calling him a plagiarist, it is profitable for our instruction to remember that his fellow play-wright, Greene, described him as 'this upstart crow, beautified with our feathers.'

Tennyson pointed out many years ago that books must and ought to be a source of suggestion to the writer; and he remarked that a peculiar charm is to be found in the 'masterly plagiarisms' of a Virgil or a Milton. Milton indeed is an admirable case for illustration, because the world as he saw it was a world in large part constructed by him from the wide resources of his culture—shaped from the fragments of old poetic dreams. 'The lilt of old songs was in his ears, the happy phrases of old poets, the jewels five words long from old treasures. He had the opulent memory of the profound student, and these things crowded thickly into his thought with each new suggestion from without.' If one were to trace in detail the extent of Milton's indebtedness he would probably be appalled at the number of what in a less man would be called thefts. As for Virgil, I presume it is generally admitted that he borrowed largely from Homer and Theocritus, just as Dante borrowed his idea of a visit to the Inferno from early Mediæval writers. Yet the 'Æneid' remains an immortal work! Even Tennyson himself has been shown to be a mosaic of gems from almost every writer in ancient and modern literature. His 'Enoch Arden' was probably modelled on Wordsworth's 'Michael'; his 'In Memoriam' must have been suggested by Petrarch; his 'Dream of Fair Women' by Chaucer; his 'Godiva' by Moultrie; and his 'Dora' by Miss Mitford. There is scarcely a poet of any standing of whom the same kind of thing could not be said. But what of that? The excuse for them all is that they have bettered the thought and the expression in the transfer. Robert Montgomery did not steal nearly so much as Shakespeare stole; but then Shakespeare made a good use of what he took, and Montgomery did not. Therein lies the essential difference. It all depends on a writer's powers of assimilation. As Lowell put it: 'The question at last comes down to this—whether an author have

original force enough to assimilate all he has acquired, or that be so overmastering as to assimilate *him*.' An author must get the straw for his bricks somewhere; and so long as he comes by it honestly there can be no cause for complaint.

The views of the authors themselves—such of them as have spoken—on this question are peculiarly interesting. Generally speaking, they rest for the most part on the Emersonian dictum that thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it. Goethe made frank confession on the matter. 'What,' he enquired, 'would remain to me if this art of appropriation were derogatory to genius? Every one of my writings has been furnished to me by a thousand different persons, a thousand different things. My work is an aggregation of beings taken from the whole of nature; it bears the name of Goethe.' Byron speaks even more boldly. He says he never considered himself interdicted from using another man's stray ideas. He admits that he was not so laborious a researcher as Pope—who was a great hunter-up of grains of wheat in bushels of chaff—but he declares: 'I have been no more scrupulous than he in making use of whatever fell in my way.' Mankind, he continues, have been writing books so long that an author may be excused for offering no thoughts absolutely new: 'We must select, and call *that* invention.' A writer at the present day has hardly any other resource than to take the thoughts of others and cast them into new forms of association and contrast. Then follows this very frank statement: 'Plagiarism, to be sure, is branded of old, but it is never criminal except when done in a clumsy way, like stealing among the Spartans. A good thought is often far better expressed at second-hand than at the first utterance. If a rich material has fallen into incompetent hands, it would be the height of injustice to debar a more skilful artisan from taking possession of it and working it up.' There is the whole thing in a nutshell. Let the plagiarism hunters and the critics whose one piteous parrot-cry is for 'originality' recognise it and have done with that part of the business now and for ever. It is possible, after all, to be too 'original': a writer may become eccentric merely in

trying to be himself alone; but such a writer will seldom be of the first order of intellect. To adopt old material and use your own workmanship on it may produce a far more original work than if you have not laid your predecessors under contribution at all.

But the plagiarism hunter has something more to learn besides the fact that he must distinguish between unconscious appropriation and deliberate plagiarism. He must learn to be cautious in seeking to distinguish between unconscious borrowing and plagiarism and what is generally regarded as coincidence. Dr. Johnson has justly observed that, as not every instance of similitude can be considered as proof of imitation, so not every imitation ought to be stigmatised as a plagiarism. As a matter of fact, coincidence does really account for much of what has been set down as plagiarism. Indeed, this is only to be expected from the nature of the case. A biographer of Byron remarks that originality can be looked for from nobody except a lunatic, a hermit, or a sensational novelist. The matter is not quite so bad as that; but since the human mind is everywhere similar and occupied with similar objects, it is only natural that there should be coincidence of thought and expression. Nay, such coincidence is inevitable. The stock of man's ideas, as has been truly remarked, is but a comparatively limited assortment—of his ideas, that is to say, on life and nature and the relations of humanity to life and nature, the past and the future. Men cannot help saying over and over again the things that other men have said about life and death, and love and sorrow, and the sun and the moon and the stars. Hear what Johnson says on this point. In one of his *Rambler* essays he writes:

‘It is certain that whoever attempts any common topic will find unexpected coincidences of his thoughts with those of other writers; nor can the nicest judgment always distinguish similitude from artful imitation. There is likewise a common stock of images, a settled mode of arrangement, and a beaten track of transition which all authors suppose themselves at liberty to use, and which produce the resemblances generally observable among contemporaries. So that in books which most deserve the name of originals there is little beyond the disposition of materials already provided. The same ideas and combinations of ideas have been

long in the possession of other hands ; and by restoring to every man his own the most inventive and fertile genius would reduce his folio to a few pages. Many subjects fall under the consideration of an author, which, being limited by nature, can admit only of slight and accidental diversities. All definitions of the same thing must be nearly the same ; and descriptions must always have in some degree that resemblance to each other which they all have to their object.'

These views have been reiterated again and again by those who have had the best right to speak on the subject. Burton, the author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*—a book from which, by the way, Sterne stole a good deal—declares that 'we can say nothing but what has been said ; the composition and method are ours and show the scholar.' Mr. Meredith makes one of his characters remark that our new thoughts have thrilled dead bosoms ; and he sighs for those youthful 'days of intellectual coxcombry, when ideas come to us affecting the embraces of virgins and swear to us they are ours alone and no one else have they ever visited : and we believe them.' Mr. Swinburne, too, complains that—

' Old poets outsing and outlive us,
And Catullus makes mouths at our speech.'

'Fine words : I wonder where you stole 'em,' is one of Swift's lines. In short, our authors have found it to be in literature as it is in other walks of life—there is nothing new under the sun. And they have sorrowfully confessed it.

Many instances of this coincidence of thought and expression of which we have been speaking could be adduced from our leading writers. Indeed, the task has been already somewhat too well performed ; for although the citation of parallel passages is not without a certain interest, the usually-accompanying expression of astonishment that such parallels should exist is indicative of nothing but a fatuous stupidity. Surely when we come upon 'England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,' in Cowper, it need not distress us to find that Churchill wrote long before—

' Be England what she will :
With all her faults I love my country still.'

When Byron speaks about 'the dome of thought, the palace of the soul,' are we to call him a plagiarist because Waller has

written of tea as 'the muse's friend, who keeps the palace of the soul serene?' What is it to us that Blair wrote: 'The best-concerted schemes men lay for fame die fast away,' when Burns' magical touch has given us—

'The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft agley!'

When Hosea Biglow remarks—

'Wut's best to think mayn't puzzle me nor you—
The pinch comes in decidin' wut to *du*.'

is it worth while stopping to remind ourselves that one of Shakespeare's female characters has said something of the same kind? Because some one before him wrote—'The un-devout astronomer is mad,' are we to declare that Alexander Smith, the author of 'A Life Drama,' was guilty of theft when he penned the lines—

'I'd be an atheist in our town of trade
Wer't not for stars?'

Yet these are the sort of parallels that are set before us by the literary scrappists and the correspondents of the literary journals. There is nothing more to be learned from them than the old commonplace truth that thought repeats itself through the ages, and that 'all reasonable men think alike on many subjects.' One might as well proceed to show how often the sage who spoke the words 'know thyself' has been 'paralleled' or plagiarised.

Of course we do come now and again upon a parallel which is dangerously like a case of plagiarism. For example, there is a suspicious resemblance between Cowper's well known line, 'God made the country, man made the town' and Cowley's 'God the first garden made, and the first city, Cain.' Most people have admired the pretty simile in the opening verse of Byron's 'To a Lady Weeping,' in the Hebrew melody:

'I saw thee weep—the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue,
And then methought it did appear
A violet dropping dew.'

Now Byron quite evidently took the whole sentiment and expression of this verse from Dr. Carlyle's 'Specimens of Arabian

Poetry,' a work published four years before the poet wrote his Hebrew Melody. Let the reader compare the verses and judge for himself:

' When I beheld thy blue eye shine
Through the bright drop that pity drew,
I saw beneath those tears of thine
A blue-eyed violet bathed in dew.'

The same writer's beautiful phrase, 'The music of her face,' seems really to have been Lovelace's:

' Oh could you view the melody
Of every grace,
And music of her face.'

Again, there is the case of Goldsmith's—

' Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.'

He *may* have thought of this himself, but it seems far more likely that he took it 'accidentally on purpose' from Young's 'Night Thoughts,' where we have: 'Man wants but little, nor that little long.' It was surely a clear case of 'conveyance,' too, that gave us Campbell's much quoted line: 'Like angel-visits, few and far between,' for in Blair's 'Grave' we find it as—

. . . its visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between;

and the beautiful image occurs also in a poem by Norris of Bemerton. One would think that the famous line in 'Lycidas' describing the desire of fame as 'That last infirmity of noble minds,' sounds Miltonic enough. Mr. Swinburne, however, has traced it *verbatim et literatim*, to an obscure tragedy written fifteen years before 'Lycidas,' when Milton was at school. Moreover, Tacitus said something like it when he called the desire of glory 'The last desire put off by wise men.' The coincidence, especially in the former case, is certainly striking, but perhaps we had better believe in it rather than regard Milton as a thief! There are many such suspicious parallels to be found in the poets; but the poet is much more likely to fall into unconscious imitation than the prose-writer, and unless where he has transferred ideas and phrases wholesale he ought perhaps to be exonerated from the serious charge.

Of course there are many cases recorded in the annals of literature which can be described as nothing else than rank plagiarisms. Mr. Lang says that the only perfect plagiarism is the claiming of a work of art which belongs to another man. This is a somewhat narrow definition: I confess that, on the strength of it, I should not like to risk stealing a page from, say, the *Letters to Dead Authors*! In any case, it is a kind of plagiarism this which must of necessity be very rare. It could only occur in the case of books or articles published without an author's name; in the case of translations of obscure works; or, as in the Logan-Bruce affair, where one man has got hold of a dead man's manuscript and proceeds to treat it as his own. In the latter case, the theft may never be satisfactorily proved—may never even be suspected; in the first case, the false claim must be found out in the long run. It was possible for a person named Liggins to live on the glory of *Adam Bede*, but only until George Eliot came forward and avowed the authorship. Such courageous seizures of another's property are outside the capabilities of your true plagiarist; they are of a piece with the case of the Tichborne claimant, and can be as little successful as was the notorious Sir Roger himself.

Some instances of undoubted plagiarism are, however, quite as surprising in their way. Coleridge has remarked somewhere that plagiarists are always suspicious of being stolen from, as pickpockets are observed commonly to walk with their hands in their breeches pocket. Coleridge must have spoken from his own experience; for has not De Quincey traced home to him the theft of an entire essay from Schelling? and is there not in 'The Friend' a grand passage describing the temptations of Luther in his cell at the Wartburg, which is substantially the scene in *Faust*, where the doctor is introduced labouring on a translation of the New Testament? Such plagiarisms are unfortunately common enough throughout Coleridge's works: there are enough of them in the 'Biographia Literaria' to keep the Argus-eyed one in occupation for a month and more. De Quincey himself, curiously enough, was robbed by Alfred de Musset, who boldly incorporated into one of his stories some two or three pages

translated *verbatim* from the *Confessions of an Opium Eater*. Dumas the elder was also much given to the device of taking another man's literary property. The cases in which he has been detected are literally 'too numerous to mention ;' they are amply and amusingly described in Quérard's *Supercheries Littéraires* for the benefit of those who delight in such studies. Nor was Dumas in the least ashamed of his larcenies : he even claimed for them a place among the rights and prerogatives of genius. 'The man of genius,' he says, 'does not steal ; he conquers, and what he conquers he annexes to his empire. He makes laws for it, peoples it with his subjects, and extends his golden sceptre over it. And where is the man who, on surveying his beautiful kingdom, shall dare to assert that this or that piece of land is no part of his property ?' A magniloquent utterance ! Still, somehow or other we do not forgive Dumas for his borrowings in the same way that we forgive Shakespeare and Molière, although he pleads that he should really be put on the same footing with these and other eminent 'appropriators.' It behoves a genius like Shakespeare to be bolder and more swaggering than your little gracious aptitudes ; and in judging of cases of the kind, we always do well to take the rank of the author into account. At anyrate, whether we do well or ill, we certainly do it.

The need for keeping the pot boiling has often, it is to be feared, led to the crime of plagiarism. It was probably so with Goldsmith, who appears to have donned his borrowed plumes without a qualm. Lord Lytton has shown how much the famous lines which end the description of the country clergyman in the 'Deserted Village,' owe to a poem by the Abbé de Chaulieu ; and there are many other instances in which 'Goldy' has passed off as his own what is merely a neat bit of translation. Everybody knows and admires the little song, written sometime, it is believed, during his wild wandering days in France, between 1756 and 1759 :—

' When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy—
What art can wash her guilt away ?

'The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover
And wring his bosom—is to die.'

Very pretty! But now look at the following, printed in Paris in 1719, nine years before Goldsmith was born:—

'Lorsqu'une femme, après trop de tendresse,
D'un homme sent la trahison,
Comment, pour cette si douce foiblesse,
Peut-elle trouver une guérison ?

'Le seul remède qu'elle peut ressentir,
La seule revanche pour son tort,
Pour faire trop tard l'amant repentir,
Hélas ! trop tard—est la mort.'

These lines are by Ségur, an obscure French poet, who really owns the laurels which Goldsmith sought to wear. There is another remarkable plagiarism in the 'Elegy of Mrs. Mary Blaze,' which owes all its best stanzas to a popular French song on the famous La Palisse, 'Grand Maréchal de France.' A stanza in the 'Elegy on the death of a mad dog' comes from the same source; while the well known epitaph on Edward Purdon, the bookseller's hack, is simply copied from the Chevalier de Cailly. The originals in all these cases may be seen by those who are curious in such matters in Mr. Henry Breen's *Modern English Literature: its Blemishes and Defects*, where many other instances of literary larceny are lumped together in the mass.

Thefts of this fine sinewy, imperial character have not been very common in modern times: literature is too much 'cultivated' to render them possible without prompt detection. The novelist who once took a whole battle scene out of Kinglake's *Crimea* was certainly more fool than knave, and it is quite unlikely that he will have an imitator. Mr. Lang cites a curious case in an old article in the *Contemporary Review*. Charles Reade in *The Wandering Heir* bodily appropriated some twenty or thirty lines of a little known poem of Dean Swift's descriptive of fashionable life in Dublin. Mr. Reade appears to have used the poem in such a way as to make the public believe it was his own. It was a foolish act, for Reade

might have been perfectly certain that some jealous, unsuccessful novelist or playwright would be promptly on his track. This was just what happened. Reade was denounced as a plagiarist by two anonymous writers who afterwards turned out to be a not very popular rival novelist and his wife! The author of *The Wandering Heir* then uttered loud cries of wrath, and spoke, in his characteristic style of 'masked batteries manned by anonymuncula, pseudo-nymuncula and skunkula.' He contended that to transplant a few lines out of Swift and to weld them with other topics in a heterogenous work was not plagiarism, but one of every true inventor's processes, and that only an inventor could do it well! This, as Mr. Lang remarks, was rather an advanced theory. If Swift's notions about Dublin had been adopted, and had informed the prose of Mr. Charles Reade, a perfectly legitimate use would have been made of the material, although perhaps, even in that case, some rigid moralists would have wanted a foot-note acknowledgment. Or if Reade had said: 'The Dean of St. Patrick wrote thus on the subject,' then he would have been unimpeachable, and there would have been no 'masked batteries manned by anonymuncula.' As it was, there was nothing for it but to convict him of plagiarism; and his case remains as a warning to others who may think of adopting a similarly convenient process of 'invention.'

Some few historical cases of plagiarism stand on a special footing of their own. They may be described as plagiarism without intention. There is, for example, the extraordinary case of Mr. Disraeli delivering in the House of Commons a speech on the death of the Duke of Wellington, which was immediately discovered to be a literal translation of a speech made by M. Thiers on the death of General Saint-Cyr. This was clearly an instance of plagiarism—of a kind. No theory of coincidence could account for it. Yet Mr. Disraeli was generally acquitted of intentional plagiarism, everybody knowing perfectly well, of course, that Disraeli could have made quite as good a speech for himself. His own explanation was this. He had been in the habit of copying out in his own handwriting passages from authors, living or dead, which

struck him as being particularly good. He was also in the habit of writing out at random some ideas of his own to be kept in hand for future possible use. After some years, the two sets of passages frequently got mixed, and Disraeli's explanation was that he fancied the set eloquence of M. Thiers was random eloquence of his own.

Fortunately for Mr. Disraeli another charge of a similar kind followed on the heels of this speech affair. I say fortunately; for in the second case the plagiarism was from Macaulay; and while it was quite likely that Mr. Disraeli should think himself safe in stealing from M. Thiers, he could not possibly have supposed that he was safe in robbing the most eminent English literary man of the day. Disraeli had in this case actually opened a chapter in one of his novels with a page or so out of Macaulay's celebrated essay on Byron, beginning with the widely-familiar words—'We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality.' It is understood that Macaulay himself accepted from Disraeli the same explanation which the latter had given of the Thiers speech. At anyrate, in the next edition of the novel the passage was ascribed to 'a celebrated living author,' and with that the matter ended. But in truth Disraeli was rather an expert hand at the art of annexation. Mr. Leslie Stephen has shown, for example, that many of Disraeli's epigrams are not Disraeli's at all. He once described his opponents' policy as 'blundering and plundering,' and the phrase was much quoted. Unfortunately, it belongs to Coleridge. Again, the famous epigram about critics being authors who have failed was made by Balzac; while that one—'There is no love but at first sight' comes from Marlowe and Shakespeare. In fact, as some one has remarked, the author of *Lothair* had good reason, with the old grammarian, to imprecate oblivion on the men who have said our good things before us. And so has many another author besides!

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN REVIEWS.

GERMANY.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (January, February, March).—From the literary and critical point of view, the most important contribution to the first of these three numbers, is Professor Hermann Grimm's essay, which he entitles 'Heinrich von Treitschke's German History,' and of which the sub-title indicates that it contains 'Reminiscences and Considerations' regarding the wider subject of the writing of national history. Viewed from a German point of view, it is a well-deserved tribute of admiration and of praise to one of the most important 'national' works of the century; and—from the same point of view—it is particularly opportune at a time when the founding of the Empire is being made the subject of special commemoration.—In the first instalment of a series of articles which are to recall 'Episodes of the Chino-Japanese War,' Herr von Hanneken gives a most stirring account of the sinking of the *Kau-shing*, and, as an eye-witness, supplies interesting details of a catastrophe which caused so considerable a sensation, and was so variously reported and commented upon.—The remaining contributions to the January number are of a most varied kind. Amongst them may be mentioned, in addition to the continuation of Herr Franz Xaver Kraus's essay on Petrarch, 'Francesco Petrarca in seinem Briefwechsel,' an interesting article by Hermann Hüffer. It deals with Heine and Ernst Christian August Keller, and contains several unpublished letters from the poet to his friend. They are particularly valuable for the remarks which they contain in reference to the manner in which his poems had been treated by the critics.—The light literature is provided by Hans Hoffman and Anselm Heine. 'Sonnwendnacht,' by the former, is one of those charming legends of the Baltic coast, which he may almost be said to have made his specialty; the latter's 'Peter Paul' is a clever sketch of artist-life.—Both as regards the signature and the title, the most conspicuous contribution to the February number is Vambéry's article on the Armenians and Kurds. It is rather an ethnological than a political study; but, at the same time, it throws considerable light on the Eastern question, and shows that if Turkey is to be saved from total wreck, and other nations from the horrors of a universal war, it is not by means of plans of reform offered at the point of the bayonet,

but by honest counsels, tendered in good faith, and taking due account of ethnic, religious, and social circumstances and conditions.—Another well-known name appears in the table of contents, and that, too, in connection with a widely-interesting subject. It is that of Herr Ernst Haeckel, who examines the work accomplished by the *Challenger* and shows the importance in connection with the progress of modern science. The history of literature is represented by an important essay, in addition to the last instalment of Herr Franz Xaver Kraus's 'Petrarch,' it is Lady Blennerhassett's study of the modern Spanish novel, a subject about which she gives a great deal of information which is likely to be new to the general reader, no less in this country than in Germany.—A new series of extracts from Theodor von Bernhardt's Diary will be found to contain valuable material for a history of the 'sixties,' more particularly the views and opinions pronounced by Roon and Moltke with reference to the Schleswig-Holstein question.—A new writer of fiction, L. Forster, gives the first instalment of a serial, 'Die Flinte von San Marco.' It promises to be a vivid and interesting story of Italy in its romantic olden days.—The first item in the third of the quarter's numbers is particularly remarkable as being not in German, but in French. It contains a series of thirty-seven letters written by Queen Louise and addressed to the Countess Voss. They are interesting as more than doubling the extant correspondence of the Queen hitherto known and published. The details which they contain are not however of very great historical interest. They range from 1796 to 1810, and do not, consequently, form anything like a consecutive narrative. They have been edited by Herr Paul Bailleu, who has supplied explanatory notes to them.—'The Founding of the Boer States,' by C. von Pfeil, does not contain anything new, but it comes at a time when the old story will bear re-telling.—A very readable article is that in which Herr Otto Krümmel tells of the legends and traditions connected with the sea. It is very far from being exhaustive; but what there is of it is well done.—In continuation of his 'Episodes,' Herr von Hanneken gives his experiences of the Chinese troops in Corea.—In each of the three numbers there are the usual literary, dramatic, and political letters.

THEOLOGISCHE STUDIEN UND KRITIKEN (No. 2, 1896).—The first article here is on the first Beatitude, as given in St. Matthew's Gospel. The addition of the phrase *τῷ πνεύματι* has long exercised exegetes, and there is no unanimity even yet as to what it exactly means. So Herr Kabisch sets himself to examine and solve the difficulty, or at least show what he thinks is

the true meaning of the Beatitude as it stands in this Gospel. He places it first in the light of the other Beatitudes, as they are given in this Gospel; then in the light of St. Luke's version of it; and then subjects the term *πνεῦμα* itself to a strict investigation as to its usage in the Bible; closing his study with a discussion as to whether Matthew or Luke has retained the Beatitude in its original form. As to the latter point he maintains that Luke's is the original, so far as the words are concerned, but that Matthew's expresses most accurately the real meaning of Jesus in uttering it. What Jesus meant to affirm was that not the lack of earthly goods,—means of subsistence or by whatever name absolute poverty may be denoted,—ensured the blessedness of the kingdom of heaven, but mental and moral independence of them, superiority to them;—'nicht das zufällige Entbehren-müssen, sondern das freie, stille und sanftmütige Entbehren-wollen oder Entbehrenkönnen.'—Herr J. Jungst follows with an article in which he posits the question, 'Has the Gospel according to St. Luke a Pauline character?' The number of those who have asserted, and still assert, Luke's dependence on St. Paul is so great that it might almost seem a belated question. Still there are voices to be heard denying that dependence, or minimizing it, and the writer of this article asks us to consider the whole question under his guidance anew. He discusses here Luke's references to the first disciples and the missionary work given to them, and compares these references with those in the other synoptic Gospels. He discusses also all the passages that have been regarded (as distinctly bearing a Pauline impress) as teaching Universalism, and as reflecting Paul's attitude to the Law. Next, he passes under review those passages that bring out his soteriology, his Christology, and his eschatology, and shows that while they reflect his acquaintance with, and his sympathy with, the thought and sentiment current in the Gentile-Christian Church of his day, there is really nothing which betrays any slavish dependence on Paulinism's distinctive features, or any direct influence of Paul on the Luke of the Gospel and the Acts. (Of the testimony of the Acts Herr Jungst only treats in a note at the close of his study).—Herr Pastor Graese, of Neustadt, furnishes a series of critical notes on the three last chapters of Luke's Gospel. They are supplementary to, and in some respects corrective of, the results come to by him, and presented to the readers of this magazine, seven years ago. Much has happened since then, and investigations have led not a few scholars to modify views held then; and Herr Graese has been alive to the trend of critical inquiry, since his paper was published in the *Studien und Kritiken* at the close of 1888, on the

points then dealt with by him.—Herr Philipp Meyer, of Hanover, under the title of 'Joseph Bryennios as a Theologian,' presents us with an interesting contribution to the knowledge of the Greek theology in the fifteenth century.—The other and shorter papers are on two variants in the Gadarene story; notes on Melanchthon's Academic Disputations; an unprinted letter of Bugenhagen; notes inserted in their Bibles by Reformers, and on the liturgical form of the Lutheran Consecration of the Lord's Supper.

R U S S I A.

ROOSKAHYAH MYSL.—*Russian Opinion*—(January, February, and March).—Of *complete Tales* in these three numbers we have, 1. 'Piknik' (Folle-journée), by D. V. Grigorovich; 2. 'Flight,' a tale from the far past, as the time previous to the Crimean War is styled, by K. M. Stanyoukovich; 3. 'Repose,' by E. P. Laitkoff; 4. 'Baboushka,' by Eliza Ozheshkoff, translated from the Polish; 5. 'Pensioners,' by I. A. Saloff; 6. 'The Cow' (in no way related to the second chapter of the Koran bearing the same title), by E. P. Goslaffski; and 7. 'Summer Ladies,' by E. Shavroff. The *incomplete Tales* comprise, 1. A continuation of Henry Senkevich's Neronic romance from the Polish 'Kamo griadeyshti?' (Quo vadis?) commencing with the second book, the first book of 400 closely printed 8vo pages being already published separately; 2. the commencement of 'A Tragic Idyll,' a Monte Carlo romance by Paul Bourget, translated from the French; and 3. the commencement of 'A Drama behind the Scene,' by V. I. Nemirovich-Danchenka. *Poetry* is better represented than usual by the following morceaux, 1. 'Fogs,' by K. D. Balmont; 2. 'Withered Pines,' by the same; 3. 'Unquiet Days,' by Mary Konopnitskoi; 4. 'Evening Prayer,' by I. A. Bounin; 5. 'Old-fashioned-carriage Motives,' suggested by a journey in the Tundras, by V. Tann; and 6. 'A Summer-night Dream,' by V. Poltavtseff. *General literature* furnishes us with, 1. 'Literary Correspondence of K. D. Kavelin' with A. I. Kosheleff; 2. 'On the motive of (or inducement to) the imminent Reform in our Judiciary Organization,' three essays, complete, by V. P. Danefski; 3. 'How and What the nation reads of Eastern Siberia,' by L. S. Litchkoff; 4. 'Leonardo da Vinci, Naturalist' (introduced with a quotation from Hallam, 'His knowledge was almost preternatural'), by A. G. Stoleytoff; 5. 'How and in what manner they begin in England to overtake the general instruction of their population,' an exhaustive article by A. N. Miklasheski, giving copious statistics from the 'Final Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Elementary

Education Acts,' London, 1888; the 'Report of the Commissioner of Education for the year 1891-2,' Washington, 1894; the 'Matthew Arnold Reports on Elementary Schools, 1852-82,' London, 1889; and from M. Le Clerc's 'Le combat religieux au School Board de Londres' in the *Annales de L'Ecole Libre des sciences politiques*, 1895; 6. 'Prussian Grant of Law Reform, 14th July, 1893.' A Lecture read at the University of Moscow, by I. Ch. Ozeroff; 7. 'Biographical Sketch of the late M. Pasteur,' by N. D. Zelinski; 8. 'Judea and Rome,' pictures of the ancient world by M. N. Remezoff (to be continued); 9. 'A Poet of Bitter Truths,' I. S. Nikitin, whose memorial is penned by I. I. Ivanoff, illustrating too truly the quoted words of *Vordsvort* (Wordsworth)—

'We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But there of [oft!] comes in the end despondency and madness.'

10. 'Outlines of Provincial Life,' three additional essays by I. I. Ivanyoukoff; 11. 'Pictures of Contemporary Manners,' by K. M. Stanyoukovich; 12. 'Unsociableness of the Abolition of Bodily Chastisement,' by V. I. Semefski; and other papers. *Home Review* deals with current Russian affairs with the old degree of fulness. The *Foreign Review* by V. A. Goltseff takes in at a glance the chief movements of the day, including, as concerning ourselves, the Venezuelan trouble, the invasion of the Transvaal, the Dongola expedition following on the Italian defeat in Abyssinia, and other matters. *Contemporary Art* gives as usual the doings of the Moscow theatrical world, also of the concert-giving community. The *Bibliographic Division* contains notices of ninety-seven works, original and translated.

VOPROSI PHILOSOFII I PSYCHOLOGII (Questions Philosophical and Psychological).—No. 30 now appears as the organ of the Moscow Psychological Society, and there are, associated with Professor Grot as editors, L. M. Lopatin and V. P. Preobrazhensky. The opening paper is a brief account of the origin and progress of this society. Originating about ten years ago, and not possessing up to 1888 any capital or other means, save some insignificant yearly contributions from the Moscow University and the small payments from the members of the Society itself, it now appears, after seven years' labour, as one of the best known and most active Russian societies, distinguished by its energetic activity, expressed not only by its numerous sittings and published papers, but also by the edition of works, translations and otherwise, issued by it, and by the existence now for six years of this journal, containing many original papers by Russian authors. There have been some forty works issued as special editions belonging to the

Society. The works printed by the Society since 1888, fill more than 12,000 pages, or an average from 1500 to 2000 pages yearly. From private means (given by MM. Abrikosoff and Stoliping), there was expended for these works up to R11,000. Of the R81,000 that had been given out by the Psychological Society, for the above-mentioned works, for the half-yearly interval, some R70,000 had been provided for by the Russian public sympathising with the Society, who bought up its works, editions, and philosophical journals. The number of the Society's publications taken up by the Russian public amounts to more than 70,000 copies. A single part of the philosophical editions of the Psychological Society was circulated in no fewer than 10,000 copies yearly. All this shows the widespread interest in the cultivated circles of the Russian public in philosophical questions, and the importance attached to philosophical knowledge.—The second article on the list is an analysis and history of the so-called Ethical treatise of the well-known Laurentius Valla. This second part dwells more especially on the history of the Tractate, and the varied explanations which were adopted, time after time, as to internal contradictions and inconsistencies. It was early admitted, generally, that the two first books of the treatise were in contradiction to the third. The fact of this contradiction was well-known to the author, and he excused it by putting into the mouth of one of his speakers in the dialogue that Beccadelli, the representative of the Epicureans, spoke only for himself, and for the sake of keeping up the controversy and 'plaisanterie.' But the explanation excited a righteous distrust on the part of a majority of contemporary writers, and led to research and inquiry. The result of this is that in the later literature, there were formed three different views as to the treatise of Valla. Some inquiries, and indeed the majority took the view that Beccadelli expressed the views of Valla himself, and that the treatise was a scarcely disguised advocacy of Epicurean doctrine. Others took the view that the author was an honourable Catholic, and that his own private opinions are expressed by Niccolo, while a third party hold that the treatise contains an endeavour to reconcile Epicureanism and Christianity. We have, besides, the following views as to this contradiction by M. Korelin himself, who has acquainted himself with much labour concerning the sense and significance of the treatise, and now finds the actual position of the case very much clearer than it previously seemed. The first readers of tractate were very reserved in their judgments. The author, having finished the treatise, sent it on to his friends, as was the custom in those days. We have three of the letters

sent by those who thus obtained the first reading of the work. The first came from Traversari, the second from Bruni, and the third from Carlo Marsuppini. The first of them, the Florentine humanist, Ambrogio Traversari, was an honourable monk who, with a deep love for the ancient literature, did not approve of the translation into Latin of the heathen productions of the Greek Classics, still, in his reply, he adheres to the broad expressions usually made use of by his friends the humanists. In such fashion does he deal with the dialogue of Valla. He praises the theme of the Tractate and its style, but refuses to pronounce on its contents. He read Valla's letter, while overwhelmed with business, but in advance allows the author full freedom to hold his favourite opinions, and to be in conflict with every authority. Bruni also praises the author's style, but also expresses himself very indefinitely over the contents. As to the highest good, he quotes the opinion of Aristotle, and adds further that honourable conduct will lead to a fortunate life, etc. Marsuppini is not fully clear about the dialogue, although he read it three times with very great pleasure. 'The objects concerning which thou judgest,' writes Marsuppini, 'attract my thoughts, and as thou hast persuaded me I only wish and tend towards pleasure.' But he goes on to distinguish between two kinds of pleasure. Other contemporary writers expressed their opinions much less unreservedly about the views of Valla. Thus Poggio openly accuses Valla of identifying his opinions with those put in the mouth of Beccadelli. Filelfo in a letter to a young man, ascribes to Valla the doctrine, that in life one ought only to follow after pleasure. D. Pontano, a pupil of Beccadelli, says that the author of the dialogue esteemed only Epicurus. The English writer Symonds in his work on the Renaissance in Italy, tells us (on page 12), that 'Valla upheld the rights of the flesh in opposition to the teaching of philosophies and churches.' Marc Mounier, in his *Renaissance de Dante à Luther*, writes that Valla proclaimed himself an Epicurean, and rehabilitated the flesh. Not only so, but in his own life Valla lived quite in accordance with his own doctrines. But the truth is, the ideas of Valla were no novelty in Humanist literature. Boccaccio, in certain letters and treatises, and particularly in the Decameron, preached a similar system of morals. The author sums up the result of his article by saying that thus the Dialogue of Valla presents us with the first attempt to make theoretically known, or morally to justify, the tendency expressed by him in the Decameron of Boccaccio, and in the Facetiae of Poggio, also the speeches of Heliogabalus, Bruni, etc., and the same views

of conduct which characterised the majority of the Humanists, and was their leading thought, of which they were the defenders.—The next article is a continuance from the former number of Professor Kozloff's article on the 'Consciousness of God and Knowledge of God,' 'Reminiscences of the Ontological Proof of the Being of God.' The author sums up as follows: 'Generally the Ontological Proof makes the impression that it is somewhat forced and artificial.' The general conclusion to which we come as the result of the preceding judgment puts us face to face with the following alternatives. Either we reject all metaphysics and philosophical theology with the positivist and their unknown, or we continue to stir up and work over the rationalistic conceptions which we have examined in the preceding article. There is, however, a danger of following these rationalistic conceptions that we come into collision with the teaching of Divine revelation. Surely in these historical days these questions may go peacefully from hand to hand.—Hereupon follows an interesting and lengthy article by Professor Grot on the 'Grounds of Experimental Psychology.' The paper is a discussion on the practicability of the study and arrives at positivist results through the experimental method. Following upon this, it was enquired whether Psychology ought to be considered an experimental science, and that, so that its methods ought to be analogical to the so-called physical sciences, and ought to consist only in the investigation of physical and physiological conditions on psychical grounds, processes, and products. In no wise; psychical facts will always retain their special character of psychical facts, altogether different from physical and physiological, and demand their own special treatment and methods of investigation. Psychophysic and psychophysiology are only the outer court to the present experimental Psychology, which will investigate experimentally purely psychical facts in their own peculiar nature, as facts of consciousness. In this direction are working many representatives of experimental Psychology in the West, investigating, for example, experimentally the processes of receptivity, of memory, of the association of ideas, in their psychical contents and relations, independently of accompanying physiological processes. See also physiology after its own fashion examined in certain physiological processes, independently of chemical and physical moments which went forward in it. The rest of the article is a discussion of the correctness of these methods, and a history of the progress of the question in reference to such researches as those of Wundt and Binet, Beausis, and Aurè.—On this follows an article by L. Lapatin on the 'Essence and

Life of Consciousness.' The author comes to the conclusion that the spiritualistic hypothesis is the only one which by right can occupy a place in Psychology.—There is in conclusion a paper by Vladimir Solovieff on the 'Unconditional Origin of Morality.' Our author begins by enquiring whether, in the natural inclination towards the good of single individuals, there be not a rational consciousness of duty, and whether this is not sufficient in and for itself for the effectuation of the good. Our author affirms, however, that in our moral nature there actually lives something more. Already there has been recognized two original moral principles or grounds in *shame* and *sympathy*. The feeling of shame is connected with the sense of imperfection or incompleteness, the felt existence of which in us evokes the command, 'Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect.' The sense of sympathy also acts upon our wills, since God is the standard to which we are enjoined to conform. Love to Him, moreover, works upon this feeling of sympathy, drawing us to a perfect sympathy with Him by being more completely like Him. The moral duty of Religion consequently demands from us that we should unite our own wills with the Will of God. But the Will of God is all comprehensive, and uniting with it or advancing with it into actual consent, we receive the unconditional and universal rule of action. The conception concerning God, deduced by reason from the given actual religious experience, is so far clear and determinate, so that we are always able (if only we wish) to know what God wishes from us. First, if God wishes from me, that I should be conformable to His Nature and like to Him I ought to manifest my inner relationship to God by the faculty of aiming at a free perfection or complete resemblance to Him. The rule of this might be expressed, *Have God in Thyself*. Who has God in himself, will in all relate himself to the thought of God to the point of view of the absolute. *He will relate himself in all to God*. Now God causes His sun to shine upon the evil and good, and sends rain upon the just and the unjust. We cannot, however, infer from this that God authorizes evil, nor that He denies it unconditionally, the first, because then evil would be good, and second, because evil then would not at all exist, and nevertheless it exists. God denies evil as final or abiding, and by the force of this denial, He destroys it, but He permits it as a temporary condition of *Freedom*, i.e., of greater good. God sanctions evil in so far that He extracts from it the highest possible perfection, and this is the cause of the existence of evil. In such fashion, evil is something serviceable, and to deny it unconditionally would signify it to be related to nothing righteous. And to evil we

should be related in God, i.e., not to be indifferent to it. It remains nevertheless in high contradiction to Him, and He permits it as an instrument of perfection, in so far as it is possible to extract from it the highest good. Altogether, from the fact that it exists we ought to admit the possibility of good and it as aiding this, that this possibility becomes an actuality. —The rest of the number is made up of a paper in the special part on 'Negative Morality,' two obituary notices, a controversial paper, reviews of books and bibliography.

ITALY.

LA NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (January 1, 1896). A paper on Taxes by A. Mazzola, is followed by an article, 'Political Records,' by Senator G. Gadda, the intention of which is to impress on young Italy some life-lessons and to foster a healthy patriotism. —G. G. treats at length the question of Italian enterprise in Africa. —E. G. Boner, in an article entitled 'Christmas in Northern Countries,' passes in review the legends of the various peoples of Northern Europe, pointing out the difference between them and the southern populations. He then examines the Christmas literature of the North, designating it as far more profound and melancholy than any found among the Latin races. He describes English and German poems, stories, and romances relating to Christmas, and then passes on to Scandinavia and Russia, where he finds a quantity of material, proving how deeply the Germanic races honour that festal time. —A serial story by G. Rovetta, the distinguished Italian novelist, is entitled 'The Lieutenant of Lancers.' —E. Mancini writes on the 'Characteristics and Anomalies of Hand-writing,' pointing out how a person's writing may be modified by pathological changes in his organism. He denies that the modern system of graphology is a true science, but he believes it will progress and become a valuable assistant to psychology. —(January 15). —E. Arbib continues his paper on the African question. —P. Fambri, in his article on 'The Bandits of the Venetian Republic' by Signor Molmenti, observes that the fact of Venice having in past history been the seat of most furious factions, so that during the 7th to the 12th centuries tumults were continual, seems irreconcilable with the now generally admitted law of heredity, but is explained by the changed economical conditions of the Queen of the Lagoons, which, together with a new and wise legislation, rendered progressive adaptation possible. Only by a conscientious and diligent study of the juridical, civil, and private life of the Venetians in past centuries can be ascertained the causes of the gradual transformation of character

and customs—transformations which P. Fambri considers far more political and social than psychological. Molmenti's book, Fambri opines, is an important contribution to such researches.—Colonel Goiran publishes a long and accurate study about the proposed recruiting law presented by the Minister of War. Goiran thinks that the project really provides the elements necessary for maintaining the army at the proper height during time of peace, and for the efficacious instruction of the troops.—L. Palma recapitulates the events from 1821 to 1848, which led to the new constitution of Italy.—Mantegazzo describes the *cabal* of the Lotto.—(February 1).—F. Lampestico explains to Italians what is the Transvaal, and gives the origin of late events.—E. Montecorboli writes an interesting paper on the late Alexander Dumas, fils.—E. Catellane discusses the Venezuelan question and the Monroe doctrine, and concludes by saying that perhaps the day is not far distant when Europe will proclaim a Monroe doctrine on her own account, to save herself from American invasion, which would reduce the European States to a modern defensive company.—Gerolamo Rovetta's novel is concluded.—Carlo Segré reviews 'The Diary of Samuel Pepys.'—E. Arbib closes his remarks on the African question.—(February 15).—Contains a paper by P. Goiran on the military question; one on the African 'Blue Books'; one on the 'Carnival of Venice in the 18th Century,' and a paper on 'Saturn.'

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (March 1st).—Signor Carlo De Stefani contributes an important article on the island of Sardinia, describing the peculiar character of its soil and climate, the condition of the population, the unhealthy state of their dwellings, both in town and country, the work in the mines, etc., etc. This unhealthy condition of the dwellings and mines causes the mortality to be greater than the average mortality in the whole kingdom of Italy, while the climate of the island would render it one of the most salubrious sojourns in the world, if good drainage and healthy habitations were introduced. Elementary instruction is not at the worst in Sardinia; still among the recruits of 1890 the number of those ignorant of reading and writing was 66.29 per cent. The want of money, poverty, the carelessness and inexperience of the government, are causes of the defect in the moral character of the Sardinians, among whom occur many murders and cases of brigandage. Except the mines and the charcoal-burners, all the industries are home-work, the principal being weaving. The mines, however, are among the richest in Italy and even in Europe. Transport of goods between Sardinia and Italy is

very expensive, and it costs less to send goods direct from a Sardinian port to Antwerp and other north European ports than to any Italian port! The principal wealth of the island ought to consist in agriculture, but the fertility of the soil is rendered almost nil by the scarcity of the population, its concentration in the larger towns, the vagrant method of pasturage, the imperfection of agricultural implements and systems, the oppressive taxes, and the want of capital. The writer goes on to point out what might be done by the government to improve the condition of Sardinia, but urges the Sardinians themselves to aid in the work.

LA RASSEGNA NAZIONALE (January 1st, 1896).—We have here a rather late article on the 'Third Centenary of Torquato Tasso,' by August Conti, and a continuation of the discussion on 'Humanity, or Religion and Philosophy in Italian Schools,' by Carlo Calzi.—M. de J. advocates 'Improvements of the Italian ports, especially of Genoa.'—Some 'Impressions of Lourdes,' by P. Stoppani, are commenced in this number, while V. A. criticises an article in the French Journal, the *Correspondent*, by M. Petit, which is an apology for Menelik and hostile to Italy.—(January 16th.)—A. A. Tagliaferri reviews at length Murando's work on 'The Problem of Free Will.'—A. Tenesi discusses 'Providential Banks for Working Men.'—Raffaello Mazzei writes an interesting paper on 'The Social Efficacy of the idea of God,' and seeks to prove by statistics that the largest contingent to crime in Italy is provided from the young, who are the most susceptible to modern scepticism and godless education.—'Eufrazio,' reviewing Dean Farrar's article in the *Contemporary Review*, in answer to the Pope's letter to the Protestants in England, says that the Dean has completely mistaken the primary aim of the Pope, treating the latter's letter as an academical work instead of appreciating its kindness of intention. The writer goes on to discuss the Dean's article point by point. He ends by declaring that he does not despair of a union of all Christendom, to aid in which good work a Pontifical commission is being formed.—(February 1st.)—Here we have articles on 'Lourdes,' 'Claudia de' Medici and her Times,' 'The Present Hour,' 'The Production and Consumption of Sugar,' 'Rabelais and Great Britain,' 'The meetings of Catholic Missionaries,' 'The first Centenary of Rosmini;' and reviews.

LA RIFORMA SOCIALE (January) contains:—'Socialism in Spain,' by Professor Buglla.—'The equalisation of the land-tax,' by G. Colombo.—'Italian Policy and the Eastern Question,' by L. Bonin.—'A glance at the Revolt in Cuba,' by Dr.

da Vellar.—'The Belgian labour-contract,' by Professor Cornil.—'The problem of working-men's houses in America,' by Professor Rabbeno.—'The Progressive Tax,' by Professor Conigliani.—(February.)—Captain Casato, who is an authority on African matters, advises the Government to keep in mind that the principal objects which would tend to the well-being of Eritherea are an increase in the productions of the soil, the establishment of commerce and industries, a limitation of military defence to what is absolutely necessary, and above all, the leaving to the natives complete liberty and autonomy, and the least possible interference with their interests. The present trials of Italy are due to a too great design of expansion and the want of a true conception of the situation in Africa. It is necessary to arrive at a dignified and durable state of peace, to limit the direct domination of the Italians to a very modest extent, to proportion the expenses to the means actually at the disposal of the Government, and to practise pacific and conciliatory methods towards the natives. The Government ought to encourage private enterprise, and confide the government of the colony to a civil officer, who could exercise a moderate and direct influence, which is always difficult to a military governor.—In the February number General Corsi also writes on 'Events in Africa,' taking for his point of departure the beginning of July, 1894, some months before the expedition to Kassala. At that time the Italians had pushed forward at two points into the worst part of Africa, coming into contact at one place with the Abyssinians, at the other with the Dervishes. After the march on Adowa and the successes of Coatit and Serrafi, the Italians, says General Corsi, went beyond the bounds of prudence. He then describes successive events, and judges the defeat of Amba Aagi from a military point of view as the consequence of inopportune heroism. He observes that up till now there is complete ignorance as to the real conditions of the liberation of Galliano's battalion from Makallé, as well as the reason of the mysterious march of the garrison on the Haussa road as prisoners. Through the obscurity, one figure, inimical to the Italians, clearly shows that of Maconnen, prince of Harrar. He defends the fact that Baratieri had chosen Adigiat for his base of operations, and denies that the march of the Abyssinians to Entiscio was a great proof of strategic ability, for the Negus had no other alternative. The article was written before the disaster at Adowa, but he already alludes to Baratieri's insufficient force, the good position of the enemy, and the difficulty of the roads.—Professor Mortara, of Pisa, examines the question of the reconciliation between Church and State, and believes it might take place if

the religious organ would consent to be subordinate to the political organ, but the Pontifical curia sticks to the rule that it ought to reign supreme.

RIFORMA SOCIALE (February).—In an article on the struggle of classes in penal legislation Professor Zerboglio says that it seems evident that among primitive peoples crimes against the chiefs and ruling powers were punished more severely than those committed against the poorer classes, and that even when formal divisions between the classes disappeared, there remained a substantial separation, which renders void the highly democratic maxim 'the law is equal for all,' for the law takes no notice of the fact that the condition of the poor classes of society is an excuse for their crimes. Another thing, which is against the poor classes, is that ignorance of the law does not excuse a fault against that law. The writer enters into the pitiable condition, with regard to penal law, in which the poor stand as compared with the rich and powerful.

LA VITA ITALIANA (January) contains:—'Emilio Paggiaro; Achille Beltrame; Mario Buonsollazzi; artists.'—'Mont Cenis.'—'Studies on National Chilian Customs.'—'Constantinople.'—'Gesnalda Pozzolini.'—'The Monroe doctrine.'—(February).—'Filippo Maria Renazzi.'—'A bust of Michaelangelo Caetani.'—'F. Gregorovius' Roman Diaries.'—'Bonghi and the Dante Society.'—'Modern Japan.'—'Andrea Cefaly.'—'C. U. Posocco.'—'Characters of the Renaissance.'—'An expedition in Abyssinia.'—'Roman Costumes.'—'The Lambs of St. Agnes.'—'Universal hand-system of Photography.'—'The Harrar.'—'Alexander Dumas, fils.'—'A pretended humorous poet of the thirteenth century.'—'Tasso in England.'—'Andrea Verga.'—'Paolina Leopardi.'—'A new species of rays.'

ARCHIVIO STORICO ITALIANO (4, 1895).—F. Carabellese writes about 'An Unpublished Bull of Celestine V.'—Michele Rosi describes the 'Conspiracy of Gerolamo Gentile in the 15th Century.'—A. Zanelli describes the 'Sumptuary Law in Pistoia in the 14th and 15th Centuries,' giving a curious picture of the restrictions imposed on women's dress.—A. Gianandrea publishes some new documents from the Sforza archives.

NATURA ED ARTE (January)—contain: 'Meno da Fiesole and his Madonnas'; 'Taggia and the Ruffinis'; 'On the Bridge of Modena'; 'Gaspara Stampa'; 'Ruins and Castles'; 'Louis Pasteur'; 'Music and Animals'; 'Venice and her Doges'; 'Eastern Africa'; 'Yorick'; 'How a Romance is Written,' by Salvatore Farina.—(February 1).—Contains: 'Salvatore Farina,' by V. Bersezio; 'Authority in the

Modern Family'; 'Illumination as Shown by the Centuries'; 'Musical Wanderings'; 'Eastern Africa'; 'Harlequins Correspondence'; 'A Magician of the 10th Century'; 'The Competition for the Door of Milan Cathedral'; 'Mirenear and Maximilian of Austria'; 'Tussoreh Silk'; 'The Second Art Exhibition in Venice'; 'Antiseptics in Families,' etc.—(Feb. 15)—contains: 'Italian Masks'; 'The Country of Gold and Diamonds'; 'Marshall Novi'; 'At Castellammare'; 'Giuseppe de Leva'; 'Rousseau's Criticism of the Musical Theory'; 'An Inedited Letter,' by A. Tassoni.

ARCHIVIO STORICO PER LE PROVINCE NAPOLITANE (Year xx, 3, 4).—F. Cesaroli continues his unpublished documents from the secret archives of the Vatican, illustrating the period of Urban V. and Johanna I. of Naples.—M. Schipa writes on the 'Italie' of the Middle Ages, a contribution to the history of the name of Italy.—The remaining articles are continuations, with the exception of one by B. Croce on 'The Communism of Tommaso Campanella,' a conspicuous figure in the general history of communism, and another by F. Gabotti on 'The Church of Bisceglie,' from the time of Bishop Besanzed to that of Bishop Nicolo.

GIORNALE DANTESCO (Year 3, Nos. 7, 8, and 9)—contain: 'Dante's First Sonnet,' by G. Melodia.—'Barzizzi's comments on the *Inferno*,' by E. Lamma.—'Dantesque Figures,' by De Leonardis.—'Some Passages in the *Inferno*,' by F. Ronchetti.—'Dantesque Postilles,' by A. Ghignoni.—'Three Questions,' by P. Pochhammer.—'Polemical Notes' by G. Agnelli, L. Filomusi, F. Ronchetti, and S. Saetta.—'Count Ugolino,' by G. De Leonardis.—'Critical and Biographical,' by S. Saetta.—'Professor Floretti's Prologue to the Study of the *Divina Commedia*,' by G. L. Passerini.

RIVISTA ITALIANA DI FILOSOFIA—(January, February)—contains: 'The Story of Christianity in Father Giannone's *Triregno*,' by B. Labanca.—'The Nature and Value of the Hypothesis,' by A. Traglia.—'The Theory of Social Evolution in the writings of Vico and of modern Sociologists,' by F. Cosentini.

LA RIVISTA POPOLARE (1st and 16th February) contains—'The African Crime,' by Signor Imbriani; 'The Martyrdom of a People and the Cowardice of Diplomacy' (relating to Armenia); 'The Right of Colonial Initiative'; 'An Inquiry into Socialism'; 'Cuba'; 'A Collective Experiment at Cherson'; 'The Politico-social Movement'; 'Maurizio Quadred, a Journalist of the Old Stamp'; 'The Italians in Africa'; 'Organisation'; 'The Colonies'; 'What Bellamy says.'

LA SCIENZA DEL DIRITTO PRIVATO (January, February)—contains: 'Commercial Loyalty'; 'The Telegraph in Law'; 'The Social Injustice of the Penal Code'; 'Civil and Commercial Jurisprudence'; 'Rules for Marine Hygiene'; 'Possession in its Relations with Detention and Property.'

RIVISTA STORICO DEL RISORGIMENTO ITALIANO (January, 1896).—Under the title of 'From 1848 to 1867,' P. Turiello publishes some interesting souvenirs which enable the reader to picture the important events in which the writer shared. In the first chapter Turiello relates his boyish impressions of Naples in 1848, describes the excitement in the city on the news of the battle of Magenta; the aspect of Garibaldi, then in the plenitude of his powers, and the movements of the troops, etc.—In the following article, on 'The Military Conspiracy in Lombardy in 1814,' Signor Perrero relates the manner in which the Austrian authorities discovered the existence of the conspiracy. One of the heads of the conspiracy, Count Giffenga, spoke of it to a syndic, who told the Sardinian minister of foreign affairs. The Sardinian Government, who at that time wished to render a service to Austria, acquainted the Austrian authorities with what was going on.—Edmondo Mayor notices Gregorovius' book on 'The Political Resurrection of Italy.'—Professor Cappelletti communicates the following letter belonging to a collection of autographs. It was written on February 10th, 1859, a few days before the marriage of Princess Clotilde, and the fifty millions of which it speaks, refer to the vote, by a great majority, for the defence of Piemonte. —'Dear Clotilde,—Thanks for your letter, which was three days before it reached me, going hither and thither where I was believed to be, which made me rather angry. I am well content to hear that you are well, and about all the news you give me. May God bless you, that is my most ardent wish. Do your duty, try to be worthy of your new family, and country. Remember that the women of our house have always been so. I have again had fever for two days without being bled. I have been constantly busy preparing the law for the fifty millions; it has been voted by an immense majority. Napoleon must be told that his speech gave great satisfaction here, and that everything is perfectly quiet. Greet the Emperor, the Empress, and Napoleon for me, and thank your father-in-law for the letter which he wrote me. Write whenever you can. I send you a thousand kisses.—Your affectionate father, Victor.—Turin, 10th.'

EMPORIUM (January).—The new year's number commences well with a copiously illustrated paper on the brothers Gon-

court, by R. Giani.—Then comes an account of Mr. Anderson's winter travel round the coast of Norway.—Dr. Andrea G. describes the new law-court in Leipsic.—G. B. in the second article on 'Contemporaneous Artists' gives a long description of the works of Sir E. Burne-Jones, illustrated from photographs by F. Hollyer.—'The Family Vanderbilt' is the first paper under the title of 'Great Millionaires,' by Count di Lanzo.—F. Pasini writes on the question whether Louis XVII. died in the Temple, and attempts to prove that he did not.—The number closes with a description of various automobile vehicles, and a monogram on the poet Keats, with a photograph of his grave in Rome.—(February).—Contains: 'The wedding of Bianca Maria Sforza,' by L. Beltrami.—'The Roumanian Nation and Literature.'—'The Transvaal and its Gold Mines.'—'Divers and their work.'—'The Legend of Nanendorff,' etc.

GIORNALE STORICO DELLA LETTERATURA ITALIANA (1, 1896). Arturo Farinelli commences here a long and interesting study on the figure of *Don Juan*, pointing out that while *Faust* has in all times attracted the attention of poets and critics, *Don Juan* has been very little studied except in Germany. The writer begins by saying that he has no belief in a historic Don Juan; neither does he believe that the libertinism attributed to that personage is at all peculiar to the national Spanish character. He thinks the legend older than the fourteenth century, and that it gradually lost its primitive character and was clad in the fancies of the Middle Ages. He enters into a full examination of all the legends and writings relating to his theme.—G. B. Marchesii gives an account of the criticism of the seventeenth century, specially noting the famous *Ragguali di Parnasso*, published between 1610 and 1613.—Pietro Ercole contributes a paper attempting to prove that the 'Innominato' in Manzoni's *Promessi Sposi* was meant to figure Cataline.

IL PENSIERO ITALIANO (January)—contains: 'The Thought of Nicola Spedalieri and the 18th Century.'—'Philosophy in Music, and science in the other Arts.'—'The present historic moment of Sociology.'—'Instruction and not Collectivism.'—(February).—'The Limits of Property'; 'The *Orlando Innamorato*'; 'The Nature of Ethical Fact'; 'Notes on Manzoni's Reform of Tragedy'; 'Emma Boghen Conigliani,' etc.

FRANCE.

REVUE DE L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS (No. 1, 1896).—M. Louis Leger furnishes the second of his 'Etudes de Mythologie Slave.' In the first he endeavoured to trace the steps by which

the old Slave deity, Peroun, came to be transformed, under later Christian influence, into Elijah, or came to be identified with him. Here he follows the history of the ancient Slave deity, Svantovit, the chief deity worshipped by the inhabitants of the island of Rügen, in the Baltic. The treatment of this divinity and his image, by the 'Christian' King of Denmark, and by others, is abridged from the histories of Helmold and Saxo Grammaticus, and the transformation of Svantovit into a Christian Saint—St. Vit of Corvey—is detailed. The similarity of the names perhaps suggested and furthered the transformation here—Sanctus Vit—Svantovit.—M. J. Philippe continues his essay on the influence of Lucretius on Christian Theology from the third to the thirteenth centuries, especially in the Carolingian schools. He shows that influence by numerous quotations from the writings of the leaders of those schools, or gives summaries of their teaching on such points as the world, man, deity, etc., and then places, in a series of footnotes, the passages from Lucretius which bear on these matters.—M. Frédéric Macler gives us the first part of a very interesting article (as it promises to be) on 'The Apochryphal Apocalypses of Daniel.' Nine such are known, one in Persian, one in Coptic, one in Armenian, and six in Greek. With the exception of the one in Persian, these apocalyptic writings have not as yet received very much attention, or at least have not been the subject of many special treatises. M. Macler enumerates here the editions that have been published, and the articles that have been devoted to them or their elucidation. As translations of the Coptic and Armenian Apocalypses in French have not hitherto been given, M. Macler thinks it will be more satisfactory to translate them, than merely to summarize their contents; and he proposes to give a translation also of the best of the Greek versions. Before proceeding to do so he gives us a brief dissertation on the apocalyptic literature, connected chiefly with Daniel. These apocalypses are of two kinds. They are similar in aim, but differ in the means adopted by the writers in endeavouring to realize their object. In the first class, we have those that are purely works of imagination; and in the second, those where history (real or invented) is made to form a frame work for the visions. The apocalypses of Daniel are all more or less based on the Book of Daniel. The interest aroused by that work is seen up through every century of our era, and, even in our days, efforts are not unknown to imitate that kind of imaginative writing.—M. Pierre Paris furnishes the 'Bulletin Archéologique de la Religion Grecque,' or a summary and appreciation of the results of archæological work carried on in Greece, by several learned societies, from December 1894 to

December 1895. An excellent feature of this *Revue*, which, however, had disappeared from it for some time, is, we are glad to see, restored, and is to be continued, viz., the summaries of articles appearing in other periodicals which bear on the History of Religions.

REVUE DE L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS (No. 6, 1895).—M. E. Blochet continues here his extracts from the recently discovered edition of the *Bundehesh*. As was mentioned in our notice of the previous number of this *Revue*, this edition of the *Bundehesh* is a larger and fuller one than the one hitherto known, that brought to France in 1761 by Anquetil Duperron. M. Blochet is preparing this recently discovered edition for publication, but is meanwhile favouring the readers of this *Revue* with a foretaste of its riches. The Pehlevi text of the selections from it is given, as also a translation of them, and each section is accompanied by numerous notes explanatory of unusual or doubtful words, etc. —M. E. Guimet, under the title, 'Le dieu d'Apulée,' furnishes a short study of the curious work of Apuleius called 'the Golden Ass.' His other works are slightly noticed as indicating the general tenor of his theological opinions, but the object of M. Guimet's paper seems rather to offer an explanation of the extremely unequal quality of the treatise titled 'the Golden Ass,' than to bring out Apuleius' conception of deity. The latter in fact is confessed to be hazy and, in so far as it has any definite character, a reproduction of Plato's. The unequal character of the treatise, 'The Golden Ass,' has exercised most scholars who have troubled themselves with it, and various conjectures have been hazarded to account for that palpable feature of it. It has been attributed to the period of Apuleius' immature youth, and to that of his senile age. M. Guimet thinks that neither explanation is satisfactory, because neither accounts for the brilliancy of so many sections of the work. He regards it as a series of selections from earlier works, and from note-books, so to speak, in which he had treasured many fugitive thoughts, and striking passages he had come across in the course of his reading, and which he had put together in the form in which we have them now when he was very old, or when labouring under impaired powers.—M. L. Massebieau discusses the question, 'Is the Epistle of James the work of a Christian writer?' He has come to the conclusion that it is not—that it was originally the work of a Jewish writer, and was written in the century preceding the advent of Jesus. In this article he sets forth the reasons which have led him to this conviction. The name of Jesus appears only twice in the course of the Epistle, I. 1, II. 1. In each case the name follows the title Lord, and is followed by Christ—'the

Lord Jesus Christ.' The epithet, Lord, is elsewhere in the Epistle used for God, and there is no passage where the name Lord does not clearly denote God, save the two already mentioned. In those two there is nothing to indicate that, in the original text, the name 'Jesus Christ' necessarily stood. It may in each case have been inserted by a Christian copying the text, for it can be removed without in any way creating a *hiatus* in the text. M. Massebicau therefore proceeds to examine the whole teaching of the Epistle to see whether there is anything in it that bears a distinctively Christian character. He first examines the theology of the Epistle, but finds no place in that theology for the person or the work of Jesus, as they appear in the Gospels and in all genuine Christian writings. The only agent in affecting man's victory over the desires and passions in him that lead to evil is God Himself. The means employed by Him are 'the Law,' 'the engrafted Word,' 'the Word of Truth,' 'the Law of Liberty;' and the Spirit. Nowhere is the agency or work of Jesus referred to. His incarnation, His ministry, His crucifixion, His ascension, are never once mentioned, or in the remotest way alluded to. The only models of virtue presented for imitation are Abraham, Job, Rahab, Elias. The epistle is strangely silent as to Jesus, and the one source of man's help is God, the Lord. The only passages where even the semblance of a reference to Jesus can by any ingenuity be seen are those where the *parousia* or coming of the Lord is mentioned. But to Jewish thought the idea of the coming of the Lord—of the manifestation of God—of the Day of the Lord—was a common-place long before the Advent of Jesus. M. M. next discusses the supposed references in the Epistle to Paul's teaching as to faith, and endeavours to show that it is by a pure misapprehension of this writer's standpoint that any one has been led to see any allusion whatever to Paul's contention. The purely Jewish synagogue answers precisely to the picture drawn by the writer of this Epistle in ch. ii., while it is absolutely impossible to think of the Christian meetings at the period seemingly indicated, as at all like that there sketched. Our author takes up the Epistle, point by point, and seems to leave no likely objection to his position unnoticed or unanswered. The Epistle bears to be intended for the Diaspora—the Jews of the Dispersion, and M. M. shows that it was written by a cultured Jew to whom Greek was as his mother tongue, and who was well versed in Greek philosophy. His knowledge of Greek philosophy had not in any way impaired his reverence and love for, or his faith in, his ancestral religion, especially in its ethical power, and his Epistle was intended to safe-guard others from apostasy. —There follows the first part of an article by M. J. Philippe on

'Lucretius in Christian Theology from the third to the thirteenth century.'

REVUE DES RELIGIONS (No. 1, 1896.)—M. the Abbé de Moor begins in this number what promises to be an elaborate attempt to solve the problem, which has become the despair of almost all sober Egyptologists, that, namely, as to the origin of the Egyptian race and of its civilization. The learned Abbé fancies he has discovered the key to the solution of this vexed question, and promises to set before his readers here the evidence which has convinced himself of the historical value of his discovery. He gives the legend of Osiris, in at least its more important details,—the legend which the Egyptians cherished as accounting for their origin and the beginnings or sources of their religious faith and cult—and then takes that legend and reads it in the light of the early chapters of the Book of Genesis. Those early chapters of course are regarded by him as absolutely and strictly historical. In their light M. De Moor is able to interpret aright, he thinks, the Osirian legend, and extract the ore of genuine history from the imaginative and legendary alloy which has hitherto hidden its pure lustre from the most observant eyes. He indicates here the course he proposes to follow in the exposition of his theme. First, he proposes (and in this section accomplishes it) to give a brief summary of the Osirian legend, and to examine in the light of Genesis, Jude, and the Apocalypse of John, the revolt against Ra of his celestial court. That revolt is simply a perverted version of the revolt of Satan and his companions against God. Then is to be considered the revolt of men against Ra; Ra's abandonment of the government of the world (Egypt) and its being taken up by Osiris, a purely human being, representing the Adamite families other than those that sprang from Cain, but very specially one of those that sprang from Abel, and took the supremacy over the others. We are next to be shewn how these ethnic branches entered into Egypt and established themselves there, and their dissensions and bloody feuds,—the Abelite branch being represented by Osiris, and the others by Sit, in the legend. The reconstruction of the body of Osiris is next to engage our attention, and its historic meaning to be expounded. Then the Asiatic origin of the people and its civilization is to be discussed in connection with the time occupied by these events. It is an ingenious theory, and the working of it out will likely be watched by the curious in these matters with considerable interest.—M. Castonnet des Fosses continues his paper, 'Japan from the religious point of view.' It is the religious history of Japan after the introduction of Buddhism that is here sketched. Shintoism underwent modifications through the influence of

Buddhism and contact with China; but it continued to retain its hold on the Japs as a nation. Its principles were comparatively few and simple. Purity of heart; abstinence from everything that might defile; observance of fête days; and pilgrimages to holy places. These were reported by a traveller who visited Japan in the seventeenth century as embracing the outstanding features of the Shinto cult. Under the influence of Confucianism, a sect arose, in 1541, which has had considerable influence on the religious ideas and practices of the Japanese. It bore the name of Zihékko, and taught Monotheism. It was suppressed in 1710, but continued to find adherents notwithstanding; and to-day, when religious liberty is absolute, it is openly professed by many. M. Castonnet des Fosses' paper is extremely interesting and instructive, and is to be continued in a future number.

REVUE DES RELIGIONS (No. 6, 1895).—There is only one article in this number. It is a continuation of M. Peisson's elaborate treatise on Confucianism. He explains here the ethical teaching of Confucius, and endeavours to show cause for the barrenness of its results in the morality and life of Chinamen. The ethical teaching of Confucius has been much decried by such writers even as Hegel and Ritter. But M. Peisson regards that teaching as far from being worthy of the contemptuous treatment it has received at their hands. In some respects it may compare favourably with the systems propounded by Greek philosophers. It has this much at least to be said for it, that it appeals to every class of the community. It knows no intellectual *élite*, whom alone it addresses and wishes to exalt. It appeals to the least endowed as to the highest, and lays down rules of moral conduct to rulers and to ruled. Confucius does not attempt to account for the origin of moral evil. The idea of a 'fall' from a state of moral perfection never occurs to him, and he neither wastes his own time nor that of his hearers or readers with speculations as to *how* moral evil entered into the world or into the life of men. What he seeks is the practical remedy for the evil that exists. He sets himself to find out and expound to others the life men ought to lead in order to attain to the real blessedness of which human existence is capable. There is a right and a wrong mode of living—a perfect condition of mind and heart to be attained to by pursuing a certain course of conduct, and a state which becomes only worse and worse if any other course but this is pursued. What, then, is the right course—the course which, if followed, will inevitably lead to the development of man's noblest powers, and the consecration of these to the noblest uses? That is the problem Con-

fucius set before himself as a moral teacher. And the rules he laid down, if consistently followed, were such as would certainly mitigate to a very great extent the miseries that desolate the social life, and largely enhance the happiness of the individual. That his system was far from perfect goes without saying. He was a child of his age, and was incapable of emancipating himself wholly from the limitations imposed upon him by his environments and the training he had received. That he accomplished so much is his merit. That he failed to devise a perfect system is nothing to his discredit; he was but human. He accomplished much, and that will ever be to his praise. The flaws in his teaching are not a few, and the things he allowed, and whose vitiating influences he did not observe, are to us glaring enough. Instance only polygamy, though permitted by him only under certain defined conditions. He has not, it is allowed, made a moral people of his votaries. M. Peisson describes the life of the people in China as it is, with all its most flagrant faults undisguised, emphasizing the commercial dishonesty that is so characteristic of even the higher classes in China; the degraded position woman occupies there, and the infanticide so widely practised in several districts.—The rest of this number is taken up with the 'Chronique' of the two months, November, December, and the 'Bibliographie,' both of which are always here of great comprehensiveness and value.

REVUE SÉMITIQUE D'EPIGRAPHIE ET D'HISTOIRE ANCIENNE (No. 1, 1896.)—M. J. Halévy in his 'Recherches Bibliques' deals, first, with the text of Genesis xxv. 19. to xxviii. 9.—the history of Isaac. According to the modern critical school this history is a compilation from the various sources utilised by the compiler or compilers in casting the text into its present form. M. Halévy, as our readers well know, rejects this conclusion *in toto*, and maintains that the text is one throughout—a text not free, in its present form, from errors of transcription, but which has proceeded from one author, and is characterised by a clearly traceable unity both of style and spirit. He sets himself here to prove this point as regards the section of Genesis indicated above. He admits that the present arrangement of the text is faulty—that a copyist has been misled by his eye hastily catching a phrase common to two passages before him—a far from uncommon accident—and so placing what ought to have appeared in one section in a different one. But he thinks it no difficult matter to see where such an error has occurred, and so to correct it. The order, as he restores it, is, Gen. xxvi. 1-33, then xxv. 19-34; then xxvi. 34, 35. If this change is made then the sequence of the narrative is perfectly natural, and the stumbling

blocks, which have so distressed the modern critics, are almost wholly taken out of the way. The order now is (if, in addition to the above transpositions, the last part of xxvi. v. 1, is removed and placed along with v. 6,) the notice of the famine; the Divine prohibition against Isaac's going to Egypt; his removal instead to Gerar; the hostility of the Philistines; Isaac's return to Beersheba and the covenant with Abimelech. These events occupy the years of Rebekah's sterility. Then follow the genealogy of Isaac; the birth of Esau and Jacob; Jacob's stratagem whereby he gains the rights of the first born; Esau's marriages; and so on. M. Halévy next proceeds to demonstrate the harmony of the text with the preceding narratives, and to answer those objections to the unity and integrity of the text on which modern critics have based their theories. In the second part of his article he resumes his 'Notes pour l'interprétation des Psaumes.' The notes here cover Psalms xl. to xlv. The emendations suggested by M. Halévy have at least always the merit of making the text more natural and consistent with the line of thought the poet is pursuing. The turn he sometimes gives to the writer's expression is often ingenious if not always satisfactory. In regard, e.g., to Psalm xl. 6, where the poet says, 'Sacrifice and offering Thou didst not desire . . . burnt offering and sin offering hast Thou not required;' M. Halévy explains it as not depreciatory of the sacrificial rites, but as the utterance of a poet living in Babylon during the captivity, where the sacrificial rites were suspended, and the poet's devotion to the moral obligations of his religion as in great part arising from the impossibility of paying his homage to God by sacrifices. 'The impossibility of showing his gratitude to God for His goodness,' M. Halévy writes, 'has determined him (the Psalmist) to consecrate himself to God in accordance with the moral commands of the Law, and to declare these to others.' The 'Law' here, he regards as the Pentateuch. The last verses of the Psalm—verses 13-17, almost identical with Psalm lxx.—have been appended to it by mistake. The hill 'Mizar,' of Psalm xlii. 6, represents Mount Zion. Psalm xlv. is not Maccabean, according to M. Halévy, but dates from the period of Isaiah; and the reasons he gives for his opinion are certainly weighty and worthy of consideration. M. F. Thureau-Dangin defends the genuineness of the two inscriptions published in 1888 by Dr. Ward in the *American Journal of Archaeology*, which were found at Warka, in characters which have been regarded as earlier than the cuneiform. M. Halévy refers to a paper read by M. A. Barth before the *Académie des inscriptions et belles-lettres* on early Indian writing. The paper dealt with M. Halévy's recent articles in the *Revue Semitique*, and his

earlier article, mentioned by us in these Summaries, on this subject. M. Barth agrees in the main with M. Halévy as against Professor Buchler. M. Halévy contributes still another article to this number on, 'L'Alliance des Sabéens et des Abyssiniens contre les Himyarites,' as also part of the Bibliographie; while M. J. Perruchon contributes 'Notes pour l'histoire d'Ethiopie,' and the review of two papers dealing with Ethiopic subjects.

REVUE CELTIQUE (Janvier, 1896.)—M. L. Duchesne here returns to the vexed question of the *Historia Britonum*. The article will repay perusal as showing the exact position in which the controversy now stands.—Dr. Whitley Stokes continues his papers on the 'Annals of Tigernach.' Here he deals with the text of the Second fragment (Rawl., B. 488, F. 4^a. 2.).—M. J.-A. Hild discusses the meaning of an interesting inscription accidentally discovered about a couple of years ago by a mason while taking down a building near Mauvière. The inscription contains the three names, Craxantus, Atrectus and Cnaius. The third is a purely Latin name, but the other two are Celtic and have been met with before. The inscription also bears witness to the cultus of the Emperors in Roman Gaul, as also to that of the genius of a god as distinct from the god himself.—Mr. Strachan calls attention to some points in the verbal system of the Amra Choluimb Chille which seem to him to be inconsistent with the date usually assigned for the authorship of that poem. He is of opinion that it is impossible to place the date earlier than A.D. 800.—'Sucellus et Nantosvelta,' from the pen of M. S. Reinach, is an interesting discussion respecting the recent Mithraic discoveries at Sarrebourg. The 'Correspondance,' 'Bibliographie,' 'Chronique,' 'Periodiques,' are particularly full in this number and contain many items of information of the kind which can only be gleaned from the pages of the *Celtique* and which all students are glad to acquire.

REVUE DU MONDE LATIN (Vol. xxxiv.)—The January number opens with an instalment of an essay on Alfonso of Aragon and the learned circle at his Court at Naples, from the Spanish of M. Victor Balaguer.—Fiction is represented by 'A l'Ombrelle Rouge.'—An obituary notice of Alexander Odobesco, who died recently at Bucharest.—'Un nouveau Mode d'Eclairage,' by M. Plauchud, is an excellent account of acetylene gas-lighting.—A paper by M. L., discussing questions of railway management in France. Travelers in this country will be rather amused by the news that the French companies are thinking of building no more second class corridor carriages, and by the writer's hope that they

will not carry out their threat, but extend the same comforts to the third class.—M. Hippolyte Buffenoir furnishes a very exhaustive 'Chronique Théâtrale' month by month.—The February part opens with a somewhat maudlin poem on the 'Lions of Trafalgar Square.'—M. de Castilho continues his 'Letter from Portugal.'—The 'Chronique Musical' deals with 'Frédégonde,' an opera begun by Guiraud, and completed after his death by Saint-Saëns.—Communications from Italy and Roumania, deal with letters and society in those parts.—The supplement is a portion of a work on the history of French families.

SPAIN.

LA REVISTA ESPAÑA (January, 1896).—Emilia Pardo Bazan begins the year and the number with a new tale, entitled, 'Memoirs of a Highlander.' It is lively and brightly written.—In the 'Adventures of a Soldier' there are some admirable anecdotes. During the War of Independence one of a Defence Committee of a certain town continually proposed plans for conquering the French. The Governor at length exclaimed, 'Friend, in selling dried cod you are a Napoleon; in fighting Napoleon you are a dried cod.'—Echegaray continues his 'Reminiscences,' and these lead on to a review of the 'Voyage of circumnavigation of the *Nautilus*,' a Spanish training-ship, in which review there is a curious attempt to compare the conquest of the Cape with the recent conduct of Jameson, and in which the writer is not sure whether the Robinson the millionaire is the same as Robinson the 'President of the Republic'—a strange mixture of persons and things and States!—The 'Salons of the Countess of Montijo' commences a most interesting account of the family of the Empress Eugenie, and continues up till the wedding of the Emperor Napoleon with the daughter of the Countess of Montijo, then Countess of Teba, and connected with all the first families of Spain.—In 'The International Press' we have a scathing attack upon the degraded American press, the lowest of the international purveyors of public scandals. The figures are taken from their own acknowledgment, and tell a sad tale. England follows with a story of steady decadence of her old reviews, and growth of petty evanescent—we had almost said effervescent—'literature' so-called.—The 'Comedy of "Voluntad" Will' by Perez Galdos is criticised, and the *anemia* of will in the modern world commented on.—Castelar analyses the precarious situation in January, with Italy defeated, America bellicose, Jameson checked, and Russia predominant.—Notices of books, and Wolf's 'Castillian and Portuguese Literature'

complete a good number.—(February).—‘Memoirs of a Highlander’ continues.—‘Adventures and Misfortunes of an Old Soldier’ supplies some curious reminiscences of the civil wars, and of the Spanish mode, not of waging, but of dawdling through them. A most important paper is that by Juan Valera, in which he discusses the two great accusations of Draper, that Spain is to-day a skeleton between living nations, and suffering justly because it destroyed two civilisations, one in the old world and one in the new. He declares that the Spaniards speak of the Moors—not the Arabs—in Spain, that the Mussulman conquest may have been led by Arabs, but was mainly composed of Moors and Berbers, and other such semi-savages, and that the Mussulman ‘civilisation’ such as it was, owed much to the prior races they conquered, and little to themselves. He instances the finest Moorish relic in Spain, the Cathedral in Cordova, which is largely composed of older buildings, Roman or Visigothic. He gives much credit to the Jews, and to ‘Spaniards’ who followed the law of Mohammed. In America he claims that Spain showed great liberality as a conqueror, making Montezuma’s successor a grandee of Spain and a Duke, with a pension: while the Duke of Alba, at the tercentenary, published a volume with Titles of nobility, and honours, granted by Spanish monarchs to natives of America after the conquest. He also gives to America a severe and well-merited *tu quoque*, over the disappearance of the native races before her civilisation!—‘The Salons of the Countess of Montijo’ continues most interesting.—Echegaray is mainly interesting with his gossip to his fellow-countrymen.—‘The disappearance of the German nobility’ is a curious study worthy of consideration. The writer says that they have lost the soil, and must pass with it. This article is a translation, apparently from the French.—Castelar is mainly occupied with the Boers, and the general situation in Africa.—(March).—‘The Salons of the Countess of Montijo,’ describes how, for a quarter of a century after the marriage of her daughter to the Emperor Napoleon, the Countess her mother maintained at Madrid the ‘Society Spirit.’ The story proceeds till the death of the Duchess of Alba—the most beautiful, beloved, and charming of Spanish leaders of fashion. ‘All the world has heard of her balls, and of the concerts of the Countess of Montijo.’—‘Adventures of an old soldier’ continue; the author describes how a blind monk in the Monastery of Santa Creus, greatly attached to horses, could tell the colour of a horse’s skin by the touch. He had tested this often.—Echegaray, the engineer, continues to describe the growth of his passion for the theatre, and his constant study of character, that have made him

the foremost play-writer of Spain.—Manuel Cazorro describes the growth of the National Museum of Natural History in Madrid, a contemporary of those of London and Paris, and which he asserts is dead ; and unless it rises from its ashes, is dead for ever!—‘Memoirs of a Highlander,’ brings the reader to the ‘literary chronicle,’ in which we are told that several ecclesiastical dignitaries have prohibited the drama *Juan Jose*, of Mr. Dicenta. This leads the writer, Gomez de Baquera, to remark, that the Church suffers most in such a case ; and that to the toleration of the Church in the United States is due the extraordinary progress of Catholicism there.—Castelar deals with the great predominance of Colonial questions in the world. He explains his Manifesto to America in regard to Cuba. We can sympathise more with Spain than Castelar did with England, under less reasonable circumstances ; and understand his passionate appeal to the Republic he has always believed in, an appeal against what he considers brute force, and the defiance of their creed of non-intervention, formerly so freely declared by the United States—until it suits their purpose!—A review of the Report of the International Congress on the condemned, children morally abandoned, vagabonds, and the mentally afflicted ; and a Collectivist or Socialistic programme by Joaquim Costa, are considered.—Bibliography is also carefully attended to in this Magazine, which is becoming more and more essentially Spanish, and consequently more valuable to the general European student.

HOLLAND.

DE GIDS (February)—The most interesting paper in this number is Henri Borel’s on a subject taken from Chinese Buddhism and Chinese Art, ‘Kwan Yin, the goddess of grace,’ a goddess corresponding very much to the Virgin Mary, and with attributes and images strangely foreign to all Chinese ideas about woman.—Ida Heijermanns gives her ideas, extremely sensible ones, on ‘Schools and Children,’ advocating smaller classes and more attention to the character of teachers. She would, for example, dismiss all elderly female teachers who have lost sympathy with children, as married male teachers are not apt to do. Also, above all, she insists upon children being taught to think and not merely to remember. All this means outlay and expense, but is well worth it.—Frits Lapidoth contributes a most amusing sketch, ‘The Power of the Mysterious.’—Patijn discusses the ‘Type-Criminel,’ endeavouring to indicate where the balance is to be struck between the conclusions of medical, on the one hand, and juridical

authorities, on the other.—In the review of foreign affairs, South Africa takes, naturally, the first place, with President Kruger as hero of the day.—In February and March, Ovink gives a treatise on the doctrine of ideas and experience, in which he defines the sphere of the former, comparing it with Plato's teaching.—March number contains a pretty, if rather fanciful piece, 'Song of Angels,' a sort of passing in review of Fra Angelico's masterpieces.—Kalfi's 'Literature and the Stage in Amsterdam of the seventeenth century' is reviewed not unfavourably by Kollewijn.—'Netherlands' Political Position in Europe as a Defensive Basis,' by Engelberts, insists upon a vigilant guard being kept over Holland's neutrality. To assert this and so preserve independence, is the task of politicians, not of the army. The use of the army is to make active resistance if Dutch territory is anywhere violated.—R. L. Stevenson is the subject of a long and highly-appreciative article by Ch. M. v. Deventer. Nothing seems to strike the Dutch reviewer more in Stevenson than his irrepressible joyousness and delight in living, and certainly the contrast between him and modern Dutch novelists, in that respect, could not well be greater.—Lorentz discusses Röntgen rays, and Henri Borel gives a sweet prose poem called 'Resurrection.'—Louis Couperus (April) contributes a 'Letter from Venice,' full of charming descriptive touches and art criticism.—In 'South Africa up-to-date,' by Dr. Engelenburg, the situation is thus summed up. To begin with, New-year's day, 1896, saw a close and firm alliance effected between the South African Republic and the Orange Free State. In Cape Colony the fall of the Rhodes *régime* marked a revival of the old national feeling, with an inclination towards reconciliation with the Republicans, and the collapse of that robbers' nest, the Chartered Company, further intensified this feeling. The same may be said of the landward parts of Natal. Then, in Europe was excited universal sympathy for the Boers—sympathy astonishing to them. The idea of all South Africa being one day united under the British flag is for ever dismissed, and, on the contrary, the Dutch element begins to assert itself and may ultimately prevail over *perfidie* Albion. Such are the fruits of Jameson's Raid.—Prof. Heymanns gives an account of 'A Laboratory for Experimental Psychology.' He obtained, four years ago, a subsidy for founding a laboratory of this kind at Groningen. Psychology he defines as the science of the phenomena of consciousness. The experiments on perception, memory, etc., are naturally difficult to tabulate exactly, but the Professor's room, secluded, quiet and dark, has been a spot not fruitless in results.—A sketch is given of the life and

poetry of Ada Negri, whose spirit is somewhat akin to Walt Whitman. Thoroughly one of the people, she reveals the feelings and aspirations of the labouring class.—'A Statesman-Philosopher' is a review of Dr. Mees' book, *Observations on the Origin and Nature of our Knowledge*. This work by a useful M.P. was a surprise to his friends, who were not aware of his philosophic bent. He builds his conclusions on pure theoretic grounds, entirely irreconcilable with sensualism or materialism, and his doctrine that all science has its root in spirit, shows that he is on the side of the idealists.—Another article is devoted to Zangwill and his works, which naturally excite considerable interest in a country numbering so large a proportion of Jews among the inhabitants.—The first portion of 'Vondel's Life,' by Kalf, shows great research, and many points of interest concerning that ancient poet are brought to light.

GREECE.

ATHENA (Vol. VIII, pt. 1).—G. N. Hatzidakis discusses the question whether the Macedonians were Hellenes. After considering the philological and historical evidence he concludes that they were Hellenes, in opposition to the opinion of many modern scholars.—The same writer traces the origin and usage of the particles *καὶ* and more especially *διὰ καὶ* and *γὰρ*.—G. A. Papabasileion contributes critical remarks on L. Dindorf's edition of fragments of the historians.—In his 'Parerga' the k. Sp. Basês resumes his controversy with the k. Bernardakês, who recently published an edition of Plutarch's 'Morals.'—He gives a further instalment of his 'Roman Questions,' dealing with the auxilium of the tribunes.

SWITZERLAND.

BIBLIOTHEQUE UNIVERSELLE ET REVUE SUISSE (January, March).—With the first of these numbers, a new century opens for the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, five years before it begins for the world at large. When the periodical was founded in Geneva, in 1796, times were troubled and dark. France had just gone through the most eventful period of her history; she was emerging from the horrors of the Terror, and was on the eve of spreading through Europe, with her invading armies, the ideas of the Revolution; all social and political principles were overthrown or rudely shaken. It was at that moment that three men of talent, Charles Pictet de Rochemont, his brother Marc-Auguste Pictet, and their friend Frédéric-Guillaume Maurice, joined together for the purpose of establishing

in Geneva the *Bibliothèque Britannique*, which, after the fall of the first Empire, became the *Bibliothèque Universelle*. Their object was to enable the Continent to appreciate the intellectual, moral, and economic life of England, and, in this manner, to oppose to revolutionary declamation the spectacle of a nation which had developed under the fostering influence of liberty. Circumstances led to the gradual modification of the original scheme, without, however, affecting the leading idea; and the *Bibliothèque Universelle* may be congratulated on the consistency and the success with which it has always advocated the principles to which it owed its origin.—The number with which the new century begins, contains a notable article on the Eastern Question. Its author, M. Tallichet, whose political articles have, of late, attracted considerable attention, entitles it 'La Russie à Constantinople,' and thereby indicates, to a certain extent, the policy which he considers likeliest to solve the long-standing problem. To his thinking, the Ottoman government, having shown itself powerless to maintain order, and to protect the lives of its subjects, has thereby lost the right of living, and afforded a justification for any measures that may be taken against it.—In 'La Sibérie Ignorée,' by M. Michel Delines, an interesting account is given of the remote district situated in the North-east of Siberia, between the Bay of Guigiguinsk and the banks of the Kolyma. The sketch is based on a Russian work by a writer who styles himself Dioneo, and who owes his knowledge of the region to his enforced stay in it as a political prisoner.—Under the quaint title 'An Anglican Sermon and a European Crisis,' M. Edouard Sayous relates the doubtless strange, but in this country, at least, very familiar story of Dr. Sacheverell.—'Les Progrès de l'Aéronautique,' by M. Georges Béthuys, gives an account of the latest attempts at solving the problem of aerial navigation.—An article to which English readers will turn with interest is that which M. Aug. Glardon devotes to 'A New Scotch Humorist,' that is to Ian Maclaren. It contains an excellent summary of *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush*, and speaks very appreciatively of the author, of whom, however, it is not anticipated that he will be able to maintain the high standard of his first work.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

The Works of Joseph Butler, D.C.L., sometime Lord Bishop of Durham. Edited by the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE. 2 vols. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1896.

Mr. Gladstone's versatility is as great as his energy. It is impossible not to admire the ease with which he turns from one subject of study to another as well as the manner in which he handles whatever he touches. To theological, or at any rate to ecclesiastical studies, more especially to such of them as are more closely connected with politics he has always directed a more or less watchful attention, and many of his writings are occupied with the discussion of them. His early work on the question of the relations between the Church and State was regarded by many as a masterpiece, while his *Vaticanism* is still fresh in the minds of most. Here, however, he has been engaged on a work of an almost entirely different character. Bishop Butler's writings are dissociated from politics and are purely theological. Wisely or unwisely theologians are not in the habit of paying much attention to the incursions which a layman may make into their own peculiar domain, or of laying much stress upon the thoughts which the lay mind may choose to express upon any of the thousand and one subjects within the ever widening circle of their studies. The novelty of an edition of Butler by Mr. Gladstone, however, will be sufficient, we should say, to stir the curiosity of the most impassive, if not to send them to its examination with an interest more or less sympathetic. For the rest, for those who are not theologians by profession, Mr. Gladstone's connection with it will prove, as it seems to us, its paramount attraction. At any rate we have here an edition of Butler with which none of the many editions we have seen of the same work will in any way compare. Its features may be best described in Mr. Gladstone's own words. They are in brief, he says, as follows:—'The *Analogy* and the other works, with slight exceptions have been broken into sections. 2. Every section has been supplied with a heading to assist the eye, and, as far as may be, the mind of the reader, by an indication of its contents. 3. Indexes to each volume have been provided; and they are framed upon a separate perusal and following of the Text, as close as the present editor could make it. 4. He has ventured to add a limited number of Notes, in part explanatory, and in part illustrative. 5. An Appendix has been added to Vol. II. The several pieces which it contains are all of them either by Butler, or are associated with his name. 6. The Text of the *Analogy* has been duly considered under the supervision of the authorities of the University Press, and with the aid furnished by Bishop Fitzgerald's edition of the *Analogy* (Dublin, 1849), in which many corrections of the current edition of 1844 were made, and a collation with the original text of 1736 was embodied.' That the preparation of the volumes has involved great labour all students of Butler who turn to them will at once admit. Two features are deserving of especial praise, the sections and their headings and the Indexes. Butler, more especially in the *Analogy*, is confessedly difficult to understand, but with the first of these there should now be no difficulty in mastering the arguments of a work which, as Mr. Gladstone finely says, is 'so close in tissue and so profoundly charged with vital matter.' The Indexes both to the *Analogy* and *Sermons*, which occupy the second

volume, have been excellently conceived. 'The student,' says Mr. Gladstone, 'ought to find in the several items of an index, under the most natural and (so to speak), salient heads, every point of his author's text to which it is likely that, in default of exact recollections, he may desire to refer,' and this principle has here been carried out. Both Indexes, though neither of them contains an analysis of the works to which they refer, will be found excellent aids to memory, while the many cross references will be found specially useful. The notes are for the most part brief and are usually illustrative or explanatory, though in one or two instances the editor is not in exact agreement with his author. One class of notes, those which Dr. Angus describes as having for their purpose, 'to make good deficiencies in point of Evangelical tone' Mr. Gladstone finds no room for, such notes being in his view—a view in which most will agree, 'illegitimate and senseless.' In addition to the Sermons on Human Nature we have a number of others, and one also which there is good reason for believing was preached by Butler while Rector of Stanhope. The Appendices contain the correspondence which passed between Butler and Dr. S. Clark, Wesley, and Whitfield, together with other pieces. Fine as the edition is, however, as an edition of Butler by Mr. Gladstone, it will not be complete until we have the volume of Essays which the veteran statesman has written on Butler, and which, as we gather from the Preface, is shortly to be issued.

Introduction to the Synoptic Gospels. By PATON J. GLOAG, D.D.
Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1895.

Dr. Gloag's industry seems indefatigable. The present work forms the completion of a series that embraces all the New Testament canon. The series was begun by him more than twenty-five years ago, when he was the minister of a large and important parish, and burdened with all the multifarious and arduous duties connected with the ministerial office. Faithful and diligent in the discharge of these he yet found time to pursue this ideal of his life, and to continue his scholarly labours along the lines he had so early marked out for himself. It was only when his volume on *The Johannine Writings* was far advanced that he resigned his charge, and the leisure since enjoyed by him has enabled him all the more rapidly to bring his colossal undertaking to a happy issue. Each of his five volumes of Introductions, not to speak of others that have been published during the years that he has been engaged on these, bears abundant testimony to his wide reading, his accurate scholarship, his logical acumen, his painstaking regard for details, and his dispassionate judgment. Every man, of course, is more or less, according to heredity perhaps, but certainly owing to training and environment, under the influence of a mental bias, if we may so call it—a predisposition to look at all matters in a certain way—from a certain angle. Dr. Gloag's bias—we use the word in no invidious sense—has been, and is, towards conservatism. His conservatism, however, has never been of a stubborn or irrational—of an extreme—character. It has made him cautious in deciding, but has seemingly never blinded him to flaws in the evidence for traditional views, nor blunted his perception of the force of evidence adduced in favour of other views than those he may be said to have inherited. He has weighed the evidence for and against with remarkable impartiality, anxious to judge fairly, and discover what is the truth, determined to hold by that whatever it may be. When the evidence is clear and decisive he yields at once to its force; and, when it seems to his mind inconclusive, he confesses that it is so, and holds himself open to accept fresh evidence, should it ever be forthcoming, from any

source whatever. The spirit in which his inquiries have throughout been conducted is well indicated in what he says in the preface to this volume, when speaking of the position he has felt himself compelled to take up with regard to the synoptic problem—the most difficult of all questions perhaps connected with the New Testament canon. ‘I am far,’ he says, ‘from supposing that I have arrived at any very satisfactory conclusion, and am perfectly aware of the objections to which the theory advanced is exposed, and to which I can only give an imperfect answer: all that I have been able to do is to state what appear to me the most probable results of the inquiry. The complete solution of the problem is, I fear, for the present unattainable.’ This candour on his part may disappoint expectations, and dishearten some readers, but it is praiseworthy, and inspires confidence in his guidance. We expect at least that he will prove helpful to us in our study of the Synoptic question, even if he cannot clear away for us all the darkness that enshrouds it. Of a large part of this volume it is not necessary for us to say anything here. As an Introduction to the Synoptic Gospel it is largely taken up with enumerating external and internal evidences, and detailing the history of the text, and that of Interpretation, etc., on which points nothing new can be said. The ground has been gone over so often that hardly any gleanings can be hoped for, or any originality be displayed. The point of greatest interest lies in the treatment which the Synoptic problem itself receives, and the result to which our author’s consideration of that problem leads him. The theories propounded to solve it are legion. Every possible, and almost every impossible, theory has been adventured, and combinations of them of all conceivable kinds have been offered; but hardly can any two critics be found who are satisfied with the adequacy of the other’s solution. The complication is intensified by the presence of the Fourth Gospel, which, however, cannot be ignored. Why is there so much in common both in matter and form in these Gospels? Why do they differ so in matter, form, order of events—having this, omitting that? etc. Dr. Gloag discusses here the various solutions of the problem that have been hitherto offered. He takes them in groups according as they adopt—with whatever modifications—one or other central principle. He first examines, *e.g.*, those which proceed on the assumption of the mutual dependence of the three synoptic writers on each other—that two at least are dependent on the Gospel that was written first. Which that was has not been agreed upon by all the defenders of the theory. Nay, every possible mutation has found its advocates. On the other hand the absolute independence of the writers has also been stoutly maintained. An original oral Gospel, or narrative, embracing the substance of the Apostle’s testimony as to the life and teaching of Jesus, has been assumed, and our three Gospels are regarded as based on that—as modifications of that oral Gospel. That theory has not satisfied all the conditions of the problem, and an original written Gospel, or two, or three, or more, ‘collections’ of incidents in the life of Jesus, or of his sayings, or of both combined, have been assumed. All these theories are carefully reviewed by Dr. Gloag here and their merits and demerits pointed out. None, he admits, satisfies all the conditions required, or is free from grave objections. The theory, however, that commends itself to him as explaining most of the difficulties, and as being freest, though not free, from objections, is that Mark’s Gospel is the earliest and the one in its present form, from which both Matthew and Luke drew most of their *data*. They made use of other sources, such as collections of the sayings or discourses of Jesus, admittedly then existing, as also of traditional and oral reminiscences current of his acts and *logia*. It is impossible to find fault with Dr. Gloag for resting content with this

result. The whole problem is so intricate, and so much can be said on either side, that hardly any other conclusion is admissible for the present. Attempts have been made recently to formulate the primitive, or apostolic, Gospel from what is common to all the Canonical Gospels and earliest Christian literature; but it is well to let these be subject to the test of time and deliberation ere we come to decide as to their worth. On the question—a burning one at present—as to the narratives of the incarnation and infancy of Jesus, and the genealogies given in Matthew's and Luke's Gospels, Dr. Gloag is perhaps conservative to a fault. He lays great stress on the external evidences for the integrity of the texts of both Matthew and Luke, and stoutly defends the internal coherency of these sections of the two Gospels with all that follows in either. The differences between the two genealogies are candidly of course admitted, and the discrepancies in the Matthew and Luke accounts of Jesus' birth and infancy are frankly allowed; but the former are thought to be sufficiently accounted for by the assumption that in Matthew's Gospel we have the genealogy through Joseph, and in Luke's the genealogy through Mary, the daughter of Heli—an assumption that is surely now sufficiently discredited—and the latter are ruled out of court because of the strength of the 'external evidences' for the integrity of the texts. These seem to us the weakest parts of this otherwise excellent and scholarly volume. It is valuable in its marshalling of all the data necessary for a comprehensive grasp of the history of the text of the Synoptic Gospels, and for its judicial estimate of the theories advanced for the explanation of their genesis and relations. It reflects great credit on its erudite author, and will prove most helpful to students, whether they are professional, or are of those who are deeply interested in the Gospels as the sources of their religious convictions and their knowledge of the real life and teaching of Jesus.

Moral Evolution. By GEORGE HARRIS, Professor in Andover Theological Seminary. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1896.

Within the past few years there have appeared several interesting works on this same theme. Professor Drummond's *Ascent of Man* was perhaps the most noticeable, as it was among the earliest, and as proceeding from a Free Church Professor it received a large amount of attention. The work before us is a very able and a very thorough endeavour to show that the doctrine of evolution holds good within this province of life, or as Professor Harris puts it himself, 'to establish the harmony of personal and social morality with the facts of evolution.' Professor Harris is a thorough-going evolutionist. 'The human species came into existence,' he says, 'not by abrupt creation in entire independence of pre-existing animals, but by evolution from them through organic derivation.' What effect has this fact on morality—on its basis and its authority? Does it weaken or strengthen the categoric imperative? This question has been pressing for some time now for an answer, and an answer several writers have of late attempted to give. Ethics and evolution have been regarded by some as antagonistic to, by others, as totally independent of, each other. Some regard them as identical, others deny that they are identical, but maintain that they are in perfect harmony with each other. Professor Harris examines each of these views, and criticises them. It is the last of these views he himself holds, and endeavours here to justify. He starts by looking at man as he now is—in himself, and in the social order in which he stands. 'It is necessary,' he says, 'to know what the moral man is to know how he has become what

he is. The present contains the past. The product registers its own history' Man—the ethical man—is studied therefore as he exists now, and as a moral personality living in relations with others like himself. This leads to a description—very summary of course—of our social system at its best. Here the interaction is brought out of society on individuals, and of the latter on the former, or, of progress on personality and personality on progress. The social unit is a moral person. What is it that constitutes him so? The cherishing and pursuing an ideal. 'An ideal is essential to the very existence of morality.' The first question therefore is as to the nature of the ideal that constitutes the moral or ethical standard. The moral ideal must be personal—concern itself, that is, with the well-being of persons. 'It is an ideal not of their being, but of their well-being.' It must concern themselves, not their possessions. 'The moral ideal,' Professor Harris excellently puts it, 'is the person himself in the quality and completeness of his character.' This statement he justifies and establishes in a series of chapters, in which he treats of the moral ideal; the moral law; the happiness theory; and self-realization and altruism. Then follows the discussion as to the origin and evolution of the ethical man. It is impossible to do justice to this part, or in fact to any part of this excellent work, in the space at our command. It is necessary to read every line of the volume to form anything like an adequate conception of its value as an exposition of evolutionized ethics. Its argument is about as compact as it could well be, and is expressed in a clear, crisp, and often in an almost aphoristic form. From a literary point of view, the book is charming, and as a philosophy of history, is extremely valuable. Professor Harris has read widely and thought deeply on the interesting problems he has here discussed, and has the happy gift of imparting the results of his study in a style that is in itself a fascination. The chapter on Christianity and Evolution—the climax of the argument—is one that will be turned to, from its very title, by all who get possession of the book, but will itself be sufficient reward for the whole cost of it.

A Short Study of Ethics. By CHARLES F. D'ARCY, B.D.
London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

Mr. D'Arcy here first discusses the philosophical basis of Ethics, then outlines the Ethical Theory, as he calls it, and devotes the last part of his work to the criticism of Intuitionism, Hedonism, Utilitarianism, etc. The study is a comprehensive one, but all too short to be on almost any point perfectly satisfactory to the professional student, or very helpful to the beginner. Ethics he defines as the science of conduct, and then, in order to distinguish conduct from mere mechanical movement, as the science of voluntary action. Its function as a science is 'to supply the rules by which, or the standard according to which, we approve or disapprove of voluntary acts.' It is concerned, he says, with the principles which underlie the estimation of conduct. According as an act is good or bad, right or wrong, so we applaud or condemn it. But why do we do so? What is the standard of ethical judgment? and on what is it based? What quality in an act, or in the mind of the actor, justifies the distinction? In order to determine this, we have to consider both factors in the ethical judgment—the judge and the act to be judged, the subject and object. This plunges Mr. D'Arcy into the quagmires of metaphysics, and he has a good deal of floundering in them before he escapes from them again. 'The inevitable ambiguities of language' entangle him, and render his exposition at times obscure. The iteration and re-iteration of 'personality,' 'personal,' 'more than personal,' as applied to God, and 'self,' 'self-hood,'

'spirit,' etc., as applied to ourselves, is apt to bewilder us in our efforts to follow the train of Mr. D'Arcy's thought. His chapter on Will, however, is on the whole a solid piece of exposition. Will, according to him, is not to be regarded as a part, or faculty, of the ego—a possession or instrument of the latter's action. It is the ego itself. The ego is *one*, and in any act is in its totality engaged. The ego has not a perceptive faculty, a cognitive faculty, a will power, and so on. The ego is in itself perceptive, cognitive, volitional. Call it spirit to distinguish it from matter, or nature, then spirit is the knowing subject. It is also that which wills as well as knows. 'The will,' Mr. D'Arcy says, 'is the man. As in knowledge, it is the self-conscious subject which knows, so in volition it is the self-conscious subject which wills. The agent in volition is simply the self, the man.' Knowledge, volition, etc., are simply different activities of the same entity, modes of its operation. If this is accepted, an important result, he says, follows. The old and ever new controversy as to the freedom of the will comes to an end. It could exist only so long as we were supposed to be owners of our wills—to be above them to direct them. But if will is self, then in any voluntary act will is self-determining. Confusion has arisen here from our not distinguishing between natural or material causation and spiritual or mental causation. They differ in kind. In the latter, too, the determination comes from within, in the former, from without. 'A ball moves when it is struck by another ball,' but 'to class the striking ball and the self-conscious subject together as equally causes, and equally necessary in their action, is to make a logical blunder of portentous magnitude.' And yet conduct is determined by motives. 'There is no meaning in the assertion that an act of will is an act of unmotivated choice, for every act of will involves the seeking of some end.' But there can be no conflict of motives. There is often a conflict of desires, but desires are not motives. The motive is the final stage in the mental process of determining what is the end to be attained. This stands in the *mens*, the ego, the spirit, alone. 'There is no other mental fact on the same level with it. Conflict here is impossible.' As to the standard of ethical judgment, it is furnished by, or through religion. Without God there can be no morality, no good or bad, no right or wrong. So Mr. D'Arcy finds it impossible to construct a science of Ethics without postulating a personal Deity, and we humbly think he is right. But our space does not permit of our following his argument here. We can only commend it to our readers' careful attention as it is stated in the work before us. What we have said and quoted from this study, will show the value of Mr. D'Arcy's volume. Had he given himself more space, he would doubtless have made his positions clearer, and his criticisms more satisfactory. As it is, it is well worth our readers' attentive perusal, and will, doubtless, prove helpful to them.

The Mameluke or Slave Dynasty of Egypt, 1260-1517 A.D. By SIR WILLIAM MURE, K.C.S.I., LL.D., etc. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1896.

In this slim, octavo volume, Sir William Mure, the distinguished Orientalist and Principal of the University of Edinburgh, has opened up what, for English readers, is practically a new chapter in the history of the East. Dr. Weil has dealt with the subject in his usual exhaustive manner in the later volumes of his great work, *Geschichte der Chalifen*, but notwithstanding its importance, in consequence of the great part which the Mamelukes played during the period of the Crusades, and the influence they have had on the history of civilisation and the destiny of the Eastern Church, no work has hitherto been specially devoted to it in

English. That it is a subject of peculiar interest it is almost needless to say. A slave here and there rising to royal or imperial honours is no singular phenomenon, but nowhere except in Egypt has there been a slave dynasty. The Mameluke rule there is absolutely without a parallel. For nearly three hundred years the country was governed by men who felt it to be no disgrace that they or their fathers had been openly bought and sold in the market. Kilawun, one of the most capable of the Mameluke Sultans, had twice been bought for a thousand golden pieces, and how little or how much he thought of it may be inferred from the fact that among the numerous titles he assumed on reaching the throne was that of Alalfi or the Thousander. For the origin of the system which produced the Mamelukes, it is necessary to go back to the Caliphs of Bagdad. These had fallen into the habit of surrounding themselves in their capital with large numbers of slaves, chiefly drawn from the Turcoman and Mongol hordes, whom they used both as bodyguards and as contingents to counter-vail the dangerous influence of the Arab soldiery for whom they were substituted. The same habit was followed by the Fatimide Caliphs, and after them by the Eyyubite dynasty, who, being strangers in the land, were glad of the support of foreign myrmidons. The consequence was the conquered tribes of Central Asia readily parted with their children to the slave-dealer who promised them prosperity in the West, and streams of these children of the Eastern hordes were constantly flowing into Egypt, where they were eagerly bought, sometimes at enormous prices, both by Sultans and Emirs. The position they occupied there is well described by Sir William Muir in the following passage: 'Like the Children of Israel, they ever kept themselves distinct from the people of the land; but the oppressors, not, like them, the oppressed. Brought up to arms, the best favoured and most able of the Mamelukes, when freed, became at the instance of the Sultan, Emirs of ten, of fifty, of a hundred, and often, by rapid leaps, of a thousand. They continued to multiply by the purchase of fresh slaves who, like their masters, could rise to liberty and fortune. The Sultans were naturally the largest purchasers, as they employed the revenues of the State in surrounding themselves with a host of slaves; we read, for example, of one who bought six thousand. While the great mass pursued a low and servile life, the favourites of the Emirs, and specially of the Crown, were educated in the arts of peace and war, and, as pages and attendants, gradually rose to the position of their masters—the slave of to-day, the Commander, and not infrequently the Sultan, of to-morrow.' Each of the two classes into which the Mamelukes were divided—the Bahrites, who were for the most part Turks and Mongols, and the Burjites, a later importation, and belonging chiefly to the Circassian race—furnished a dynasty. The Bahrite ruled from 1260 to 1382 A.D., and the Burjite from 1382 to 1517 A.D. For the history of both dynasties there is fortunately abundant material from the hands of contemporary historians, who were in many instances eye-witnesses of the events they record. Sir William Muir has made ample use of their narratives. At the same time he has not neglected the work done by Dr. Weil, but has to some extent depended upon it. The story he has to relate is one of strange vicissitudes, of barbaric splendour and ruthless revenge, of intrigue and treachery, of fierce vows, cruelty, and torture, and of a recklessness for human life which is sometimes appalling. Most of the Sultans had their good points, but in almost every case they were outweighed by their inhumanities. A sensational writer would here be in his element. There is scarcely a single reign which does not abound in horrors. Sir William Muir, however, has carefully refrained from doing more than record in a brief and matter of fact way the more prominent incidents in the reigns of

each of the princes. The light upon his pages is lurid enough, and invests them with a strange attractiveness. As an introduction to the volume, we have a lecture on the Crusades, delivered originally in the University of Edinburgh, which, from the frequent references to the Crusaders in the body of the work, is extremely useful. Unlike most histories, the volume contains several excellent illustrations.

Dundonald. By the Hon. J. W. FORTESCUE ('Men of Action' Series). London & New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

This is an appropriate addition to Messrs. Macmillan's 'Men of Action' Series. Whatever his faults, and he was certainly not without them, the famous Earl of Dundonald was a man of action, great in resource, and always foremost when he could get the chance of indulging in his propensities for war. A born seaman and leader of men he did signal service for his country, and was in a fair way to do more, when an unfortunate incident, in which, as was afterwards but tardily admitted, he was guiltless, deprived his country of his splendid abilities and sent him to do his most remarkable work under an alien flag. For the incidents of his career, the *Autobiography* has, as might be expected, been largely used; but in his interpretation of Dundonald's conduct, Mr. Fortescue has exercised a discretion for which most readers will commend him. Disappointed and soured, and believing himself ill-used, as to some extent he was, Dundonald was not always, and indeed was seldom, an impartial critic either of himself or others. Mr. Fortescue while admiring all, and there was certainly much, that was admirable in his hero, writes impartially about him, and is as little blind to his faults as he is to his great and admitted abilities. Most will agree with him when he says: 'Indiscipline is the failing which accounts for his misfortunes, far more than the lack of worldly wisdom which is advanced by his biographers.' Mr. Fortescue, in short, has not attempted an apology for Dundonald, but has written an impartial account of him. His narrative, as need hardly be said, is full of stirring incidents, and illustrates in many ways the real romance of war.

Napoleon III. (My Recollections). By Sir WILLIAM FRASER, Baronet. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

The recollections in this dainty volume are quite as valuable as those which Sir William Fraser has already given to the world in his *Words on Wellington, Disraeli and his Day*, and the more recent *Hic et Ubique*. They all centre around one individual who in his day played a great part in European politics, but they involve others who, if not always quite as distinguished, were nevertheless makers of history or of more or less note in the social world. The recollections about Napoleon III. extend with intervals from his first residence in London down to the time of his death, and are of all sorts and kinds. Some of them are not without a pathetic interest, and altogether they convey as vivid a representation of what the late Emperor was as can anywhere be found. Among the others who figure in these recollections of Sir William Fraser's are the Empress and the Prince Imperial, Miss Rowles, Lords Palmerston, Cowley and Derby, the Emperor William I., Bismarck and Moltke, Guizot, and Marshal Macmahon. Sir William Fraser was present at the trial of Simon Bernard at the Old Bailey, and devotes a number of pages to it. The Conspiracy to Murder Bill which was introduced into Parliament by Lord Palmerston and occasioned the overthrow of his Government, occupies a large space in the author's memory. He has a gruesome story to tell about the murder of Mr. Rowles at Camden House, Chislehurst, and not a few interesting recollections of fêtes, reviews and travels.

The Principles of International Law. By T. J. LAWRENCE, M.A., LL.D., etc. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

The appearance of this volume at the present juncture, when so many and important questions of international polity are calling for discussion and settlement cannot be regarded as otherwise than exceedingly opportune. Few men have devoted so much attention to the study of the subject with which it deals as Dr. Lawrence, and there are few whose reputation as publicists entitle them to speak upon it with an equal authority. By a happy inspiration he has dedicated the volume to his American pupils, and it is to be hoped that his pages will be carefully and widely read on both sides of the Atlantic. The tone in which Dr. Lawrence writes is throughout calm and judicial, and his luminous discussions while calculated to remove misapprehensions and feelings of bitterness are admirably adapted to foster the formation of sound and impartial opinion as to the mutual rights and responsibilities of States both in times of peace and in times of war. The difficulties surrounding the subject are very considerable. As Dr. Lawrence remarks, he who would accurately describe the present condition of international law must sketch the outlines of its past history and also gauge the strength of the forces which are at the present moment acting upon it. A perfect publicist, he further remarks, must take all philosophy, all history, and all diplomacy for his province and weigh in the balance of absolute impartiality the actions of statesmen and the decisions of judges. That Dr. Lawrence has fairly and successfully grappled with these difficulties within certain limits, no one who reads his volume will be disposed to doubt. The limits within which he moves and from which his illustrations and inductions are drawn, are important; but instead of diminishing the value of his volume, the fact that the inductions and illustrations are drawn almost exclusively from the histories of Great Britain and America and from the past and present relations between these two States serves to increase it and to awaken an interest in his pages which a less national treatment of his subject would have failed to arouse. As a writer Dr. Lawrence is nothing if not practical. Speculation he avoids. Breaking away from the Austinian school he regards his work purely as a science, and deals with it, as far as possible, after the historical and inductive fashion alone. From beginning to end his aim is to ascertain what international law and its principles are rather than to set out what he thinks they ought to be. As a definition of what international law is he proposes 'The rules which determine the conduct of the general body of civilised states in their dealings one with another.' That this is not entirely satisfactory he is prepared to admit, but is disposed to think that the time has scarcely come when a perfect definition can be given. In some respect international law is almost in its infancy, and has come into prominence only within a comparatively recent period. Its rules are subject to many modifications, and in fact are only in process of formation. The controversy as to whether the term Law can properly be applied to the rules of international conduct is declared by Dr. Lawrence to be mere logomachy. 'If we follow Austin,' he says, 'and hold that all laws are commands of superiors, International Law is improperly so called. If we follow Hooker and hold that whatever precepts regulate conduct are laws, International Law is properly so called.' His own position is summed up in the following sentences: 'Since almost all writers apply the term Law to the rules which guide states in their mutual intercourse, it seems best to adopt it, on the clear understanding that the word is used in Hooker's sense. International Law proceeds first by the method of inquiry into the

practices of states in their dealings with each other and into the acknowledged principles on which those practices are based. Having discovered what they are, it has next to classify them, derive rules from them, and reduce them to system. Incidentally, however, it deals with the question of what the rules ought to be whenever a change is felt to be desirable or a doubt has to be resolved. A writer on International Law, therefore, must cease to rely exclusively upon the method of observation and classification when he wishes to clear up a doubtful point or bring about a needful reform. For a moment his science ceases to be inductive and he flies to general reasoning, knowing that if he convinces all concerned, he *ipso facto* resolves the doubt or changes the law. He does not set a sovereign legislature in motion: in a sense he himself legislates; for he controls the opinion that is really supreme. And this he does without deserting a positive method and confounding the ideal with the real. A rule may in time become a part of International Law, owing to the cogency of his arguments; but he must not say it is law until it has met with general acceptance and been incorporated into the uses of states.' Though his treatment of the history of international law is not so full as that of M. Nys, Dr. Lawrence touches the chief points in its development, and dwells at considerable length on the writings of Grotius and the other jurists of the seventeenth century, as well as on the influence they had on the intercourse of nations. From their principles, however, as might be expected, he dissents. Commenting on the assertion of Grotius that 'the principles of Natural Law, if you attend to them rightly, are of themselves patent and evident, almost in the same way as things which are perceived by the external senses,' such a statement, he remarks, as he well may, takes away the breath of a modern jurist. The chapter however to which most readers of Dr. Lawrence's book will first turn their attention is that in which he deals with the Monroe doctrine. His views with respect to this are scarcely those which prevail in some quarters in the United States. On this side of the Atlantic they are likely to meet with a very wide acceptance not only in this country but elsewhere. After referring to the history of the doctrine and the different attempts which have been made to apply the doctrine, Mr. Lawrence observes: 'It is necessary to speak with caution in describing the present position of the United States with respect to the other powers of the American Continent; but the facts seem hardly consistent with the old doctrine of the absolute Equality of Independent States.' The words of Mr. Fish in his Report of July, 1870, to President Grant more accurately define it. The Secretary of State says, 'The United States, by the priority of their independence, by the stability of their institutions, by the regard of their people for the forms of law, by their resources as a Government, by their naval power, by their commercial enterprise, by the attractions which they offer to European Immigration, by the prodigious internal development of their resources and wealth, and by the intellectual life of their population, occupy of necessity a prominent position on this Continent which they neither can nor should abdicate, which entitles them to a leading voice, and which imposes on them duties of right and honour regarding American questions, whether those questions affect emancipated colonies, or colonies still subject to European dominion.' 'This statement,' Dr. Lawrence goes on to remark, 'is correct both in fact and theory, if we except from the last clause of it the internal affairs of the few remaining European colonies in the New World.' 'It will hardly,' he concludes, 'be contended that the Government of Washington has any right, moral or legal, to qualify the independence of the countries to which they belong by meddling with their domestic affairs.'

A History of Nineteenth Century Literature (1780-1895). By GEORGE SAINTSBURY, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

As originally projected, this volume was to have been written by another hand, but for some reason or other, it has been taken over by the recently appointed Professor of English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. For some reasons the change may be regretted. We do no injustice to Mr. Saintsbury when we say that no one is more competent to deal with the history of English literature during the century now coming to its close than Professor Dowden, or that the value of the series might have been enhanced if the original proposal respecting it had been carried out. At the same time there can be no question as to the ability with which Mr. Saintsbury has here written. If his critical opinions are not always to be accepted, he has at least produced a very readable and interesting volume. What one misses in the opening pages is any attempt to connect the literature of the nineteenth century with that of the eighteenth. Mr. Saintsbury plunges at once into his subject, and writes almost as if there were no connection between them. This may be due to the exigencies of space, yet to younger students, at least, some notes on the subject would have been helpful. The absence of many names, which one might not without reasonable grounds have expected to find in Mr. Saintsbury's pages, is admitted. As a compensation for their omission, and in order to make the work more complete and helpful to the student, at least a list of the authors not mentioned in the text might have been given, but except in one or two instances nothing of the kind appears. Of the author's acquaintance with the period it is needless to speak; every page bears ample evidence of his knowledge. His opinions are set out with great sureness, and the reader is never at a loss to tell what they are. The ease with which they are pronounced may tell against their acceptance; to many of them exception may be taken on other and more relevant grounds. Mr. Saintsbury appears to be most at home among the novelists, and, with one exception, his opinions will probably be accepted. To his remarks in connection with George Eliot, for whom as a writer of fiction he has evidently no very high opinion, as well as to many of the opinions he passes upon the poets of the period, and more especially to his deliverances about several of the historical, philosophical, and theological writers he has to pass in review, considerable exception may be taken. According to Mr. Saintsbury, Mr. J. S. Mill 'must be accounted . . . the chief philosophical *writer* of the century.' Even taking the italics into consideration, we doubt whether Mr. Saintsbury will get many to agree with him. Other philosophical writers, whose thought was considerably more profound, have written quite as lucidly. Mill's popularity was due neither to the novelty of his thought nor to the greatness of his style. The paragraphs on Wordsworth are far from satisfactory, apart altogether from their critical *dicta*. Mr. Saintsbury is not quite consistent when he says that all Wordsworth's 'good work was done in the decade between 1798 and 1808.' What of 'Laodamia,' 'Dion,' 'Yarrow Visited,' and 'Yarrow Revisited,' the 'Odes to Lycoris,' 'To a Sky-lark,' 'The Wishing Gate,' and the 'Evening Voluntaries.' All these and others equally good were written after 1808; most, who are not 'adorers,' are in the habit of regarding them as among the best things Wordsworth wrote. Those who are in the habit of reading historical works will not readily agree with Mr. Saintsbury in his opinion about Freeman, to whose opinion on Mitford, however, Mr. Saintsbury lends his sanction. Though, as

already said, the volume is exceedingly readable and interesting, it is susceptible of improvements.

Robert Burns in other Tongues: A Critical Review of the Translations of the Songs and Poems of Robert Burns. By WILLIAM JACKS. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons. 1896.

The 'Other Tongues' here referred to are sixteen of the languages or dialects of Europe. Spanish, Portuguese and Greek do not appear among them; but the Teutonic languages, German, Swedish, Danish, Dutch and Frisian are well represented, as also are French, Italian, and Russian. That attempts should have been made to appropriate Burns in all these tongues is not a little remarkable, and says much for the genuineness and universal character of his poetry. Those who are in the habit of admiring him will feel not a little gratified, and if for no other reason will hasten to possess Mr. Jack's volume as containing one of the finest compliments that has ever been paid to their favourite bard. To Mr. Jack himself great credit is due for the trouble he has taken to gather together these translations of Burns and to give them their appropriate settings. That he is able to understand all the languages in which they are written he does not profess; but he has had the assistance of many friends, and where his own linguistic skill has failed him he has made use of theirs. So far as our own knowledge enables us we can testify to the excellence of his work. His criticisms, which are numerous, are invariably fair. He seizes the weak points in the translations, and by giving literal translations of the pieces he criticises, helps the reader to follow and appreciate the force of his remarks. As for the translations themselves, many of them are curious, others amusing, and others disappointing. Even when turned into English many of Burns's lines lose their beauty, and the reader has only to turn to some of the French, German or Italian versions which Mr. Jack has collected to see how much they suffer, and how their aroma or beauty is lost in the attempt to translate their meaning into other tongues. Some of the versions here given are imitations rather than translations, and we look in vain for the vigour and terseness and picturesqueness of the original. The mistakes which the translators make are numerous. In his rendering of 'The Cottar's Saturday Night' M. Silbergelt makes the line 'Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new' read as if it were 'makes antiquities look like new,' while M. Laun mistakes 'parritch' for 'partridge,' and so turns 'halesome parritch chief o' Scotia's food' into 'a partridge as is pleasing to the Scotch.' By the African-Dutch translator, M. F. W. Reitz, sometime President of the Orange Free State, 'Tam o' Shanter' is transmogrified into 'The Smart Nicholas and his horse' (Klaas gewint en sijn Pêrt). But for much of this sort of thing we must refer the reader to Mr. Jack's volume, which, if not instructive, will at least furnish him with entertainment and amusement.

Proverbs, Proverbial Expressions and Popular Rhymes of Scotland. Collected and arranged with Introduction, Notes and Parallel Passages, by ANDREW CHEVIOT. Paisley and London: Alex. Gardner. 1896.

Mr. Cheviot deserves great credit for the persistency with which he has laboured at the task which he has here accomplished. Collections of Proverbs, Familiar Sayings, and Popular Rhymes, are not rare, but it will be

difficult to find one so complete or so handy as the one now before us. Mr. Cheviot has made good use of Kelly, Henderson, Hislop, Nicolson, and Chambers. At the same time he has not been contented with merely repeating or combining what they according to their lights did. He has read widely himself and added very considerably both to the Proverbs and the Popular Rhymes. So far as we have examined them, his explanations are apt and his parallels well chosen. Wherever able he has given the history of the proverb or familiar saying, and by so doing has given to it something like a living interest. Take, for instance, the frequently quoted proverb, 'The mair mischief the better sport.' Respecting this he says: On the day appointed for the execution of Lord Lovat of the '45, when the guards entered his cell to conduct him to the place of execution, they informed his Lordship, that the platforms erected to give the public a good view of the gruesome procession to Tower Hill had collapsed, causing the death of several persons. 'Weel, weel,' grimly replied the doomed nobleman, 'the mair mischief the better sport.' One would not like to guarantee the perfect accuracy of all the traditions attached to these Proverbial sayings or Popular Rhymes, still it is well to know them, and not unseldom they furnish something in the way of an explanation as to the origin. We should add that the Alphabetical arrangement has been followed throughout and that a copious index has been supplied.

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by Dr. JAMES A. H. MURRAY. Development—Diffuency. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1896.

This is the January number of Dr. Murray's great work which he is pushing on with commendable speed and bringing out with remarkable punctuality. One can only wish that the speed were still greater; so admirable a work cannot be completed too soon. Every part shows its superiority over all other dictionaries of the English tongue and the advantages its completion will bring with it. The present part has several points of interest. It contains 1145 main words, 146 combinations explained under these, and 138 subordinate entries, in all 1429. Of the main words 868 are current and native or fully nationalised; 199 are obsolete and 78 are alien. The list of words with the prefix *De*—is finished, and a great part of those with the prefix *Di*—are dealt with. Among words under *Dia*—are a great number of scientific and technical terms, of ancient, mediæval, or modern formation, as, for instance, *diabetes*, *dialectic*, *diameter*, *diapason*, *diaphanous*, as also many obsolete medical terms. The articles under *devil*, *die*, *diamond*, *diaper*, *dice*, *devoir*, *dicker* are of special historical interest. The last appears to date back as far as the time of Tacitus.

Studies in Economics. By WILLIAM SMART, M.A., LL.D. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

Several of these 'Studies' have already appeared in various publications. Here, however, besides adding fresh studies to them, the author has written them out afresh and considerably amplified them. No attempt has been made to round them off into a system, still they are all more or less closely connected with each other and are mutually illustrative. They arrange themselves into studies in wages, in currency, and in consumption, to which is added an epilogue on the place of industry in the social organism. Dr. Smart, as is well-known, is a disciple of the Austrian School of Economist, and has already done good work by presenting to the English

public several of the most important works of his Masters in an English dress. As might be expected their influence may be traced upon almost every page of his 'Studies.' They are none the less valuable, however, on that account. Dr. Smart has the gift of exposition in a remarkable degree, and writes with a full knowledge of the topics which he professes to handle. The first of his studies is an excellent exposition of the theory of value, and puts this fundamental doctrine of the Austrian School in such a way as to make its principles easily intelligible. In the course of the essay he touches upon several ancient economic doctrines and shows their untenableness. The same may be said in respect to the rest of the studies. Next to their freshness what strikes one most about them is their alertness. Dr. Smart is continually on the outlook for objections and is always ready with a reply. Specially worth reading are the studies on 'A Living Wage' and on 'Women's Wages.' The 'Sliding Scale' and the question of overproduction are treated at considerable length. In connection with the latter not a few popular fallacies are exposed. As need hardly be said, the immense change which has come over the economic position within the last thirty years is fully recognised, while the necessity for an altered and more scientific treatment of economic questions is not only admitted but illustrated from the beginning to the end of the volume.

Essays in Taxation. By EDWIN R. A. SELIGMAN. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

Most of these essays have already seen the light in a variety of publications. While nominally disconnected, they are not without a certain degree of continuity, and from the searching and thorough manner in which they deal with the various topics discussed in them, are worthy of publication in their present permanent form. Their chief interest is American, since it is with taxation as it is in the United States that they for the most part deal. In several of his chapters, however, Mr. Seligman takes a wider view of his subject, and has much that is at least instructive to tell respecting the methods of taxation which are followed in the United Kingdom and its Colonies, as also in Scotland and Prussia. Of more than ordinary interest to British readers are the chapters on the Betterment Tax, the Income and Property Tax, and the Inheritance Tax. In his chapter on Recent Reforms in Taxation in England, Mr. Seligman speaks with approval of the Finance Act of 1894, which, in his opinion, 'marks a turning-point in English finance, and has already proved itself very popular.' 'The name of Sir Vernon Harcourt it may safely be affirmed,' he says, 'will hereafter be indissolubly linked in the annals of British finance with those of Peel and Gladstone.'

The Statesman's Year Book; Statistical and Historical Annual of the States of the World for the Year 1896. Edited by J. SCOTT KELTIE, with the Assistance of I. P. A. RENWICK, M.A., LL.B. Thirty-third Annual Publication. Revised after Official Returns. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd.; New York: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

Mr. Keltie's excellent manual still maintains its reputation of always being thoroughly up to date, and of always containing precisely the exact information which is being sought after by politicians and those who deal with politics, up to the time of its publication. The special features of this year's issue are four excellently executed maps; first, of the Pamirs;

next, of Siam and the disputed frontiers there; then, of Venezuela and British Guiana, showing the boundaries claimed and proposed; and lastly, a map to illustrate the recent arrangements with respect to Bechuanaland. In addition to these we have a comparative table of the Navies of the World, the handiness of which is obvious at a glance; a Table of the World's Shipping; another of the World's Wine Production, from which it appears that Germany produced close on three million gallons less in 1895 than in 1894, and that in France the quantity produced was in 1895 less by 272 millions of gallons than in the year before. Throughout the volume many minor attractions and improvements have been made. Under Venezuela, for instance, a brief but lucid history of the boundary question has been added. On the other hand, the Duke of Cambridge is still named Commander-in-Chief of the Army. This, however, is easily accounted for.

Text-Book of Comparative Anatomy. By DR. ARNOLD LANG. Translated by HENRY M. BERNARD, M.A., Cantab., and MATILDA BERNARD. Part II. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd.; New York: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

After an interval of four years, we have here the second and concluding part of this admirable text-book. The delay has been by no means due to any want of diligence on the part of the translators. They have had to wait for the completion of the work which, under the hands of its author, has grown to very considerable dimensions. The effort which Dr. Lang has made to make his treatment of this special department of his subject as complete as possible, is beyond all praise. The present Part runs to over 600 closely printed octavo pages, yet in all we have only three chapters. The subject of the first is Mollusca, of the second Echinodermata, and of the third Enteropneusta. In these long chapters, which, however, are conveniently divided into sections and sub-sections, Professor Lang has followed the same method as in the earlier Part, while his treatment of his subject is fuller and more detailed. The translators have again discharged their laborious and difficult task with care and fidelity, and in the work of revision have again had the advantage of being assisted by distinguished specialists. Like the First Part, this also is profusely illustrated, and most of the illustrations have been drawn by the author himself. As a text-book on the Comparative Anatomy of the Invertebrata, this work, on which Mr. and Mrs. Bernard have devoted so much painstaking labour, can scarcely fail to take as high a place among English-speaking students as it has already taken in Germany.

Tales from the Ægean. By DEMETRIOS BIKELAS. Translated by LEONARD ECKSTEIN OPDYCKE, with an Introduction by HENRY ALFONSO HUNTINGTON. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1894.

This is a translation of the French version of Mr. Bikélas' *Δηρύματα*, which was noticed in this Review on its appearance, with the addition of another story, 'Why I am still a Lawyer,' the present form of which is based on an English version furnished by the author. Mr. Opdycke has furnished English readers with a good and accurate version of the Tales, while Mr. Huntington gives a brief outline of the rise of Modern Hellenic literature, and an interesting account of the author's career. We need not add to what we have already said in reviewing these charming sketches, except to quote from Mr. Huntington's introduction—'The charm of these

tales, each of which incloses a fine and delicate psychological study, eludes analysis. Simple in motive, pure in sentiment, sometimes enlivened with humor, but oftener pervaded with ideal melancholy, their attractiveness lies partly in the sincerity with which they image Greek life of to-day, partly in the revelation of the author's character, which his Spanish translator finds "at once optimistic and sad, circumspect, conciliatory, and gently severe." They should be welcomed by English readers as a refreshing contrast to much of our present-day fiction.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Proverbs and Ecclesiasticus (Macmillan) are the first two issues of a new series entitled 'The Modern Reader's Bible,' in which they find a place in the 'Wisdom Series.' Both the volumes are edited with Introductions and Notes by Mr. Richard C. Moulton, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of English Literature in the University of Chicago. The object of the series is to place different portions of the Sacred Scriptures before present-day readers in modern literary form. If these volumes may be taken as samples of those to follow, Mr. Moulton's venture deserves success. The introductions are excellent. They contain a concise view of the whole of the surviving Wisdom Literature of Israel and point out the relation between the various parts of it. At the same time they describe with accuracy the character of the particular books to which they are prefixed. Questions of date and authorship are left aside. The aim which the editor has in view is to treat each work as literature and to point out its characteristics as such. The divisions into chapters and verses are discarded. In their place Mr. Moulton has adopted the plan of dividing them into books and sections and essays, and providing each with its appropriate title, and verse is printed as verse. Here and there we meet with a number of lines headed 'A Sonnet.' The use of the term is perhaps allowable, though of doubtful accuracy. No objection can be taken to the heading 'An Epigram.' In both books this species of composition abounds. The volumes are admirably printed and of a size suitable for the pocket.

Exposition of the Apostles' Creed (A. & C. Black). This is one of the Guild Text-Books of the Church of Scotland and has been prepared by the Rev. Dr. Dodds of Corstorphine. As might be expected the work is non-controversial. It contains a clear, careful and well-balanced exposition of the various Articles of the Creed in simple language. The historical notes are sufficient for the intelligent understanding of the text, while passages here and there suggest that the author is cognisant of the most recent literature on the subject. There can be little doubt that his contribution will take a place among the best of its series.

A Child's History of Scotland (Fisher Unwin) begins a new series of volumes to be entitled 'The Children's Study.' Mrs. Oliphant, the author of the volume, deprecates comparison with the Child's History of Scotland, Scott's famous *Tales of a Grandfather*, but the comparison will inevitably be made, and unfortunately it will seldom be in favour of *A Child's History of Scotland*. It has unquestionably its merits, but many of its statements are either misleading or wrong. No doubt Macbeth 'sallied forth' from Dunsinane, but it would have been as well to add that he was slain at Lumphanan, and not in 1054, but on August 15, 1057. William the Lion, we are told, 'must have been very young' at the time of the Treaty of Falaise; he was thirty-one years old. The little Maid of Norway was not 'lost at sea, somewhere about the stormy Orkneys,' nor

was she 'saved, perhaps by the wild northern seas from a still worse shipwreck amid the storms of life'; she was buried in Kirkwall Cathedral. It is scarcely accurate to say that Shakespeare 'was living four hundred years' after Hotspur. The first Duke of Albany was not 'called Murdoch,' but Robert; Murdoch was the name of his son, the second Duke, as we are rightly told further on. When the news of Solway Moss reached him, James V. was at Caerlaverock Castle, not 'at Falkland in Fife,' though immediately after he received the news he went there, and died December 7, 1542. 'The beautiful Cathedral of Melrose' refers, we suppose, to the *Abbey* of Melrose. It is true that 'Knox preached with great effect in Perth,' but not that he preached 'in the Cathedral Church there.' Perth never had a cathedral. 'John Knox, with his bairns, had arrived in St. Andrews at Easter, very shortly before' the murder of Beaton. He arrived there at Easter, 1547, ten months after the Cardinal's murder. It was in the Castle not in the Cathedral that he 'was made to assume the office of preacher.' When Knox first met Wishart he was not 'a young man,' but forty-one years old. 'In the end [of the harvest] of 1555 Knox returned to Scotland,' and was 'absent in Geneva for a short time in the summer' of 1556. He was back in Geneva on the 13th of September, and did not return till May, 1559. These are only a few of the errors which may be noted. The book needs very careful revision. A larger type would be an improvement.

Thomas Carlyle, by H. C. Macpherson; *Allan Ramsay*, by Oliphant Smeaton. These are the first two volumes of a new series issued by Messrs. Oliphant Anderson & Ferrier under the title, 'Famous Scots Series.' The low price at which they are published will probably commend them to a large number of readers. In each volume the author has done his best to put as much as he could into the very limited space prescribed for him. On Carlyle one would suppose that quite enough had been written. Mr. Macpherson's volume, however, contains a letter from the late Mr. Froude, which forms its distinguishing feature. Mr. Smeaton's volume will probably commend itself to many. Recently very little has been said about Ramsay, and the facts of his life are but little known.

The Viking's Bride, etc. (Alex. Gardner) is a small volume of poems by Mr. R. Menzies Fergusson, M.A. The verses from which the volume takes its title are somewhat striking, though Vikings were not given to turn pale even in a storm. Most of the verses have to do with the author's college days. They are healthy and tuneful, and show considerable skill in versification.

The Disciple of Love (Alex. Gardner), by W. Souper, is an attempt to present in verse the principal scenes in the life of St. John. Mr. Souper has studied such scenes as he has chosen with great care, and has written a number of melodious songs, which are supposed to be sung or heard. These form the chief feature of the volume, and deserve commendation.

REPRINTS.

Evolution and Man's Place in Nature (Macmillan).—This is a new edition of a work published under the same title a little over two years ago by Professor Calderwood. Here it is considerably enlarged. The enlargement is chiefly due to the fact that the author has given more attention to the scientific side of his subject, and endeavoured to meet the demand of his scientific critics for a full statement of the evidence in support of the conclusions he had reached. The result is not only a larger but also a more attractive volume. In many respects, indeed, we have

here a new work, to the perusal of which those who read the first edition will turn with increased zest.

Messrs. Macmillan's re-issue of Mr. J. R. Green's well-known *History of the English* has reached its fifth volume, which, along with the third and fourth volume, are now before us. It is almost, if not indeed sufficient, to say that they all form volumes of the 'Eversley Series.' Like all the volumes of that very admirable series, they are beautifully printed. The low price at which they are published, and the plan of issuing them at intervals, ought to secure for this classical work a large sale.

Hydriotaphia and the Garden of Cyrus, by Sir Thomas Browne, is another charming reprint, and finds a place among the many delightful books in Messrs. Macmillan's 'Golden Treasury' series. The editor of the little volume was the late Dr. Greenhill, whose work has been carried on by Mr. E. H. Marshall. As is befitting, the two tracts, which are so opulent in quaint learning, are learnedly edited, the first more so than the second, as, we might say, is natural. The editing has evidently been a labour of love; even those who have the tracts in another form will be glad to own them as they are here served up in this dainty volume.

FICTION.

Mr. Caldwell Stewart's *Quest of a Heart* is, on the whole, a good story. The theme is a little threadbare, but Mr. Stewart has managed it with a fair amount of skill. The Rector and his family of two sons and two daughters are sketched with a firm hand, but Mrs. Whitford and Deborah have too much the character of lay figures, and are too obviously foils to set off the rest. The sudden development of Stella into a profound philosopher is somewhat difficult to account for. The tone of the volume is healthy; but Mr. Stewart seems a little too anxious to point a moral, and to discuss a somewhat indefinite sort of religious philosophy.

In Oban Town (Alex. Gardner), by C. M'Kellar, opens with a startling murder, the secret of which is well kept till towards the end, when its disclosure helps to unravel the situation and enables at least one couple to get married. The plot can scarcely be said to be skilfully constructed, though it certainly serves the purpose of keeping up the interest. There is some admirable descriptive writing in the volume, several good shooting scenes, much love making, and almost a plethora of marriages. At first the misfortunes of the hero, Alan Campbell of Innisdearg, enlist one's sympathies for him, but his marriage with the kitchen maid rather disturbs them. Her sudden death after her elopement with Signor Calvé is rather too obvious an expedient. It was requisite to get her out of the way, however, in order to allow of the marriage between Alan and Eirallin, and to admit of the usual happy conclusion. Notwithstanding that the unsolved secret of the murder with which the story begins acts as a dark background to its scenes, there are several amusing situations in the course of the narrative. The conversations are bright and frequently clever. On the whole the story may be said to be of much more than average ability and to contain the elements of a genuine success.

A Monk of Fife (Longmans), by Andrew Lang, professes to be 'the Chronicle written by Norman Leslie of Pitcullo concerning marvellous deeds that befall in the realm of France in the years 1429-1431,' and to be 'now first done into English out of the French,' by the author. It is the story of a Fife youth who, while studying at St. Andrews, gets into a scrape through golf, and in trying to escape is carried off into France, where

he joins in the French wars against the English, falls in love, becomes attached to the Maid of Orleans, sees much fighting, has many hairbreadth escapes, and finally on Elliot Hume, the daughter of a Scotch painter, settled at Chinon, to whom he is devoted heart and soul, retiring to a nunnery, returns disconsolate to Fife, and settles at Dunfermline in the House of the Benedictines there. Mr. Lang has told the story with rare skill. His familiarity with the old French Chronicles and apparently with scene of the narrative itself, has enabled him to put in much local colouring. The book reads like a veritable ancient chronicle, and has many quaint touches both of description and humour. The characters are sharply drawn. Brother Thomas is a singular creation; Elliot Hume and her father are admirable. Altogether the book is a healthy contrast to much of the present-day fiction, and is excellent reading.



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